THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

THE NATIONAL HOME MONTHLY

November, 1932 "CANADA'S GREATEST MAGAZINE" Ten Cents a Copy

THE ADVENTUROUS HEART

BY WATSON KIRKCONNELL
F.R.G.S. F.R.Hist.S.

The Soap that Keeps Beautiful Women Beautiful!

Thrilling as Calay's new wrapper is to look upon, · · · after all, the soap's the thing! It is Calay, itself, that is so vital to the beauty of your skin. A gentler, safer soap than Calay has never been made.

Calay's rich creamy whiteness and gentle lather testify to its purity. Its creamy lather is a caress to your face · · · a kiss upon your cheek. Its daily use is a daily pleasure. And if you will use Calay regularly, you will see your skin glow with fresh beauty.

The first rule of loveliness is to keep your skin deeply clean. Calay removes damaging dirt and oiliness in a flash. It leaves your skin soft and smooth and flower-like · · · gives your complexion that lovely natural look that attracts everyone you meet.

That is why so many, many lovely women prefer Calay to all other beauty soaps · · · why Calay is "The Soap of Beautiful Women."

You feel so perfectly safe in using Calay, even if your skin is delicate and requires gentle treatment. For Calay is pure · · · free from coloring matter · · · free from the harsh "chalkiness" that dries out many skins. It's the safest beauty soap you can buy!

But be sure you use Calay · · · only! Don't let a soap less pure touch your precious skin! Get a dozen cakes of Calay today.

Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, has a brand new dress, striking in design, gay with new colors! The soft greens and yellows bring out to your eye the beautiful creamy-whiteness of Calay itself · · · adding an aesthetic thrill to the pleasure of using this finest, gentlest of beauty soaps!

★ *In the great Beauty Contest of life, the woman with lovely skin has an advantage. For the eyes of all who look at her appraise her charms, and a fine, fresh skin is a powerful ally! Start using Calay today!*

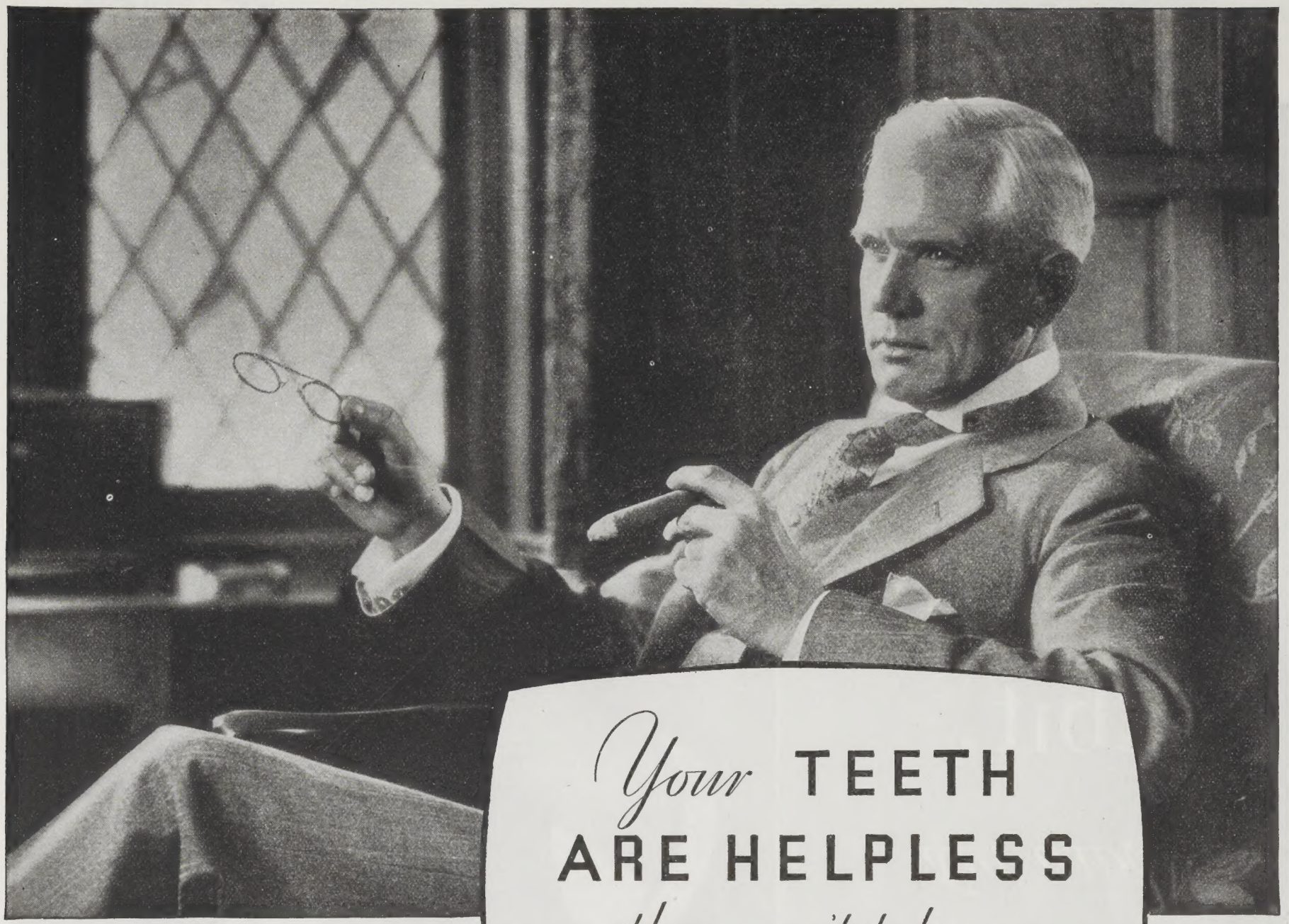
★ *Here's the simple, effective way to improve your complexion. Lather your face and neck with creamy-white Calay, a soft cloth and warm water. Rinse with cold water. Now your skin is freshly clean and soft.*

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co., Ltd.

CALAY

Made in Canada

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Your TEETH ARE HELPLESS ...*they can't take care of themselves"*

EVEN your eyes are better able to care for themselves. Before you can reach for a handkerchief to remove a bit of dust they have already begun their emergency efforts to wash it out. But your teeth are utterly helpless. They cannot repair accidental damage nor protect themselves from bacteria. What's more, they have no way to let you know they're in trouble until it's really serious.

Tragedy follows when teeth go bad

Even teeth that are in good condition to start with show their helplessness more and more as the years pass by. This accounts for the fact that more than half the teeth lost by adults are victims of pyorrhea. Pyorrhea works under cover, silently, so years may pass before an unpracticed eye can detect it. Once it is established there is no alternative to a long and usually painful course of treatment. Even then one is often faced with the tragedy of teeth that must come out.

Such drastic measures always bring hours of misery, weeks of embarrassment. Your dentist is wonderfully skillful in reducing all this to a minimum, but the most beautifully made denture can never fully replace one's natural teeth nor overcome the blow to one's self-respect that follows their loss.

Your dentist would much rather *prevent* pyorrhea than make good its ravages. His preventive measures are infinitely more satisfactory, but they can be effective only if he has a chance to use his skill at the first sign of trouble. That means you must be conscientious about letting him examine your teeth every six months at least.

Even clean teeth not always safe

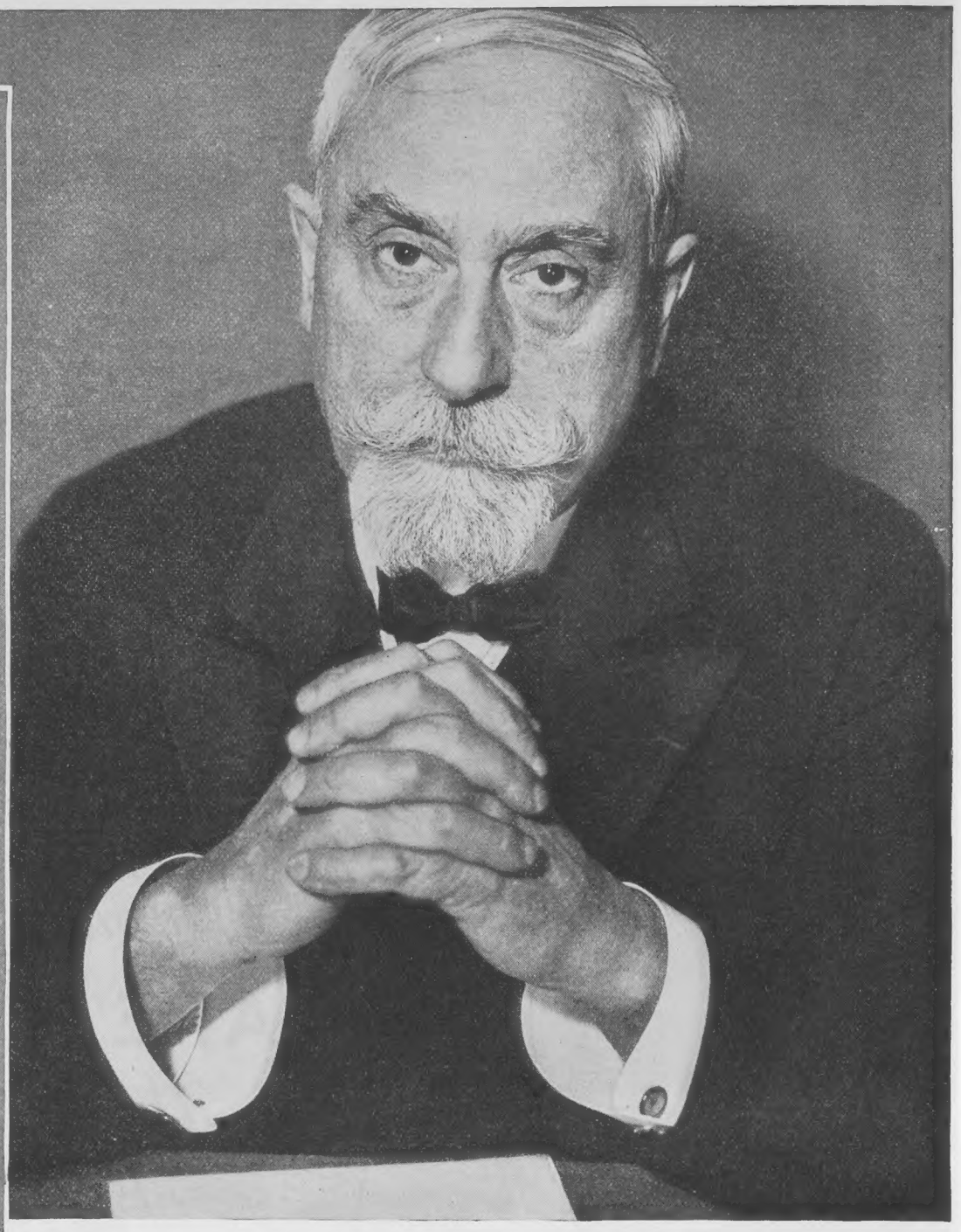
Even clean, white teeth are not always safe, for pyorrhea goes much deeper than surface cleanliness. Dr. R. J. Forhan worked 26 years to develop his special pyorrhea treatment which is used today by thousands of dentists both here and abroad. While this treatment is provided solely for the dental profession, Dr. Forhan has made its active principle available for home use in the toothpaste that bears his name. This extra safeguard extends the value of Forhan's Toothpaste beyond that of a mere cleansing operation. Use it every night and morning on *both* teeth and gums according to directions.

Give your teeth the care they cannot give themselves

Your teeth need your help—and you need your dentist's help and advice. See him every six months at least. Use Forhan's Toothpaste thoroughly, conscientiously every night and morning. You cannot hope to prevent trouble if you wait for it to appear. So begin both these important preventive measures now. Forhan's Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S

"Break that Cathartic habit, I warn my patients"



Dr. Joseph Mouchotte, of Paris, *Lauréat de la Faculté de Médecine de Paris* and *Officier de l'Académie*, is one of the best known gynecologists and surgeons in France.

Dr. Mouchotte, the noted Paris physician, says, *"It's very easy"*

"Cathartics don't cure. They aggravate. If employed constantly they can permanently wreck health". . .

That is a serious statement . . . by one of the foremost medical authorities in Europe, Dr. Joseph Mouchotte. Dr. Mouchotte has one of the most distinguished practices in France. He explains:—

"Nothing so quickly weakens the system as "intestinal sluggishness—constipation. *For cases "of stubborn constipation I recommend fresh yeast.*

"Yeast," he adds,"is not violent. It strengthens "the intestines, toning them so they function "normally. It softens the wastes. It restores "regular evacuations in a natural way."

Would *you* like to give up cathartics? Every day, regularly, eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—one cake before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—just plain, or dissolved in water (about a third of a glass).

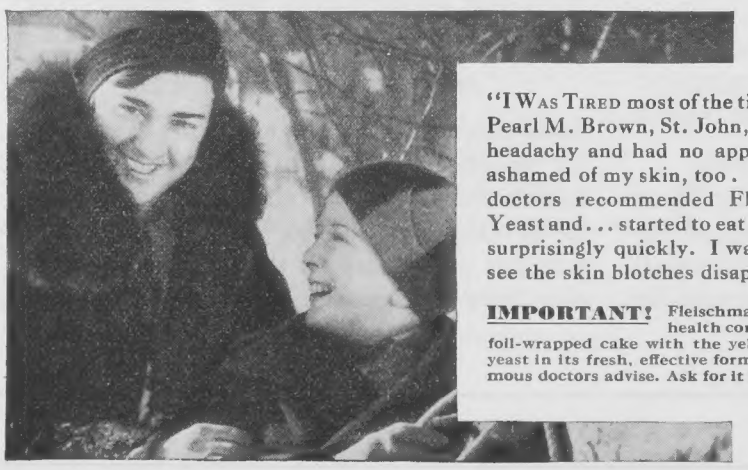
Results should soon be evident. A better digestion. A healthier appetite. Greater energy, "pep." And as you keep on with the simple fresh yeast routine, you should be able to discontinue cathartics and laxatives entirely. A trouble-free system —clean, healthy, "regular" as clockwork—should be yours!

Isn't it well worth trying? Remember, Fleischmann's Yeast *cannot form a habit.* It is a food—the richest food known, in fact, in the group of health-giving vitamins B, G and D—elements that your ordinary diet may insufficiently supply.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, drug stores, restaurants and soda fountains. Write for free booklet on Yeast for Health. Dept.W-11, Standard Brands Ltd., 802 Dominion Sq. Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

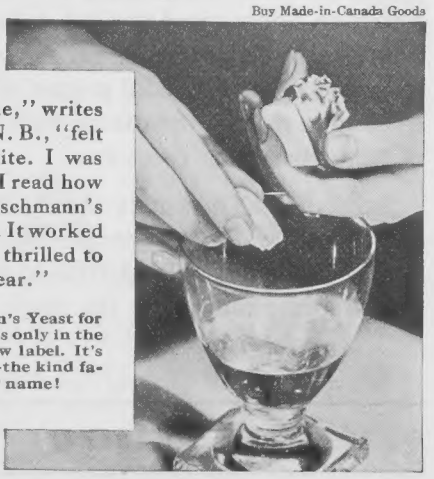
Dr. Friedrich Gudzent, Professor of Internal Medicine in the University of Berlin, declares: "Fresh yeast stimulates intestines to healthy action . . . has a tonic effect on the general health . . . increases energy."

Buy Made-in-Canada Goods



"I Was Tired most of the time," writes Pearl M. Brown, St. John, N. B., "felt headachy and had no appetite. I was ashamed of my skin, too . . I read how doctors recommended Fleischmann's Yeast and . . . started to eat it. It worked surprisingly quickly. I was thrilled to see the skin blotches disappear."

IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors advise. Ask for it by name!



VOLUME XXXIII WINNIPEG, CANADA NUMBER 11

Strength and Courage

GRADUALLY it is becoming clear to the minds of most people that conditions today are far more serious than they were during the years of the War. For then, men were buoyed up by hope. They knew that in time their troubles would be over. But no one can tell when this present misfortune will end. The mist of yesterday has become the dense black cloud of today. With many, despair has sapped the strength from courage.

It will not be out of place, then, to recall the words and deeds that during the War inspired hope and urged steadfastness. Of all the written messages there was perhaps nothing finer than the address of General Currie to the Canadian army on the eve of the great advance in March, 1918. In it he makes clear the seriousness of the struggle and the danger of defeat; he indicates the successes already won, and states the need of the moment. Finally he speaks of the reward of victory. The message will be read again with vivid recollections by those who were in the ranks in 1918. May all who read it now for the first time feel that it is equally appropriate today. The problems to be solved, the forces to be overcome, are just as real and as great, and the virtues of constancy, courage and self-sacrifice are just as necessary.

SPECIAL ORDER

March 27th, 1918.

"In an endeavour to reach an immediate decision the enemy has gathered all his forces and struck a mighty blow at the British Army. Overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers the British Divisions in the line between Scarpe and Oise have fallen back fighting hard, steady and undismayed.

"Measures have been taken successfully to meet this German onslaught. The French have gathered a powerful army, commanded by a most able and trusted leader and this army is now moving to our help. Fresh British Divisions are now being thrown in. The Canadians are soon to be engaged. Our Motor Machine-Gun Brigade has already played a most gallant part and once again covered itself with glory.

"Looking back with pride on the unbroken record of your glorious achievements, asking you to realize that today the fate of the British Empire hangs in the balance, I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged there can be no giving way.

"Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle you will advance or fall where you stand facing the enemy.

"To those who will fall I say, 'You will not die but step into immortality. Your mothers will not lament your fate but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered forever and ever by your grateful country, and God will take you unto Himself.'

"Canadians, in this fateful hour, I command you and I trust you to fight as you have ever fought with all your strength, with all your determination, with all your tranquil courage. On many a hard-fought field of battle you have overcome this enemy. With God's help you shall achieve victory once more."

The seriousness of conditions today may be observed in both national and international affairs. At home trade is languishing, the army of the unemployed is increasing, and worst of all young people just entering manhood and womanhood are being deprived of the opportunity to earn a living or to form life associations or to contribute to good citizenship. The result is a growing feeling of discontent. Each individual is inclined to blame all others for prevailing misfortunes.

Internationally the problem is even more acute. Debtor countries are refusing to pay, because they feel that they have been unjustly treated, or because they no longer have world-coin to meet the demand. Nor will tariff barriers permit payment in the form of goods. To accentuate the mischief nation is vying with nation in the production of armaments. As for overcrowded states there is no territory available for the surplus population. All of these things make for the spread of those national hatreds which are one of the causes of war. If quarreling is easily possible when people are prosperous and inclined to be neighborly, it is almost certain to occur in violent form when they lose confidence in each other, and when extreme distress prevails.

The only way to avert disaster is the way of unselfishness and self-sacrifice. It is true today as of old that regardless of race, color or creed man is his brother's keeper. It is as true now as two thousands years ago that men shall find their lives in losing them. The victories of peace are as glorious and as costly as the victories of war.

Driven by the higher motive it is easy for men to transform a world. The channels of trade will be thrown open, waste areas will be populated, armaments will be cast away, production and consumption will find a balance. Within the state, opportunities for culture and comfort will be measurably equal for all. The man at the machine will be of more value than the machine's production, the needs of the many shall be of more account than the desires of the few, the rich shall not batten on the poor, the laws of the land shall not favor the designs of the privileged class. But each man, recognizing that his neighbor has rights equal to his own, shall honor justice and practise righteousness. Thus in peace may they catch the spirit of General Currie's message. In 1932 men may be as brave, as loyal and as nobly self-sacrificing as they were in 1918. May they hear again the words, "Canadians, in this fateful hour, I command you, I trust you to fight as you have ever fought with all your strength, with all your determination, with all your tranquil courage. . . . With God's help you shall achieve victory once more."

A Good Custom

IN GERMANY the wealthier ladies have established a new custom. When they are buying supplies of every kind for their homes they all add one-tenth for the poor families. Sometimes the goods go to central collecting houses and then they are distributed by those who have knowledge of the poor families. This reminds us of the Social Welfare organizations in Canada, only that in the German cities all who are able to contribute do it systematically and as part of an obligation. No matter what municipalities and governments do for the unemployed and poor, there is always need for private donations as well, and the donors are as much benefited by the giving as the receivers of the goods. The Christmas spirit need not be confined to the Christmas season.

The Challenge of Nijni-Novgorod

IT IS exceedingly difficult to get reliable information from Russia. The official publications that are distributed from Moscow may or may not contain the whole truth nor even partial truth. The story given by Bernard Shaw may be that of a man who saw through clouded spectacles; reports from others may be just as unreliable when they picture the horrible conditions among the Russian people. Still an occasional illuminating sentence is found in the writings of visitors. Emrys Hughes, in *"Forward,"* gives much information which may be highly-colored, but in describing Nijni-Novgorod he gives this perfectly true picture: "Fifteen miles down the river a new Nijni is being built, where, if there are no churches, there are wide-open spaces, bright buildings and more cleanliness, better drains, more light, more fresh air." And right here there is contained by implication at least a great truth. The old Nijni with its golden-domed churches was a city of filth and disease and plague at its best. Religion was but a matter of forms and ceremonies and mummeries and the underlying beliefs were mainly based in tradition and superstition. The new Nijni disowns Christianity, but accepts in practice some of its fundamental principles. Which of the two is the better?

There is a challenge in the new Nijni-Novgorod. In every Christian land there should be light, air, open spaces, playgrounds for people and children. The masses should be looked after first of all. The old Russia expected the proletariat to remain ignorant, uncultured and to remain as the beasts of the field; they were on a par with the members of the May Committee in England which recently said: "Since the standard of education that is given to the children of poor parents is already in very many cases the superior of that which the middle-class parent is providing for his own child, we feel that it is time to pause."

Perhaps if in Christian lands people were as rich in performance as they are loud in profession matters might be different. There is a challenge in Nijni.

Semi-Professionals

NOTHING is more interesting to watch than the corner-lot baseball game. There are cheers, laughs, protests, criticisms and all that goes to make life interesting. The players too get out of it all that players should. They are interested not because of any cash reward for there is none. They are in the game for the sake of the sport. Long live sport of this kind. When it comes to a crowded city the lovers of the game, whether it is baseball, football or hockey, have to pay for the privilege of using a ground. They are perhaps poor and must charge an admission fee or pass the hat. A promoter with an eye to business undertakes to finance the club, providing costumes and apparatus, on condition that he is given the gate receipts. At the end of the year he has reaped a fortune. Then the players feel that they have been "the goats." They perhaps demand cash for services. This would make them professionals. The promoter knows what to do. He pays certain friends of his to engage the players at $50 or $100 a week, which sum he guarantees. They appear every morning at the place of business and get credit for doing work. They have saved themselves from being classed as professionals. Is this in the interest of sport? It is what is taking place all over Canada, if reports may be trusted. There is a way to remedy the situation. Who is wise enough to solve the problem?

An Aristocracy of Courage

"SINCE you don't relish the idea of gambling, how do you manage to play bridge?" one woman asked another.

"I simply tell my friends that I do not play for money, and there never is any argument about it," was the reply. "They continue to invite me, so I suppose that they are not so keen about playing for a stake."

It is altogether possible that more than one woman would be glad to play bridge for the pleasure of it or for a prize of nominal value. She hesitates to say so, however, lest she be accused of being a poor sport, or she may fear that by taking that stand she would not be included in future parties.

If a game is interesting and intellectually stimulating, it ought to offer sufficient diversion without the gambling feature.

If we could go back to the good old days when women with few exeeptions refused to play cards for money and when couples could have a game of bridge in the evening for the sheer pleasure of meeting and playing, many who have felt "fearfully out of things" during the last ten years could take their places again socially.

At this time, particularly, men and women need all of the wholesome, carefree recreation they can find, unmarred by anxiety over the outcome of their play and fear of loss.—*Edith Johnson,* in the *Daily Oklahoman* (Oklahoma City).

Who Said "Christmas Shopping"?

By ENID GRIFFIS

I HAVE always been extremely sensitive to suggestion. When, during the casual perusal of a magazine, I come upon a picture of a disconsolate looking female of indeterminable age, and underneath it, the accusatory caption, "ARE YOU, TOO, NEGLECTING *YOUR* TEETH?" I immediately dash to the telephone, and in a lather of apprehension, call my dentist for an appointment.

Likewise, when I pick up the morning paper and behold a representation of an aged and decrepit couple wending their weary way to the poorhouse, and the accompanying challenge, "ARE *YOU* PROVIDING FOR *YOUR* OLD AGE?" I hail the first taxi that comes along, drive post-haste to the bank and deposit another fifty cents to my account in two figures.

There is, however, one kind of propaganda which leaves me absolutely cold. I think I might safely say that I have been completely and permanently immunized against it. It is the "Do-your-Christmas-shopping-early" kind. Not that this was always the case! Far from it. Only a few short years ago the very first of the annual crop of stickers and posters advising the world in general to shop early, threw me into a perfect twitter of activity. I always felt as though that message were a personal one to me, and my reaction to it was prompt and complete. I attribute my change of heart to an extremely unhappy experience which I had last Christmas.

It was on a chilly morning around the middle of October when the first reminders of the approaching fray came to my attention. I was riding uptown on a bus with nothing on my mind but a trivial bit of shopping at the Five and Ten Cent Store, when a dignified card in one of the more pretentious shops caught my eye. "We have just received our first shipment of Christmas goods," it announced in refined characters. "We cordially invite you to inspect our stock and urge you to make an early selection."

It seemed to me at the time that it would be flying in the face of Providence to ignore that sign. I rang the bell, descended from the bus and entered the store. I was met, just inside, by a pleasant looking young woman with auburn hair and an air of amiable efficiency about her.

"Good morning, Madam," she greeted me. "May I help you?"

"Yes," I responded in a business-like way, "I wish to inspect your Christmas stock."

The young lady looked slightly startled, but she recovered herself quickly.

"Why of course," she agreed. "Er—just what were you particularly interested in?"

This was something of a poser. I was not prepared to be specific just at that moment, but my brain works rapidly in an emergency.

"I'd like to see something for an elderly lady with rheumatism," I said suavely. What made me add that bit about rheumatism, I can't imagine. Aunt Belle, who was the first person to pop into my mind, is as active as a young sparrow.

"Certainly," murmured the young lady, "just come with me, please."

In the course of the next half hour I looked at felt house slippers, hot water bottles, steamer rugs, woollen shawls, invalids' trays, wheel chairs and a book entitled "Perfect Health through Nuts." I finally settled on a pair of scarlet lounging pyjamas. The woman who was conducting my shopping tour, looked bewildered.

"But do you think—er—with rheumatism . . . .?" she queried.

"She'll adore them," I responded briskly. I wasn't, at this stage of the game, going to admit that I had lied about the rheumatism, and it was preposterous to think of giving Aunt Belle anything suggestive of the sick-room. She would simply disown me. Besides, I had a feeling that she had always secretly craved a suit of scarlet lounging pyjamas.

The pyjamas, I discovered, were quite expensive.

"I'm afraid I can't pay for them right now," I apologized, "I really hadn't planned on doing my Christmas shopping today."

The saleslady was charming.

"That's quite all right," she assured me. "If you're sure you want them you can pay a small deposit, and we will hold them for you."

It was ridiculously simple.

I plunged into an orgy of Christmas shopping, and I really do think I chose lovely gifts. They included, among other things, an exquisite imported nightie for my sister Beatrice; a fitted overnight case in glossy green leather for my favorite niece; a silver cigarette case for Bob; a dozen cobwebby silk stockings for Harriette, and three perfectly marvellous sets of expensive toiletry for my three closest friends. I paid a deposit of ten dollars on the lot, and went out of the shop treading on air.

Naturally, this did not increase my popularity, but the satisfaction which I derived from the contemplation of my own foresightedness more than compensated for the uncouth rejoinders and ugly glances which my attitude invariably called forth.

I don't know when I have ever had such a sense of light-heartedness and duty well done as during the first three weeks of December. For the sheer pleasure of contrasting my own efficiency with the sloth of the general public I made a point of mingling freely with the crowds of harassed-looking Christmas shoppers in those busy days preceding the holiday. I felt pleased that I was not one of them, subject to their common weakness and its resultant problem. It gave me a sense of well-being and complacency.

On December 23 I reached languidly for the telephone, called the department store where I had done my shopping and requested them to deliver my purchases. Early on the morning of the 24th they arrived. The driver who brought them presented me with a small yellow slip.

"C.O.D. for a hun'd'n three dollars, lady," he announced, leaning negligently against the door post.

I had the sensation of being shot down in an elevator, much too quickly. I had completely forgotten about that balance!

"Oh yes—just a moment, please," I murmured, smiling weakly, and staggered into the bedroom. My bank book was in the left-hand pigeon-hole of my desk. I consulted it. My account totalled exactly $69.72. I sat on the edge of the bed for a second or two until my knees regained a little of their strength. Then I went back to the man at the door.

"So stupid of me," I remarked, "I haven't quite the right amount. I wonder if you would mind taking the things back. I'll come in to the store later in the day . . . . "

"It's O.K. wit' me, lady," said the driver, blithely, and was gone.

About seven o'clock that evening I dressed in my plainest clothes, and with face veiled, hurried down back streets and the less frequented by-ways to the nearest department store. I quailed at the sight that met my eyes. Men, women and children fought and trampled each other in an effort to get the particular kind of merchandise they sought. Salesgirls flew wildly about with bundles, wrapped and unwrapped. Section managers shouted. The women at the information desks babbled incoherently as scores of would-be customers asked directions to the different departments. The place was a shambles; but it was Christmas Eve, and I had seven presents to buy.

I made directly for the handkerchief counter, fighting my way determinedly to the front. I reached out and clutched at a passing salesgirl. "I want three dozen linen handkerchiefs," I shouted, "half a dozen B's, half a dozen H's, half a dozen K's, and half a dozen . . . . . "

"I'll be with you in a moment, Madam," snapped the girl, pulling herself free from my frantic grasp.

She did come back eventually. I repeated my instructions, and with a sigh of relief, received my package. On the way out I stopped at the ties. A rather natty one in royal blue, with orange stripes, caught my eye. "I'll have one of those," I said. After all, Bob could always use another tie

I rushed home and undid my humble packages. I began sorting the handkerchiefs into half-dozen lots preparatory to putting them into their gift wrappings. Suddenly it occurred to me that something was wrong. I examined them closely, and found that I had three dozen handkerchiefs, all with the totally foreign initial of "U."

By this time it was ten o'clock. Shops were closed. There was nothing to be done. Mistakes will happen at Christmas time, and a handkerchief is a handkerchief at any season of the year. I sorted them into half-dozen lots. I wrapped them in the gayest of paper and ribbon, and pasted on a few extra seals, and in each one I enclosed a bright little greeting, hastily composed for the occasion:

It isn't the gift
Or the price that you pay;
It's the sweet, loving thought
That makes gladsome the day.
MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The Old Order Changeth

By Isa Grindlay Jackson

The Ghost of Christmas Past came out to see how things were going,
And found the Christmas candles all a-glimmering and glowing.
The Christmas trees were gorgeous things, the Christmas fare was jolly,
And, as of yore, the people's homes were decked with wreaths of holly.
But still the Ghost of Christmas Past had quite a creepy feeling
That something sad and sorry all this brightness was concealing.

He fluttered into Mrs. Wright's and found her very busy
With Christmas lists and catalogues that seemed to make her dizzy.
The Ghost of Christmas Past, who was quite good at analysing,
Unearthed the reason of her woe, which really was surprising.
The price of gifts received last year had all been tabulated,
And now the gifts she meant to give in dollars must be rated.

With Mrs. Wise, where next he called, conditions were alarming,
Her desk was piled with odds and ends, the most of them quite charming.
But these had all been bought at sales against the Christmas season,
And now the sorting of them out was threatening her reason.
A powder-jar for Cousin Dan? No, that would be so silly!
And could this china cat be made to do for Uncle Willie?

And here was Mrs. Gloom who wished that people would forget her—
She'd certainly pass Christmas up if folks would only let her.
But just so long as she got gifts she'd give, as custom bade her,
But every year her shopping made her just a little sadder.
The Ghost of Christmas Past observed in most of the arranging
That Christmas celebrations mostly ran to gift-exchanging.

At Mrs. Dash's he was shocked to find her Christmas giving
Had swallowed her allowances for two whole months of living.
As usual she had lost her head and costly preparations,
With gifts from the expensive stores for well-to-do relations,
Had brought financial chaos and a muddle so distressing,
Her family could not discern in Christmas any blessing.

The Ghost of Christmas Past became most woefully downhearted
To find the people had so far from Good Old Days departed.
It really was too late to do a thing with Christmas Present,
Which seemed so gay and glowing but was only effervescent.
But he called on Christmas Future and held lengthy conversations,
And next Christmas, very likely, will see needed reformations.

Nō one who has not completed her Christmas shopping by the third week in October can possibly appreciate the sense of joy and freedom it brings. When, about the middle of November, my friends began to observe, with a stirring of concern in their voices, that it was only five weeks until Christmas, and my dear, they hadn't even started making out their Christmas lists!—I smiled in a superior sort of way and remarked that I had finished my entire shopping a full three weeks ago. I could not understand, I said, virtuously, why people would insist on leaving everything until the last minute. It seemed to me, I would add, begging their pardons, that it was such a slip-shod way of going about things.

Waterman's

THE HUMAN TEST CONFIRMS THE MICROSCOPE TEST

Each wrote with all ...but all voted for ONE

LADY PATRICIA $5

PATRICIAN $10

The Pen with the Perfect Point

$2.75 *to* $10

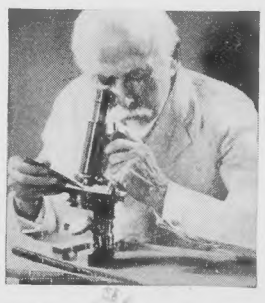
Pencil to match

$1 *to* $5

FOUNTAIN pens of various makes, including Waterman's, were masked to make their identification impossible. A dozen persons were asked to try them all . . . to indicate the one that wrote with the greatest degree of smoothness.

Without exception, Waterman's was first choice; *the human test confirmed the microscope test,* which proves the superiority and perfection of the Waterman's point.

In addition to perfect writing performance, Waterman's offers beauty of design and a point to exactly suit your style of writing. Whether you are buying a pen for your own use or as a gift, insist upon Waterman's.



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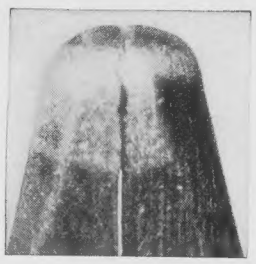
L. E. Waterman Company, Ltd., Montreal, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco.

These microscope photos tell the convincing story of Waterman's pen point superiority

Other Make No. 1—*Right hand point longer and narrower than left. Tips not symmetrically ground. Note sharp inner points on tips.*

Other Make No. 2—*One point flatter than other. Tips not symmetrical. Iridium is rough and pitted—so thin that gold is exposed.*



Other Make No. 3—*Jagged ink channel which causes interrupted ink flow. Irregularly ground tips, flat sides of pen end in ridges on the rough writing surface.*

Waterman's—*Note symmetry of points, perfect roundness of tips, mirror-smoothness of writing surface, clean-cut ink channel, large area of thick iridium.*

WATERMAN'S • • PENS • • PENCILS • • INKS

I'm answering you, Mrs. Warner . . . with

These New Thrift Recipes

and they're as kind to your digestion as to your purse!

When I published my first batch of thrift recipes, I thought they were good, but I didn't expect to hear from 132,458 women!

I've picked out Mrs. Warner's letter to answer because she wrote—"Can you print more of those delicious thrift recipes?"

Here they are—4 more thrift recipes. Every one is a treat! And all are made with Crisco—the shortening that is *digestible*. If you had tested as many shortenings as I have, you'd be as partial to Crisco as I am. And you would be as wary against using heavy, greasy fats. Always remember . . . **Crisco is a pure, digestible fat.**

Does any one of your family get indigestion easily? Then do cook with Crisco, the *digestible* vegetable fat. Crisco is no more like heavy, indigestible fats than daylight is like darkness. Crisco is as sweet and fluffy as whipped cream.

Many fats turn rancid easily—*in*digestible. You have to keep them in the refrigerator. Nothing like that with Crisco! Stock up with that generous 3-lb. tin and keep it right out in your kitchen cabinet. Crisco is made especially to keep creamy and sweet and *digestible*.

Bargain! A 252-page cloth-bound cook book, "The Art of Cooking and Serving," with 549 recipes. Worth $1—yours for 25¢ and a Crisco wrapper. Address me, Dept. XHH-112, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

All Measurements Level. These prices are approximate and may vary slightly in your locality. Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co. of Canada, Ltd.

DEEP-DISH RUBY PIE

see how marvelously cranberries and bananas go together!—

2½ cups cranberries
1¾ cups sugar
3 bananas, sliced
½ cup hot water

Stem and wash cranberries. Add sugar and water. Cook in covered saucepan until berries stop popping (5 minutes). Put one-third of berries in deep pie-plate well-rubbed with Crisco. Add layer of bananas. Make alternate layers of cranberries and bananas until all of the fruit is used up. Then cover with flaky Digestible Crisco Pastry (see recipe at right). Fit on pastry tightly. Slash top to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes.

Digestible Crisco Pastry: Sift 1½ cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in ½ cup Crisco (the pure, *digestible* fat). Add 4 to 6 tablespoons cold water (only enough to hold mixture together). Roll out on lightly floured board.

RING OF PLENTY

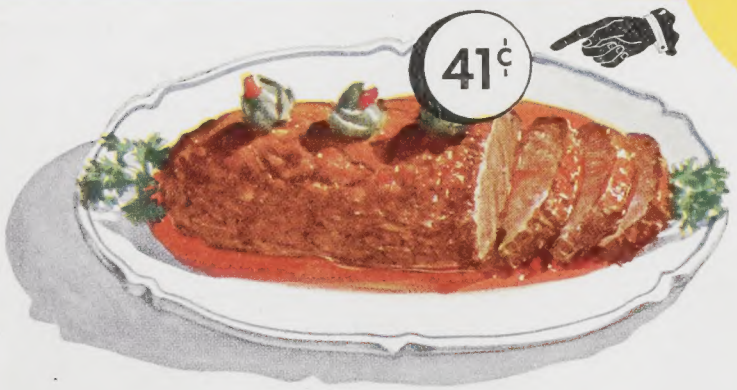
macaroni couldn't taste better!

1½ cups cooked macaroni
1 cup diced cheese
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 tablespoon minced parsley
3 tablespoons minced pimientoes
3 tablespoons melted Crisco
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 cup scalded milk
1 egg, well beaten
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Cut macaroni into short pieces. Combine ingredients in order given. Transfer to ring mold, rubbed with Crisco. (If you haven't a mold, rub the outside of a jelly glass with Crisco. Place glass upside down in center of deep baking dish.) Place mold in pan of hot water. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) until firm—about 35 minutes. Unmold. Serve hot. Ring can be filled with creamed left-over meat or fish.

Why does Crisco digest easily? Its pure, sweet taste will tell you

MADE IN CANADA



ENERGY LOAF

good for you and excellent eating, too!—

1½ lbs. beef liver
1½ cups dry bread crumbs
¼ cup melted Crisco
1 egg
1¼ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
3 tablespoons minced onion
3 tablespoons parsley

Pour boiling water over liver. Let stand 5 minutes. Drain liver and chop it. Add all other ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Shape into loaf. Brush top with additional melted Crisco (the fat that isn't greasy—Crisco is *digestible!*). Place loaf in baking dish. Add 1½ cups water. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 1 hour. Baste occasionally. Delicious, if you add 1 cup tomato soup 15 minutes before taking from oven.

DRUM STICKS

not real turkey legs, but just as good!

1 lb. veal steak
1 lb. pork steak
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup flour
1 egg
2 tablespoons water
1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
4 tablespoons Crisco
1 teaspoon minced onion
6 wooden skewers

Cut meat into pieces about 1 x 1½ inches. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Arrange pork and veal alternately on 6 skewers. Press pieces close together and mould into drum-stick shapes. Roll in flour. Dip into egg diluted with water. Roll in crumbs. Melt Crisco in skillet. When hot, add drum sticks and brown richly on all sides. (You'll find this way of frying is digestible because Crisco is such a *digestible* vegetable fat.) Add onion and enough water to cover bottom of skillet. Cover closely. Cook slowly (either on top of stove or in oven) until meat is tender. Serve with pan gravy.

¶ *Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!*

Europa and the Bears

By
ERIC SIMSON

As an apparition the ghost of Banquo was nothing to the solid living body of Windelberg. It was the color of Rayner's face that struck me. I have never seen such a ghastly green, except on the face of a three-day-old corpse. In every other way he kept his head.

MY INVENTION was my last hope, and I had a letter from Jacob Windelberg, the financier, saying that he would see me about it. That was about all I did have.

Apart from an ancient car, which my friends derisively called the Hip-Bath, my assets were an honest face and one suit of clothes, both of which had lately become rather worn. However, the moment I received the letter, I decided that my ship had come in, and my imagination did the rest. I saw my invention launched, my fortune made. In a few years I should become a financial power second only to the great Windelberg himself. I might even marry his daughter—if he had one, and her nose wasn't too Windelbergy.

The letter didn't summon me peremptorily to his office at any fixed hour; it stated that if I happened to be passing his little country-place in Sussex, he would like to have a word with me. The very informality of the note further raised my stock and, full of hope, I duly set out in the Hip-Bath.

Of course, I knew what the little country place would be like. A "drive" three miles long, a house covering several acres, butlers, footmen, and a large and magnificent house party. I was distinctly frightened at the thought of making my entry into such a place. Moreover, I had trouble with the Hip-Bath on the way. Two punctures, and the silencer fell off—none of which improved the appearance of my one suit of clothes.

However, there was nothing to be alarmed at. I actually had considerable difficulty in finding the place at all. It was somewhere near Midhurst, but when I stopped and asked for "Twindale, the residence of Mr. Jacob Windelberg," the first person I addressed turned out to be a stranger to the district. The second was stone deaf. And the third had a cleft palate. However, the latter did tell me, with much gurgling and twisting, that if I took the first to the right and the second to the left, I'd find the house in front of me.

I followed these instructions, and what I found in front of me was an ordinary workman's cottage. It was a sweet little cottage, with a thatched roof and a garden full of hollyhocks. And it had a lovely view over the Downs. But so far from being the kind of place I imagined, it did not even have a gate with "Twindale" marked on it, still less a second one labelled "Tradesmen." It didn't seem possible that this could be the country place of Mr. Jacob Windelberg.

However, I parked the Hip-Bath and went and peered over the wall. A stout gardener was bending down not very far away, doing something intricate with a flower pot. I saw him glance at me cautiously, and I asked:

"Excuse me, but does Mr. Windelberg live here?"

"He's out!"

The gardener didn't change his position, but the reply was quite emphatic.

In spite of this I decided to investigate, and went through the garden and up to the house. As I passed, the gardener repeated in rather a peevish tone, "I said he's out!" However, I paid no attention, but went on up to the cottage and had a look at the front door. It had no bell and no knocker, so I then tried the other door.

This was opened by a serious young lady, aged about twenty, in a cotton frock. She looked at me disapprovingly out of a pair of large grey eyes.

"Well, what do you want?"

I was wondering whether this could possibly be his daughter because, if so, her nose wasn't the least Windelbergy. It turned up, instead of down. "What I really want," I said genially, "is some money."

"I'm afraid you won't get that," she answered solemnly, "Daddy doesn't believe in giving people money."

Illustrations
By Ralph C. Smith

"The Government think that he fixed the whole thing with Rayner on purpose, and they won't even let him come alive again yet."

So it was his daughter! A chance for me to find out something more about the great man.

"But doesn't he lend money?" I asked.

"Only to people who are already so rich that you'd hardly notice the difference, and you don't look like one of them. However," she added compassionately, "you can have something to eat if you like."

I realized with a sinking heart that she had taken me, the coming young inventor, the future financier, for a mere tramp. My clothes must have looked worse than I thought.

Meanwhile I followed her into the kitchen, a nice, clean, tidy kitchen, with blue and white china on the dresser, and she opened a cupboard and began to take things out. At the same time, she called over her shoulder.

"You'd better have a wash. You are so dirty."

Obediently and shamefully I went to the sink. It was then I realized that she had some reason for taking me for a tramp, for my struggles with the Hip-Bath on the road had left a thick smudge of oil across my nose and cheek.

When I turned round, there was a large chunk of cold veal-and-ham pie on the table, and a tankard of beer. She looked at me a little more approvingly.

"Yes, you look a little better now."

Then she sat down opposite and watched me eat. It was four o'clock, and as I had economized by not having any lunch, the veal-and-ham pie went down quite well. So did the beer.

"You seem to like beer!" she said as she refilled the tankard.

I said nothing, and she went on.

"Do you draw the dole?"

I shook my head, and from her expression I gathered that I had gone up in her estimation.

"Well, I think that's a good thing," she continued. "Daddy says the dole's all wrong. Give people food if they want it, he says, but never give them money. Money ought to be treated with great respect."

I nodded vigorously with my mouth full of veal-and-ham pie.

"You see, money is no use to ordinary people," she explained, "in nine cases out of ten it only makes them make themselves ridiculous. That's what Daddy says. It just makes them go out at night spending it, when they'd be much more comfortable in bed, and they don't really get anything out of it."

"I see."

"A lot of men in Daddy's position," she continued, "would have spent their money on a large house with lots of servants. Well, I don't know about having a large house because I've never had one, but having lots of servants must be simply hell, don't you think? I mean we have one, and she's dreadful. Anyhow, Daddy says he never knows whether it's more boring to entertain or be entertained. That's why he lives here. The only way to be really comfortable, he says, is to have a house so small that you can't possibly have any visitors."

I grinned.

"Your Daddy seems to know a thing or two!"

Her expression changed, and I could see that as a tramp I had taken a liberty.

"Well, of course he does," she returned indignantly. "He's a very clever man . . . And now, as you've finished your veal-and-ham pie, I think you'd better go."

"But please," I protested, "I came specially to see Mr. Windelberg. He asked me."

"Asked you! But you are a tramp, aren't you?"

"No, I'm afraid I'm not."

She stared at me.

"That's funny. You look just like one."

"Nevertheless," I proceeded with dignity, "he did ask me. Quite specially. Will he be home soon?"

"Home!" she echoed. "That's him working in the garden. And it's quite time he stopped . . . Daddy!" She went to the door. "Daddy, you mustn't bend down any more. It will make you sick."

That having no effect, she went out to fetch him in. I heard her say something about a strange person having called to see him, and I heard him make some discouraging noise in reply.

Then he came in. To look at, he was a very fair imitation of Mr. Pickwick, with round spectacles, and large, innocent eyes. But the appearance of innocence was as misleading as the geniality of his rotund figure. He wasn't at all pleased to see me.

"I do hope you are not going to be a nuisance," he grumbled.

"I hope not," I answered. "But you did ask me to come . . . My invention."

"Ah, so you are the young inventor!"

I bowed.

"Interesting—very interesting!"

He went to the sink and washed the mud off his hands, then came and sat down at the table opposite me. The girl was standing by the door, watching us.

"Interesting—very interesting!" he continued, with his bland gaze upon me. "I have seen a number of inventions in my time, but I have never encountered anything quite as ingenious as yours. What on earth is it supposed to do?"

This was not so encouraging. Meanwhile he took my precious model out of a drawer and handed it to me, while the girl still watched.

"Perhaps you can make it work," he continued, "because I'm blowed if I can."

Now my invention was a very simple affair. If time is money, the collective time wasted by the world in opening a box of matches, possibly upside down, selecting a match, and striking it, probably more than once, on the box, must amount to several millions a year. My invention was therefore just a clever combination of the match-box and the automatic lighter. Simply by lifting up the box and pressing it, you had a match automatically selected for you and lit. It was simple, economical and (as I then thought) fool-proof.

I explained all this to him in my best salesman style, and then proceeded to the practical demonstration. I lifted up the box, pressed it, the match duly appeared in the holder at the side, but unfortunately it did not ignite. I tried again, and again it failed. Feeling very hot and talking very quickly to cover my confusion, I tried several times more. All with the same humiliating result. I then said that they must have allowed the matches to get damp. I might perhaps have got away with it if I had left it at that, but unfortunately I made one further attempt, and this time the whole box burst into flames in my hand.

Mr. Windelberg was still gazing at me with the same bland innocent expression.

"I n t e r e s t i n g—very interesting!" he observed. "But hardly a c o m m e r c i a l proposition!"

He then saw the anguish on my face, and he added:

"So you are up against it, are you?"

I nodded and he went on.

"Do you know anything about finance?"

"Nothing at all."

He seemed pleased about that.

"Well, that's a point in your favor," he said. "You know, I find the only way to conduct my affairs is to be the only person about me who does

understand finance. I understand it very well," he added.

Again I nodded.

"Very well," he went on. "On the whole I'm inclined to think that invention isn't quite your métier. And as it happens, I need somebody with a face like yours. Your face, if I may say so, exhibits the desire to understand, together with the inability to do so. And that is what I want. I am prepared to offer you the sum of three hundred pounds a year for your services. It isn't enough, I admit, to enable you to live as a gentleman, but then I see no reason why you should live as a gentleman. On the other hand you may learn a number of things that may be both useful and interesting."

SO MUCH for my dreams. Nevertheless this strange interview was the beginning of an association which lasted three years until the catastrophe. And I certainly learned a number of things which were interesting, although they weren't all of them useful.

Mr. Windelberg was an enigma. To begin with, his real name was Henry Smith. He had adopted Windelberg as a nom-de-finance, because no one would take a financier seriously who had a name like Smith. And then his chubby appearance of innocence, his bland trusting gaze! I never could make out whether this was all a genuine quality or a superb technique. But I am quite sure that the long procession of rogues who passed through the office came out, not richer, but poorer than they went in. Those large blue eyes may have looked innocent, but they were very, very wide awake.

Apart from Angela, his daughter, the old man had two passions—delphiniums and Europas.

Down at his cottage he used to spend his whole time in the garden, and his great ambition was to produce a scarlet delphinium ten feet high.

Up in London he devoted his whole time to Europas. These were not flowers, but the Stock Exchange name for his pet project, namely, European Concessions, Ltd. He was a fanatic where Europas were concerned.

According to him, it was Europas, and not the League of Nations, that was going to bring about disarmament and universal peace. Community of interest, he used to say, was the only way of avoiding war, and he used to plant his industries all over the world just as he used to plant his delphiniums in his garden. He watered them and manured them and watched them grow. For a factory in France he got his money in Germany, for a mine in Silesia he chose investors in England. The general scheme at the back of his mind was that any people that was inclined to become bellicose should suddenly wake up and find that most of their capital was invested in the country they were about to destroy. And this object he pursued with the ruthless apostolic zeal of an Irish patriot.

How far these ideals were genuine, and how far they were window-dressing for his own personal interests, I don't know. But if he deluded others, he certainly deluded himself first. And his own tastes were simple. He wouldn't spend money, even to buy a new pair of trousers, until Angela made him.

As for myself, I am afraid I lived up to his description of my face. I continued to exhibit the desire to understand without the ability to do so. Of course, I wasn't in the inner circle of his staff. These included several lean and hungry gentlemen with shiny hair: Hermann, his head clerk, a benign rotund figure not unlike himself; Rayner, his private pilot whom I didn't like; and two or three other slippery customers. I was merely part of the insulation round the live electric cable.

Even after three years I couldn't make out whether the concern I was associated with was very shabby, or quite above board. Sometimes I thought one and sometimes I thought the other. My chief difficulty was that, as far as I could see, there was no dividing line in finance. All the hitting, to my carefully brought-up mind, seemed to be below the belt, and I didn't see that it mattered particularly exactly how low it was.

Finally, however, something happened which brought me up with a jerk. I was walking past Asprey's one day when I saw an automatic lighter in the window which looked extraordinarily like my own cherished and forgotten invention.

I went inside and asked to see it. It proved to be the identical thing.

"How much is this?" I asked.

"Only a guinea, sir."

"I see." (I knew it could be produced for three-and-sixpence). "Are you selling many of them?"

"Yes, sir, they are very popular just now. It is one of Europa's new patents, and they are always good, you know, sir."

For the moment I was speechless. However, I bought the damned thing, and that same evening confronted Windelberg with it.

He looked, if anything, more innocent than ever.

"Honestly, I don't think you have any cause for complaint," he said soothingly. "I admit this bears a certain resemblance to your design, but there is, as a matter of fact, a very essential difference."

"And what is that?" I asked coldly, for I had been unable to find any.

Windelberg smiled at me.

"It works!" he said simply.

With that, he put the box, my guinea box, in his pocket, and walked out of the room.

* * *

OBVIOUSLY I couldn't leave things like that. I had my rights and I had to stick to them. On the other hand there were two difficulties. One was that Windelberg hypnotized me every time I looked into his spectacled blue eyes. And the other was that I was in love with Angela. A maddening girl to be in love with, too! But that is not the point. In any case by the time I fell asleep that night, I had worked up a very strong scene with the old man which I fully intended to carry out.

[Continued on page 48]

"And what about you? Didn't you get a terrible shock?"

Mushrooms on Toast

By LAURENCE KIRK

ERNEST SUTTON was on the point of helping himself to sugar, when he decided to murder his wife. The idea seemed to come to him from outside, like a fly settling on his nose, but he made no attempt to brush it away.

Decided, perhaps, was too strong a word for the process that went on in his mind, just as murder was too strong a word for its accomplishment. Actually, he merely made a mental note that his wife was quite impossible, and that sooner or later he would have to get rid of her. And as he lived in that suburban state of society in which divorce, desertion, elopement and adultery put a man beyond the pale—and incidentally lost him his job—a discreet murder was really the only possible corollary to his decision. But he didn't use the word. Not even in the innermost recesses of his mind. It was just as if he had suddenly noticed that his hair was too long for comfort, and had decided to get it cut: or had felt a sudden twinge in one of his back molars, and had decided that he would have to have it out.

The pity was that there was no qualified professional man, like the barber and the dentist, who could snip off a marriage that had gone on too long, or extract one that had grown cankered. On the contrary, once Humpty-Dumpty tumbled into matrimony, so far from even trying to help him out of it, all the King's Proctors and all the King's Men seemed equally determined to keep him there.

What happened at that moment when Ernest was helping himself to sugar was that Millicent, without looking up from the magazine she was reading, or showing any sign of doing anything active herself, had suddenly addressed him in the off-hand manner which he knew so well:

"Ernest, don't forget that you have to mow the lawn this evening!"

Ernest had arrived home late from the bank that night, and was still having his second cup of tea when Millicent made this remark. He had had a harassing day at the small local branch where he was employed as cashier, but even so he had not forgotten about the lawn. He never forgot things like that. Meanwhile he was enjoying the rest and his well-earned tea, and had calculated that if he started his mowing at six, he would still have time to finish in daylight.

But he knew that Millicent was going to remind him. She was always reminding him about things which he had no intention of forgetting . . . "Ernest, don't forget to mail those letters I gave you!" . . . "Ernest, don't forget to mend the kitchen sink!"

It was always the same thing. It was her way of showing him—and her friends, for she generally made the remarks in company—that she was the controlling influence in their marriage, while he was merely the blind, unskilled executive.

And really it wasn't like that at all. She was a slovenly and incapable woman, except with her tongue; while he was careful and painstaking in his work, clever with his hands and methodical with his head. And yet she had contrived to make it appear as though it were the other way about. It was extraordinary how she had done it.

His natural instinct now was to tell her to mind her own business. But he didn't do it. He actually hurried over his second cup of tea and, at ten minutes to six, while Millicent was still sprawling in her easy-chair with her magazine, he had already taken off his coat and started to mow.

Millicent smiled complacently when she heard the steady whirr of the machine . . . She might not have smiled so much, had she known exactly what kind of a seed she had just planted in Ernest's mind.

ERNEST was five feet and three-quarters of an inch high, his feet were minute, and there was no weight in his body anywhere. The effort of pushing the heavy lawn-mower through the thick Spring grass was only just within the compass of his strength. And as he sweated and pushed and tugged at it, he wondered bitterly what it was that made him do it. But the answer was obvious. Millicent.

It was all in order that, if the next day were fine (which was very unlikely), Millicent might sit out in the afternoon, eating a gross tea with her gossiping friends, and hear them compliment her on the way the garden was kept . . .

"How beautiful your lawn is looking, Mrs. Sutton . . . "

"Well, Mrs. Edwards, I must say I like the place kept decent . . . "

"That's just what I say myself, Mrs. Sutton."

Too many women, Ernest was thinking, too much gossip and chatter. They were always there, jabbering away, ignoring him, edging him out; cuckoos in his own nest. It was thirteen years since he had married Millicent.

Illustrations by John F. Clymer

He merely made a mental note that his wife was quite impossible, and that sooner or later he would have to get rid of her—a discreet murder was really the only possible corollary to his decision.

He could still remember that terrible moment in church when the parson had asked him if he would take her to wife. "No, no,—for God's sake, no!" he had wanted to cry, but of course he hadn't. He never had succeeded in being either a hero or a coward. He compromised between the two.

It was just the same years earlier, when his father had asked him if he would like to work in a bank. "No, no,—for God's sake no!" he had wanted to cry. "I want to be a soldier, a sailor, something romantic!" But of course he hadn't said it. In both cases he had said "yes" in the same dull tone; and he had watched them tie him up and stamp him and label him—a registered parcel, only to be delivered by death.

By death, he wondered as he pushed the lawn-mower—by whose death? It was odd to be thinking of getting rid of Millicent, for after all she had once represented the romance he craved for. She had been clever enough to use that as a bait before she got him, hard enough to lock it all away once he was landed. It was a way women had. The cheats!

In a few years she had become a heavy slovenly female, lounging about the house and eating too much. Gone to seed, and that without even the excuse of having borne him a child.

He had wanted a child: a small child who would have looked up to him and thought him a tall man: who would have seen how clever he was with his hands, and smiled at him, and always thought him marvellous. But she hadn't even given him that . . .

Millicent meanwhile had finished her magazine. She heaved her flabby body slowly out of the chair, and scuffled into the kitchen, where she began to slap things down, preparing for supper. She could see Ernest working, from the window by the sink. He had finished the mowing now, and was bending down, all doubled up, trimming the edges. As he worked, he was singing to himself, a kind of feeble monotonous chant. Millicent frowned. The noise jarred on her. And what was there to sing about, anyway? She thought for a moment of calling down to him to tell him to stop, but she let it go. She was too lazy to open the window.

A YEAR later Ernest was again mowing the lawn. And Millicent was still reminding him to mail the letters, and call at the laundry, and mend the geyser.

But he had got the stuff.

It was hidden underneath a flower-pot in the shed where the tools were kept.

A year was a long time to wait, but Ernest always moved towards his objects slowly. First, there had been the need of finding out the nature of various poisons, a subject about which he knew very little. This information he gained in the Public Library (kindly donated for the purpose by Mr. Carnegie), but most of it was far too technical to be of much assistance. He had hoped at first to discover some deadly and exotic concoction which was used by the South American Indians for the tips of their arrows. But these things, if they existed at all, were not on sale in the suburb of Hailsmead; and he came down to the more practical vegetable poisons, such as fox-glove, belladonna and colchicum. But here again there was the difficulty of supply and the danger of very definite symptoms. And so he came further down the scale. The general proceeding was in fact a miniature of his whole life. An inevitable decline from the romantic to the prosaic, from the sublime to the practical.

He ended by deciding on the well-worn formula of weed-killer.

Weed-killer, he discovered, was obtainable from the hardware dealers, and it was necessary to sign for it. He hated the idea of signing. Still, he had a garden, and it did have weeds in it. Lots of people in the neighbourhood did use weed-killer, and there was no reason why he shouldn't. This was the way he argued with himself as he dealt with the customers at the bank, and agreed with them that it was a wet day. Then every night as he was locking up, a little inner voice, not unlike Millicent's, used to remind him:

"Now, Ernest, don't forget to call at the hardware store."

Every day for a fortnight he set out towards the hardware dealers, and every day for a fortnight, when he came to the hardware dealers, he walked hurriedly past and bought a packet of cigarettes at the tobacconist's next door. In the end it was only by persuading himself that he had given up all idea of murdering Millicent and really required the stuff for the garden, that he finally summoned up the courage to go in and buy it.

As luck would have it, he was served by Bert, a rather uppish young assistant, who was an acquaintance of his.

"Well, Mr. Sutton, how's the world treating you?"

Bert leaned over the counter and warmly shook his hand. Then, as Ernest did not seem to be in a talkative mood, he went straight to business.

"And now what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

Ernest was afraid his voice would fail him, but the words came out quite naturally:

"I want a large tin of Marshall's Lightning Weed-killer."

Bert was irrepressible:

"What!" he echoed cheerfully. "Want to kill the missus!"

"I want it," Ernest continued coldly, "to destroy the weeds in my garden."

(That was bad, he was thinking. I ought to have smiled—treated it as a joke. I've made a bad impression!)

Bert meanwhile, thinking what a stuffy little man Ernest was, succeeded in curbing his facetiousness.

"Very well, Mr. Sutton, but if you'll take my advice, you won't have anything to do with Marshall's Lightning."

"Why not?"

"Well, it's not up to date . . . Now we have a little preparation of our own, Mr. Sutton, which beats Marshall's into a cocked hat. You simply wouldn't know your garden after using it!"

"But I have always used Marshall's," Ernest protested.

(He hadn't. He had never used any weed-killer before. Awkward if they looked it up in their books!)

However, Bert didn't know that.

"Now you'll give ours a trial, Mr. Sutton. What about taking a sample tin?"

(Shall I? Ernest was thinking. Perhaps it will do—but perhaps it isn't as strong as Marshall's!)

"No, I think I'll take Marshall's," he insisted. "A large tin."

"Very well, Mr. Sutton." Bert was resigned. Never press a customer too far. "But I'll have to look it out for you. We don't sell that much nowadays. However, if you'll just sign this, I'll have it sent round for you."

"Can't I take it with me?" Ernest didn't want anyone else to know about it. Now there would be an errand boy.

[Continued on page 40]

"I'm Sick of Pools!"

SAYS F. J. WHITING

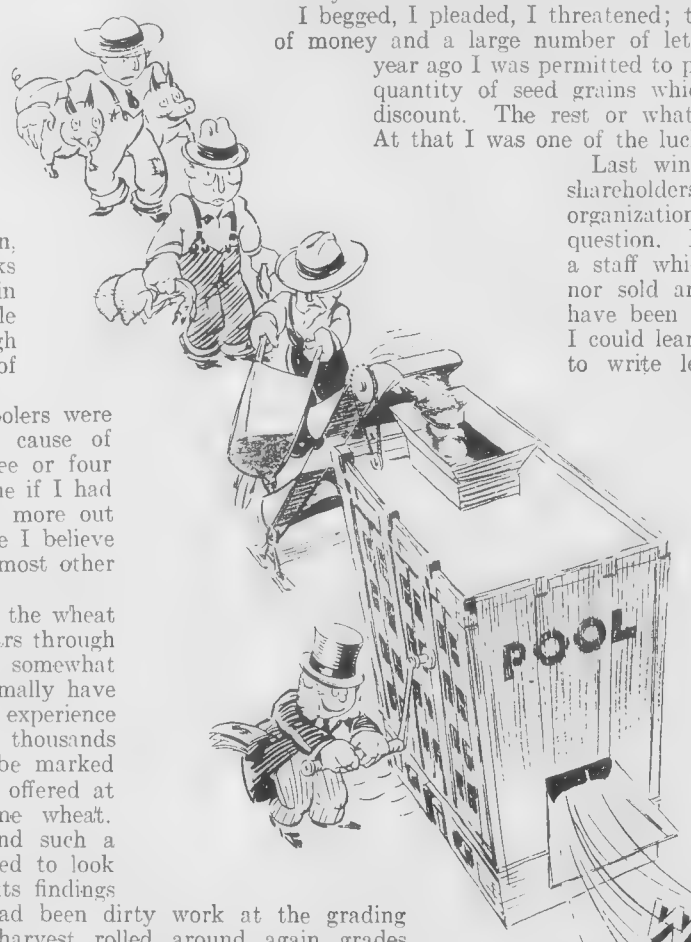
I'M JUST an ordinary Saskatchewan farmer with wrinkles round my eyes and patches on my overalls—one of the legion who every spring with plow and seeder steer back and forth across the prairie; until recently one of the rankest of the ranks in that vast army of co-operative zealots who for the past ten years have hunted middlemen as if they were witches.

We formed a pool to sell our wheat, another to sell our coarse grains; we organized pools to market our live stock, seed grain, wool, butter, eggs, cream and poultry. The co-operative marketing idea spread with us until it embraced practically everything we had to sell. If we didn't form a pool to dispose of our horse-hair and rabbit-skins it was only because nobody thought of it.

The theory of co-operative selling appeared sound. We would market our own products direct to the consumer—cut out a middleman or two or three and split his or their profits between ourselves and the ultimate purchaser who would get cheaper goods. A beautiful idea, but it hasn't worked.

It hasn't worked out but we have at least learned something of business, big and little, since we have been trying to make a go of it. We have that to the good anyway. We have learned, among a lot of other things, that in the distribution of primary products middlemen are necessary evils; and though our organization may be able to squeeze one out we find we are compelled to put another in his place. That the new middleman may operate under the title of Central Selling Agency does not alter the fact that he is a middleman just the same and has to eat and buy coal like any other of his kind.

But to me it isn't sufficient that we effect a change in the personnel of the middleman class. To hold my interest in the pooling game I've got to see that it is to my financial benefit over a period of years or I won't play. Waving the good old flag of co-operation makes a mighty poor substitute for bread and butter in my opinion. I'll admit readily enough that in the opinion of the true co-operator such as I am most certainly not of the Kingdom of Heaven, but my nose is too close to the soil to give credit marks to anything but results in cash. I'm more interested in the wherewithal for baby-shoes than I am in the possible benefit to my soul that may accrue to me through having co-operated with my neighbors in the marketing of my product.



I joined the Wheat Pool in 1924 at a time when non-poolers were regarded as scabs, dirty dogs and traitors to the holy cause of middleman hunting. I am persuaded that in the first three or four years I did at least as well in the pool as I would have done if I had stayed out. Non-poolers deny this. They say they made more out of their crops than we did during those years. At any rate I believe I lost more in 1928 than I had previously made. I think most other pool members would concur with me there.

As I remember it one of the biggest boils on the neck of the wheat pooler that year was in the matter of grading. I sold two cars through the pool that had suffered a slight bran-frost and was somewhat bleached. It weighed 64 lbs. to the bushel and would normally have graded an easy Three Northern. It was graded a Five. My experience and many others even more remarkable were repeated in thousands of cases. Stored wheat that graded Two in 1927 would be marked Four in 1928. The line elevators in the majority of cases offered at least one grade better than did the pool for the same wheat. Indignation meetings were called all over the country and such a fuss was kicked up that a Royal Commission was appointed to look into things. By the time the Commission brought down its findings the crop of 1928 had been marketed and whether there had been dirty work at the grading department cross-roads we never learned but by the time harvest rolled around again grades had loosened up to normal again. 1929 saw me with no wheat for sale but a good quantity of flax. I had previously joined the Coarse Grains Pool—a little brother of the Wheat Pool and my initial and interim payments on that flax amounted to $1.43. All that winter and most of the next summer the flax market price hovered between $2.00 and $2.75 a bushel but I never got any more payments on that flax and the last I heard about it was that the growers had been over-paid on the 1929 crop.

Last fall a year ago, crop of 1930, the average price paid for No. 1 Northern wheat at this point was 53c. a bushel. The local pool elevator initial payments for wheat started out at 42½c. for No. 1, dropped to 37½c. and later dropped again to 32½c. At no time were line elevator prices less than two cents a bushel in advance of pool prices. Hopes of an interim or final payment on that crop has gradually faded until now we never even hear a rumor of more money coming.

During the summer of 1931 the morale of the Pool members sank so low that all signers were released from their contracts. We have been allowed to dispose of our grain how and to whom we wished. The average price offered at this point by the line elevators during the past harvest season was 38c. per bushel for No. 1 Northern wheat. The Pool initial payment was 17½c. for the same grade. I know of no one who has marketed his crop through the pooling plan this year.

MY EXPERIENCE with the Saskatchewan Registered Seed Pool was, to put it mildly, very unhappy. My own special line and private graft is Western rye grass seed. For years until I was persuaded to join the Seed Pool I used to clean and retail my product direct to farmers, using the newspapers and farm magazines to carry my modest advertisement. Sometimes I would sell a car or so to a seed house in bulk. Them were the good old days! I cleaned my mill-run seed to a standard grade at a loss of less than 10 per cent shrinkage. My selling costs, which included advertising, stationery and labor ran less than 1c. per pound. The average price at which I sold the seed to my customers was around 8c. per pound, cash on delivery. And then I joined the Pool!

The first two or three years were fairly satisfactory. That is, while my net return per pound was considerably lower through the pool than previously I was willing to overlook the loss in consideration of the fact that I had missed a lot of hard work and bother. The reason for the difference in net returns was that the shrinkage in cleaning over the Pool machinery ran to a loss of 30 per cent and more. Moreover, while the seed was marketed at about the same price as I charged my customers the operating deductions of the Pool were around 2c. per pound.

Then came the crop of 1929, the slump in prices and—oh, yes, the depression! The only reason why I drag in the depression is that it was blamed for all that subsequently happened to that crop of grass seed. Yet the spring of 1930 saw a bigger demand for a shorter supply of grass seed than the West had experienced since 1919. Seed houses were offering as high as 13½c. a pound for it in bulk—double the price that it normally was worth. But the Seed Pool, regardless of indicated demand and visible supplies, set the price of their offerings at that of the previous year when supplies were plentiful. Of course, they sold out clean before the season was well started. And then did I get my money? I did not!

I begged, I pleaded, I threatened; the net results being a very small amount of money and a large number of letters explaining about the depression. A year ago I was permitted to purchase against my account a considerable quantity of seed grains which I sold to the seed trade at a heavy discount. The rest or what was coming I have simply written off. At that I was one of the lucky ones.

Last winter at the main plant a meeting of all shareholders was called to decide the fate of the organization. To bust or not to bust was the question. During the meeting I observed seven of a staff which, seeing that they had neither cleaned nor sold any grain since the previous spring must have been enjoying a fairly easy time. As near as I could learn the only thing they had done had been to write letters to people like myself who kept wanting some money. The officials explained at painful length that the tightness of money, drop in prices, world conditions, were to blame for the mess we were in. They discoursed learnedly and wearingly of assets and liabilities, of deficits and business turnover. They spoke of dollars in the hundreds of thousands while I wondered how I would get the gas to take me home. I wondered why this huge plant, built and equipped with government money, should stand idle all fall and winter while the south half of our province was buying dirty oats for seed from the north half through dealers. I wondered if the directors had been getting as rotten a deal as I and my fellow shareholders in the ranks.

On the way home from that meeting I ran across an old adversary and competitor in

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"Or is it 'Selfertia?'"

Asks E. S. Russenholt

A MAN thinks he is sick of Pools? Many will sympathize with him; but more are concerned to discover if co-operation be truly the cause of his affliction. Years agone, on Northern homesteads, 'twas by co-operation we raised log cabins. Neighbors came for miles—with axes, saws, strong arms and ready appetites (just as did our fathers in old Ontario). Sure as shooting, some enthusiast would urge us to bull logs around by main strength. "C'mon, all hands," they'd yell, "Let's h'ist this one right up." And up she'd go—fairly easy till we got her chest-high. That's the tough spot in any lift—just when you change from a lift to a push up. And right there, these bubbling enthusiasts often let go—leaving their fellows to take the strain.

After raising the cabin, there'd be a "house-warmin'" dance; girls brought victuals—lads chipped in to pay the fiddler. Rare old times! 'Tis co-operation makes life worth while. The lad who let go on a tough lift, though, or was habitually elsewhere when the time came to pay the fiddler, earned mistrust rather than admiration.

But I learned (that winter I read Marcus Aurelius): "All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil . . . for we are made for co-operation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth." And before Marc's day a certain man of Nazareth taught his disciples, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

Folks who aim to hook up these teachings to our daily life may find our faith misplaced—but 'tis good company we're in. For in the speeches of the Empires' leaders at Ottawa, one word struck athwart the ear with fervent repetition: co-operation . . . co-operation. And co-operation is the hope of the world economic council set for this fall. For 'tis not only back-sliders from the converts to pooling who are sick—'tis the economic world.

All mankind is sick. Producers have turned out vast surpluses of goods—and can't sell 'em. Consumers need 'em—but can't buy. Middlemen see world trade cut in half within three years and everybody's sick about it.

And everyone blames some pet peeve. Labor blames capital, capital blames labor; pacifists blame imperialists, to have compliment returned; radicals and reactionaries blame each other; many blame middlemen; and some blame the Pools.

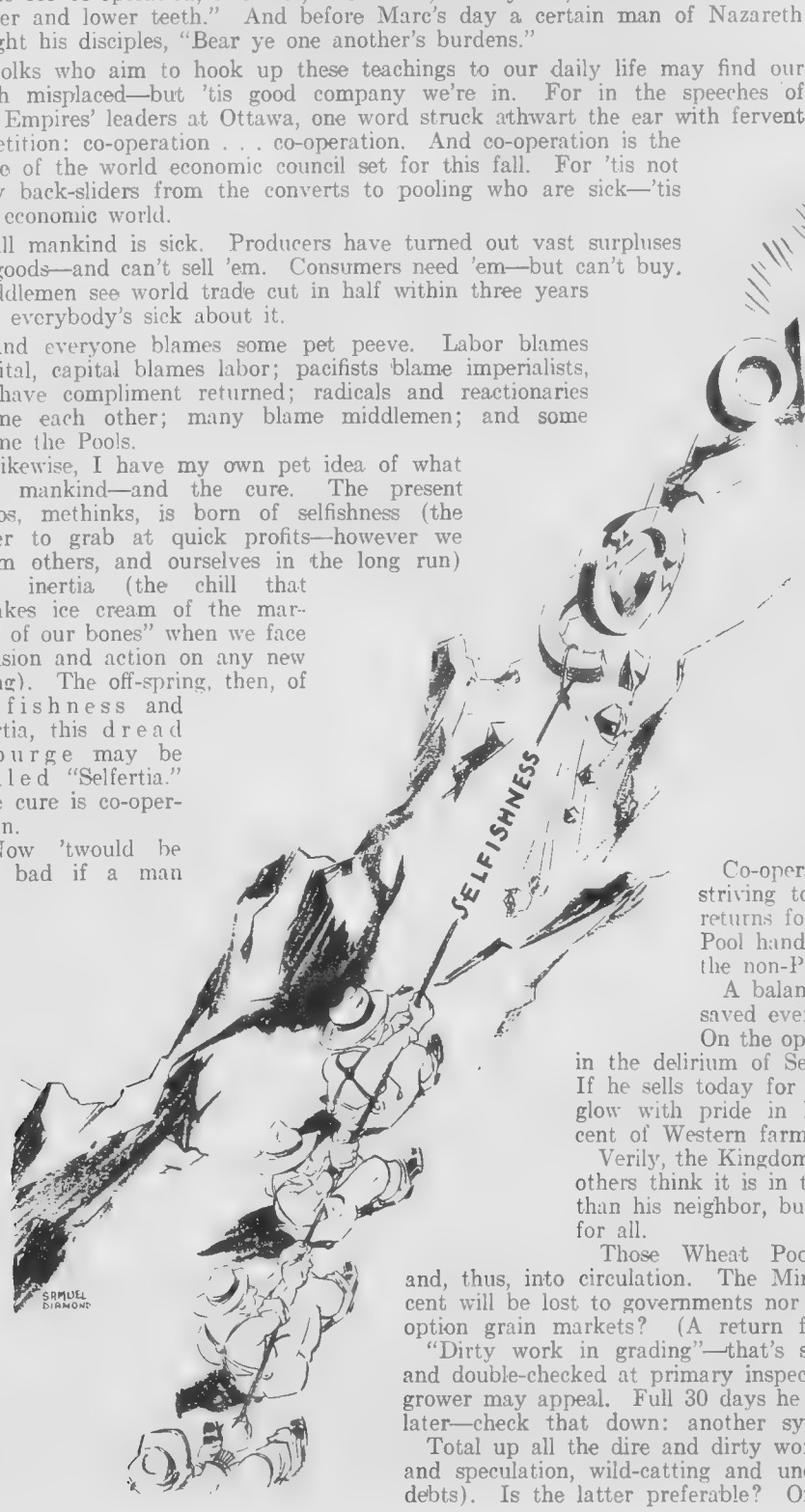
Likewise, I have my own pet idea of what ails mankind—and the cure. The present chaos, methinks, is born of selfishness (the fever to grab at quick profits—however we harm others, and ourselves in the long run) and inertia (the chill that "makes ice cream of the marrow of our bones" when we face decision and action on any new thing). The off-spring, then, of selfishness and inertia, this dread scourge may be called "Selfertia." The cure is co-operation.

Now 'twould be too bad if a man reckoned himself sick of Pools—when actually he is fallen victim to this "Selfertia." Let's look carefully over his symptoms, as the patient tells 'em. Boiled down, they are (check 'em off): Poolers called selfists names; too many Co-ops; selfism pays more cash; dirty work in grading; Co-op management is . . . well, not so hot; Co-ops aim to cut out middlemen; Pool contracts not popular; "they" are the cause of our troubles.

Considering these symptoms, one by one, can we agree with the patient in his diagnosis of his affliction?

FIRST, calling names. If over-zealous Co-op workers called anyone names, let's apologize, here and now. Folks who don't enlist in the co-operative movement are not scabs, dirty dogs, witches; short-sighted and a bit selfish, maybe, but (like the rest of us) victims of that universal malady—Selfertia. Calling names won't cure that scourge—any more than it settles a school-boy fight.

And we have long out-grown the school-boy stage. Or have we? As he recites his symptoms, the patient deplores calling names—and then, through twenty-odd paragraphs, he calls Co-op leaders weak, inefficient, careless, deceptive, ignorant, stupid, crooked, rotten, underhand, lying, high-salaried, white-collared guys; and then, in a final spasm, lauds them as fine fellows, "high souls," etc. —and hopes they achieve what he won't help them do!



Speaking still of names: There were those whose fevered fancy saw the word "Pool" as a magic wand which, with neither care nor effort of their own, would waft them to "flowery beds of ease" in an ark of utter satisfaction on the crest of a wave of highest prices. Their fond belief in such faerie tales soured into resentment, when they discovered that co-operation demands effort. With hazy ease the patient chases this word "Pool" into far and various corners of co-operation. (For instance; "We organized a 'Pool' to sell our live stock" is a bit of raving—mild, let us hope; stockmen united in a co-operative—but it's not a "Pool"). To keep pace with him, we must encompass the entire co-operative field in our diagnosis.

The patient hints at too many Co-ops. But Co-ops don't just grow—they are formed by men and women, who must take full responsibility of parenthood. When folks form a Seed Pool, for instance, its fate is in their hands. While it may perish on their nursing, another like child (e.g. the Seed Oat Co-op, at Solsgirth) develops sturdily. While Co-ops may be launched in scores (and a percentage of them founder) thousands of individualist concerns are floated—and sunk (taking the "suckers" under, while the promoters make off with their savings in the life-boat). Idle factories, warehouses, ships and shops testify to the excess plant capacity called into being by competition.

Selfism yields the producer more cash, says the patient; the co-operator says "No." Opinion evidence on this point has never been reduced to an accounting, or conclusive basis. Only if, as and when selfist agencies make known their net payments for each bushel, pound or dozen to producers marketing through them, can an honest comparison be made with the returns made public by the Co-ops. Co-operators say that: from 1924 on, when a dominant percentage of grain producers were striving to throw off Selfertia and market through their Pools, all Canadian growers got better returns for wheat. Premier Bennett echoes "Amen." In May, 1930, he told the House: "The Pool handled more than 50 per cent of the wheat and the support given to the Pool supported the non-Pool grain."

A balance sheet comparing yields from co-operation and selfism must include the millions saved every year on insurance premiums by co-operative (or mutual) life and fire companies. On the opposite side must be entered the billions wiped out through stock exchange gambling in the delirium of Selfertia. Selfism makes "success" in beating out our neighbor the basis of satisfaction. If he sells today for 54 cents, and his neighbor gets only 52½ cents a bushel tomorrow—the patient may glow with pride in his own astuteness. But he wasn't satisfied in 1928 with $1.20 (although 50 per cent of Western farmers sold at that) because he thinks someone else got more.

Verily, the Kingdom of Heaven has to be built on golden streets to excite the interest of some folks; others think it is in the heart and mind, word and act. Co-operation aims, not to get one man more than his neighbor, but to organize our daily work so that "the earth and the fullness thereof" are utilized for all.

Those Wheat Pool overpayments? They were 22 millions cash put into the hands of farm families and, thus, into circulation. The Minister of Trade and Commerce, noting the precision of repayment, declared not one cent will be lost to governments nor banks. Against this—how many times 22 millions have been swept away in the option grain markets? (A return from selfism seldom advertised).

"Dirty work in grading"—that's serious. But the patient knows that every carload of grain is government graded and double-checked at primary inspection point and again at unload—and samples held for 30 days so that a dissatisfied grower may appeal. Full 30 days he has to kick. If he won't act in that time, but is still grieving about it three years later—check that down: another symptom of Selfertia!

Total up all the dire and dirty work all Co-ops are charged with—balance it against competition (with its manipulation and speculation, wild-catting and unemployment, internal politics and international diplomacy, munitions, profits and war debts). Is the latter preferable? Only to a patient suffering from Selfertia! [Continued on page 60]

At that moment the door opened, and a nun entered. Steph, jammed behind the door, was bowing with old-world decorum, but she took not the least notice of him. She had eyes only for Potts.

At the Other End

By H. Mortimer Batten

McNAB, of the Cross Creeks Mission School, threw out his hands in a gesture of helplessness. He knew what it meant to these men to be told there was no grub to be had. They had just pulled in, their packs hung lightly on their shoulders, and they were gaunt and bearded as January caribou. "Starvation all up and down the river," said McNab. "Ask me for what you like, but not for grub. The Indians are dying off like flies, and we have our own children to feed—fifty of them!"

The taller of the two men answered "Hell!" His name was Potts. He flung his packsack on the floor, and squatted on a molasses hogshead covered with a wolf robe. "Hell!" he repeated. "We've been relying on picking up grub here, now we're dead up against it. Two hundred miles to go and no intermediate station. We been in the bush four months, and are about all in."

"God help you, and all of us!" replied McNab. "Our relief sled has not come through. It may be here any day, but more probably it won't come at all. The caribou have passed to the east of the range and the Indians have brought in nothing since the freeze up. Already our children are starving."

Steph, the second man, looked appealingly at Potts. It was on these occasions Potts shone. He was a man of ready promises, which he never considered himself under the least obligation to keep.

Potts rose like a panther. "We got to register our claim!" he said solemnly. "D'you hear me, I say we *got* to!" New light came into his eyes, and he struck the bench with his closed fist. "Say," he added more soberly, "This ain't no ordinary come and go as you please prospector's yarn, such as you're dead sick of hearing, but a sound, workable proposition!"

He paused for his words to take effect, and McNab nodded. "How many leads?" he asked by way of saying something.

"Leads!" echoed Potts; he looked at Steph, and they laughed.

"It ain't a matter of leads," he went on. "There's a great outcrop of it, the size of a cathedral, clambering up the face of the hill like a Japanese dragon on a screen. See here, McNab—!" He clawed something from his necktie with trembling fingers. It was a chunk of sad yellow material, that weighed like lead. "Just a surface sample chipped off anyhow," he boasted with a professional air. "You could fill your hat with bits like that in two minutes."

McNab gave a low whistle. "Some showing!" said he. He handed the nugget back, but Potts waved it airily aside.

"Yes," he agreed. "But it ain't no use to us if we can't get back, and we can't get back without grub."

McNab's grey eyes hardened a little. "If I could help you I would, but I tell you right here and now that there isn't an ounce of grub going to leave these premises."

Potts met his partner's pleading gaze. "Two men don't require much," he said. "A fortnight's supply might see us through, and—" his eyes fell meaningly on the nugget.

McNab softened a little. He realized how much these men had at stake. He realized, moreover, that Potts was not normal. "There are times when food isn't to be bought," he said—"when even gold can't buy it. My work's here. I'm responsible for these children, and—the women. The station exists for them, and it is not a trading post. By relying on us you took your chances. Well, you've failed, and do you realize what my position would be in selling mission food to you at such a time as this?"

"O Lord!" muttered Potts. He thrust his big hands into his parka pockets and began to pace the room. "Every man for himself in this all-fired country, and the devil take the hindmost!" he muttered. "Look here, McNab, this is a big thing. You don't tell me you like living up here with the snows and the blackflies! It ain't a white man's life, and it ain't a white man's country. Well, now's your chance for pulling out. Me and Steph are prepared to foot the bill, and you can have it down in writing."

Illustrated by A. C. Valentine

At that moment the door opened, and a nun entered. She stood at the threshold looking from one to the other. Steph, jammed behind the door, was bowing with old-world decorum, but she took not the least notice of him. She had eyes only for Potts, for she recognized in him the master mind.

Potts knew her—it was Sister Mary. She was not young, but the going of her youth had not taken with it her womanly grace and charm, for she was one of the few good women, God knows, born to shed her effulgence on the winters of the north.

Potts shrank from her, for he was afraid of women, save the mining-camp variety, with which he was tolerably familiar. He was aware that McNab was speaking—

"These two men are out of food, and want our help, Sister Mary," he was saying. "I have told them it is impossible."

"Quite impossible," she agreed in a low voice, her eyes still upon Potts. "They would be better off on the trail. There is no game here—on the creeks they might be fortunate."

Potts turned on her with the venomous contempt bred of interference by the weaker sex. "With us it is a matter of life or death," he said. "Do you think nothing of sending men of your own color and country out to die?"

The woman shuddered a little. "If you are men of my own country," she said, "I cannot conceive that you plead for the food of starving children with a full realization of what you are doing. Look!" She pointed to her own cheek bones, high and hollow with hunger. "You can but take your chance

like the rest of us. We—" she added in a low voice—"we give our lives—all our lives!—for these people." She flung out her hands in a wild gesture, and again Potts shrunk away, while Steph, who loved all women, gave her another elaborate bow.

In the adjoining room, which they were told they could occupy for the night, Potts threw himself face downwards on the bunk. "The fools" he cried. "The poor, purblind, fanatical fools!"

ONCE, during the night, Steph thought he heard Potts moving about, but he was too overcome with the joy of dry blankets to take much notice. They were up bright and early, and were on the trail before the station was properly astir, and as the dawn broke, Potts seemed in a brighter mood than for weeks past. It infected Steph, who began to whistle, till Potts advised him to "come off the roof." "You'll want your breath before we're through with this," he said.

Steph was a very ordinary woodsman. There was nothing startling about Steph, save for his honesty. Perhaps it was on account of this very faculty that many of the sons of the north alluded to him as "half baked."

"Potts," enquired Steph, "What are you going to build when this proposition of ours is properly working?"

Potts glanced behind them, where a white streak of smoke could still be seen rising straight heavenwards above the eternal jagged fringe. "Not a ding-dong mission school, anyway!" he growled.

They trudged doggedly on. "Steph," said Potts at length, "ain't it old Harry—this eternal muskeg forest? I'll be glad when we strike the lakes and get into pine country again."

After a time Steph answered—"To think McNab and them spend their lives up here! Say, Potts—do nuns marry?"

Potts ignored the frivolous question as beneath him, and there was a long silence.

"Bughouse!" cried Potts suddenly. "Stark, staring bughouse! What in thunder would it matter if a few of their snivelling little whippets did frizzle out?"

Steph kept his nose faithfully to the trail. He had not, of course, noticed the tone of defence in his partner's voice. About an hour later he pursued —"If McNab had given us grub, then saw them women and the kids starving for the want of it—it would kind of hit him where he lived, wouldn't it?"

Potts simply did not understand. "Ain't two white men with a gold mine behind them worth more'n a whole shipload of them little whelps?" he demanded fiercely.

"Sure," agreed Steph, "but that ain't his show. We're in at our own funeral, ain't we? He never invited us to come butting around this all-fired muskeg hell of his! We got to take a chance, same as any other son of a siwash what goes prospecting."

"O for the sake of Heaven!" gasped Potts, with utterly pointless profanity. "We offered to set him up. We offered to buy what we—didn't get—!"

"To buy his honor!" quoth Steph. "Strikes me, Potts, you don't understand. You ain't got no morals, and you never had any. McNab did the square thing, and there ain't no getting around that. What you shinning into that slough for?" he added suddenly.

"It ain't a slough. It's a creek. I saw it marked on the mission school map. It leads to the height of land then there's another creek down to the river."

"Nearer?" queried Steph, pausing at the fork.

"Nope."

"Looking for game then?"

"Nope."

Steph drew a long breath. "What in Jupiter are you after then?" he demanded.

Potts trudged steadily up the creek. "Come right along, my son," he said. "Place your feet where the ice is windswept, so we can't be followed. I'll show you later."

About an hour later they made their midday camp. Steph lit a fire, while Potts rigged up a blanket shelter. It looked like piling up for another blizzard.

When all was ready, Potts opened his pack and drew something out. He met his companion's gaze with shining eyes. "Ain't I a jew'l" he cried triumphantly.

Steph's wondrous gaze shifted. It was the gaze of a very simple man. "Where did you get it from"? he enquired calmly.

"Swiped it!" replied Potts. "What the French call 'system day'. Raided the cache last night when the old fool preacher was asleep. Rump steak or porterhouse, Steph."

"Shucks!" said Steph. He hailed in the long ago from cow country. "Shucks!" he repeated, for between them lay a huge slab of frozen moose meat. "Won it from the cache, did you?"

But, as Steph spoke, the vision rose before his eyes of a nun's sweet face, albeit drawn and pinched with hunger, and Potts was subtly aware of his partner's uttermost contempt.

IT WAS not unmixed blessing, that slab of moose meat, for now the two men subsided again into their habitual taciturnity. The long, long silence had already got them down, the breach was only temporary, like a lifting of the clouds, and now there rose between them the consciousness of a difference. In the ordinary way it would have amounted to nothing, but on the trail such slight variances are magnified and pondered till they become obsessions. Steph himself would not have stolen the meat, and that was what irritated Potts. It was the probing, persistent thought that Steph was so blame superior. "He always was a high-falutian son of a gun, Steph was," Potts told himself, and with nothing to do but think it over he could, by nightfall, cheerfully have landed Steph with the axe.

They ate and smoked in silence.

"You ain't opposed to eating the grub, anyway!" growled Potts at length, over the fire. They had not spoken since midday.

Steph spat voluminously into the flames. For another twenty minutes [Continued on page 27]

As he struck a light, something lurched past him, dashing the match from his hand, while perilously near his face was the slash of steel fangs.

"Poor chap!" said the younger man miserably, "Out in the cold alone, making an honest living in the hardest way, and they couldn't let him live."

Calamity House

By
MABEL BROUGHTON
BILLETT

WHEN Clarke Helmer, with a sprained wrist, stopped his roadster at the home of Dr. James Townsend, the big gloomy house on the outskirts of the village of Glenlogan, in a valley of the Selkirks, known locally as Calamity House, he discovered the body of a woman who had been killed by a blow on the head. Immediately he phoned Major Kettlewell of the Glenlogan police, and then, as he turned toward the doctor's surgery, was himself knocked senseless by a monkey wrench in the hand of the doctor, who later insisted that Helmer must have murdered Mrs. Townsend. This report was spread through the village and Helmer, who was a stranger there, only escaped lynching through the speedy intervention of Marion Crofts, a hospital nurse, who rounded up Major Kettlewell and a party of Great War Veterans to the rescue.

During the Major's absence someone returned to the scene of the crime and removed all fingerprints. The coroner's inquest brought out little of interest apart from the fact that at three-twenty on the afternoon of the murder Mrs. John T. Agar had called on Mrs. Townsend and, finding no one home, had left her calling card in the door, and the further evidence of Peter McTaggart, a truckman, who at three-forty had seen Mrs. Townsend trying to look through the window into the gardener's cottage on the Townsend place, a cottage that had been untenanted for some time and which McTaggart believed was used by bootleggers. He had recognized Mrs. Townsend by the plaid coat she was wearing.

After the inquest Major Kettlewell paid a visit to the gardener's cottage by a roundabout way and, while there, surprised a Chinaman who evidently knew the place well and was in search of something. The Chinaman escaped out the back door.

Charters Darrach, the doctor's stepson, called home by the death of his mother, decided he would not return to the University. By his mother's will he was left the family residence and also one thousand shares in the Lone Star gold mine, where a lucky strike had been made the previous week while the doctor received some cash and one hundred shares in the Gypsum mine, of very doubtful value. The doctor was appointed sole guardian of the boy until he should come of age.

A night or two after the inquest Charters Darrach was taken to the hospital suffering from what appeared to be a nervous shock. Clarke Helmer and Marion Crofts had dinner with Mrs. Agar and later in the week went for a long walk, lost their way in the mountains when darkness overtook them and stumbled on a rendezvous of the doctor with some person unknown to them.

PART III

AS CLOUDS gather before the storm breaks, so events massed in juxtaposition for the second tragedy which drew daily nearer Glenlogan.

Some there were who sensed its coming, and with weak hands strove to wrestle with the shadow thrown in its relentless advance. Of these, Major Kettlewell, scrupulously discharging the routine duties of his position, and attempting to grapple with and control the Unseen Evil, grew with each succeeding day more haggard. Clarke Helmer thanked God that he was a man of independent means and stayed to see it through, and capable Marion Crofts went about her work imperturbably alert to many things which she hid in her loyal heart.

Ill-omened starlings in hundreds heralded the winter that came down from the north. One day they rested and fed in the valley, and all the fields were black, then, in the wake of their more gaily feathered kinsmen, they winged their way south.

All that afternoon the snow fell gently and persistently over Glenlogan. Towards morning the

Illustrated by B. V. V. Matteson

wind changed and through the Quilchena Draw there stole a bitter breath from the prairies. At noon the sun shone brilliantly in a temperature of twenty below.

The ancient curse unloosed, winter took its toll in the land. On the ranges the cattle huddled together for warmth. The wretched horses climbed the hills in search of food, to find that the snow's hard crust defied the efforts of their frantic hoofs. Deprived of the bunch grass on which in milder winters they survived, the miserable animals dropped in their tracks and died. Later, the snow would melt under their frozen bodies, and trickling into a score of mountain streams, pollute the waters of the valley below.

The Pine Mill completed its orders and closed down until the spring, and the Diamond Vale Mines went into sudden liquidation. The miners drifted out of town to obtain work where they could, or to swell the pallid bread-lines of the city, and at Calamity House the silent doctor dwelt, the cynosure of unfriendly eyes.

Influenza was raging, taking its undernourished victims where they were to be found, and Clarke Helmer noticed with grudging admiration the readiness with which the physician answered the despairing call of the poor.

Charters Darrach, his health restored, and with no memory of the terror which sent him out into the storm, lived in apparent amity with his stepfather. An old Chinaman had been installed; a sinister figure who was certainly no cook, and who came from no one knew where. People disapproved of the doctor's *menage* with a passion only to be found in insular communities. The Lone Star Mine paid its first dividend, and the stock leaped on the Exchange. And with the quite unconscious selfishness which distinguishes lovers, Clarke Helmer and Marion Crofts were radiantly happy in a world going rapidly to pot.

Agnes Agar, distrait and pale, had refused to accompany her husband to New York, where he had gone with the hope of interesting fresh capital in the mine, and her home was always open to the lovers when Marion's twelve-hour day was finished.

Clarke Helmer had been surprised at the lack of enthusiasm with which Major Kettlewell, after listening to the adventure on the mountain and congratulating him on his own and his companion's escape, had agreed to investigate the little cabin, if it could be found. At the remark with which the cabin-dweller had greeted his confrere, he had only smiled. These were the days when Glenlogan's policeman confided in no one.

The townspeople, preoccupied with their own troubles, had long since ceased to take any interest in the mystery of the death of Mrs. Townsend, and Charters Darrach had told Marion Crofts that his stepfather had flown in a fearful rage when he had suggested sending for an outside detective on receipt of his first dividend from the Lone Star Mine. Discreet as usual, Marion had made no comment beyond advising the boy to leave the solution of the mystery in older hands. After that he said no more about the matter, but took to brooding alone in Calamity House. When he came down to the village, which was seldom, he made his few purchases and, avoiding everyone, hurried home, so that finally when he came no more there were few who noticed.

Strange to relate, Agnes Agar, entering Glenlogan's shopping district but rarely, and holding herself aloof from its people, was the first to comment on the boy's disappearance, but it was Marion Crofts who, with a casual air, asked the doctor where his stepson had gone. With a frankness that should have been disarming he replied that he did not know. That night the nurse took her fears and perplexities to Major Kettlewell.

"You know," she said, plunging directly into her subject, "I have never let myself go about the doctor in the way the others have."

The major nodded sympathetically.

"For one thing my position at the hospital would not allow me to. The ethics of my profession are strict, and the groundless antipathies of a nurse are not matters to which she is entitled to refer. You know what I mean, our immediate concern is with the body, and fortunately the rest of the world seems quite willing to control the morals and look after the soul."

"You are right there," laughed the major. "If we don't go to heaven direct from Canada, it's no one's fault but our own."

"I sometimes wish I was back in Mespot," declared the nurse wearily, "war and all. Although really Glenlogan wasn't so bad until this winter. The hard times will pass—they always do—and spring will come."

"Do you truly think so?" bantered the major.

"I do, but that wasn't what I came to talk about. I am worried about [Continued on page 22]

"My husband," she said in a voice which trembled and finally broke, "didn't come home last night. Will you help me to find him?"

The Adventurous

An Allegory on War

A tall, strong youth in chain-mail trod a road
Through golden fields before a high-walled town.
His curls were fair, his ruddy forehead glowed,
His blue eyes, stern yet kindly, looked not down
But ever forward. Though his cheeks were brown,
Broad scars of honour streaked them o'er with white.
Upright he walked, from heel to comely crown
As straight as any pine that fronts the light
Upon the crest of some dark Pyrenean height.

As he approached the town, he met a maid,
Fair like himself and clad in armor too.
"Welcome, Achilles!" was her cry. "Thine aid
Is sorely needed, for our troops are few
In present battlefields. We know thee true
To high adventure's spirit in thy heart.
Decisive struggles in the far fields brew.
Our fate will soon be told. Come, play thy part,
And I shall love thee well, serve thee with every art."

"Ah, Brunhild, warrior maid," the man replied.
"I prize thy proud Valkyrie sisterhood.
Like mine, your spirits lean to danger's side,
And find life's relish in vicissitude
Where death stands close. Existence seems most good
With hazard at its highest, if the deed
Be just and right. If evils are withstood
In this thy war, and innocence has need,
Rely on me to show the courage of my breed!"

"Thanks!" the Valkyrie cried. "Men even now
Are mustering in the city's broadest square
To reinforce the battle. Go, endow
Their weakness with thy strength, and half their care
Will melt away to see thee standing there!"
She kissed his manly lips, their arms embraced,
Against his cheek pressed fragrant golden hair
For one brief moment. Then the spot she graced
Was vacant past all gazing that his fain eyes traced.

He turned to cross the town with ardent haste
And seek the plaza, but a puffy dame
With cheesy cheeks, and shiver-bellied waist,
Pale, watery eyes, and dropsied legs half-lame,
In tearful, wheezing panic towards him came,
Two pasty-faced young urchins at her skirt,
And called the startled warrior by his name:
"Be not deceived," she wailed, "By that blonde flirt!
For if thou trustest her, thou shalt be surely hurt.

"All war is hateful," wept the frantic dowd.
"Reason is put to shame when blood is shed.
Fatal pollution must that soul becloud
Which takes man's life. One rather should be dead
Than have another's blood upon his head.
No claim on earth should cause a man to fight.
Resist not evil. Let the foemen spread
Across the land to rape and burn and smite.
To seek peace and ensue it is forever right!"

Achilles shook his head, and sternly spoke:
"Thou hast misread man's warfare in thy fear.
The very springs of parenthood invoke
Defence of helpless lives we hold as dear.
Should we betray them, as thou urgest here,
Dark shame like deep corruption in the bones
Would damn our lives and we should disappear,
Unpraised, unwept. No casuistry atones
For those self-cozened cowards whom the race disowns.

"The soldier is a witness to high faith
Of spiritual essence. Virtue grows
From roots of truth and honour, springing rathe
In discipline and courage, such as flows
From hazards faced in battles with one's foes.
This is the only character that suits
The plenitude of manhood; when he shows
Stripped of these military attributes,
Man's personality is meaner than the brute's.

"And is war worse than horrors of the plague?
War takes its thousands, but the fever's heat
Takes tens of stricken thousands in its vague
Vast-slaying course; and those who chance to meet
With taint of leprous tetter, cholera's gleet,
Or the crazed growth of cancer in the flesh,
Know torture beyond all that soldiers greet.
Though we should perish in war's strangling mesh,
We die a sudden death, with all our pulses fresh.

"The Hebrews tell how Michael and his hosts
Fought with the Dragon on the plains of heaven.
The Norse myths crown with praise those valiant ghosts,
Ranged in Valhalla, unto whom is given
The prize of second death when skies are riven
And all the great gods die. Thus war keeps whole
The heart of man, and leaves him pure and shriven,
Ready to give his life to save his soul!"
He ceased, and turned once more in silence towards his goal.

Far from that town, for many days they marched,
Nearing the front of war. That road fulfilled,
He stood one day, and though his throat was parched,
The thronging pulses through him throbbed and thrilled
As he beheld the low ridge, billowy-hilled,
From whose long crest his army's parapet
Looked down on foes, in myriads brave and skilled,
Who held the plains below, and struggled yet
To take the summit, though they too were sore beset.

The war had long been fought: at first with spears
And clumsy swords and arrows from the bow.
But brains had changed all that across the years,
And given means of death to friend and foe
In countless ghastly forms of overthrow.
So, when Achilles came, that autumn day,
To join the ranks, he found them crouching low
Beneath barrage, and heard above the fray
The deep, indignant thunder of the guns at bay.

Heart

By WATSON KIRKCONNELL,
M.A., F.R.G.S., F.R.HIST.S., F.S.S.

Pulsating fever smote that hill-top, troughed
With zigzag trenches, and it heaved and tare
As if earth's chest, convulsed with phthisis, coughed,
Gasping towards death, and spat into the air
Wet fragments of torn bodies, laying bare
In dissolution's pain its nakedness
Of shattered, stone-ribbed slope. Flames flickered there
In sudden daggers. Even in that press
Achilles bore his part and showed no weak distress.

Rain from grey skies came mingling grimly down
With that black broth of upchurned earth and oil,
Making a slough in which the weak might drown.
Up from the sodden depths where sappers toil
Great mine-bursts ripped the bowels of the soil
To thick black pillars of rent earth and spume,
Brief giants of despair, who fell to spoil
All things that hell's combustion could consume,
And left the live a-choking with their pungent fume.

Achilles and his comrades drew scant breath.
They felt the shallow line in which they crouched
A moaning sand-bar washed by seas of death;
But still the worst came not—the attack that vouched
The war's last issue. Low they lay and grouched,
Half-swimming in foul clay, or named their wives,
Aught to allay the tension where they couched,
Tension that scraped the spine like notch-edged knives
And made those yellowed, wasted warriors loathe their lives.

At last, far down the hill, they saw the foe
Rise in long waves of madness to attack.
They watched shells rake those ranks, and shrapnel mow
Unnumbered grey forms down, but still the pack
With howls of fury held the upward track,
Looking like bestial puppets oozing bran.
O'er slippery lumps of flesh and battle-wrack,
Even with splintered stumps of legs they ran,
Sans jaws, sans mouth, sans face, sans all that makes a man.

Quickly Achilles' comrades down the slope
Loosed gently moving clouds of blinding gas.
Borne by the sluggish wind, it seemed to grope
Like jellyfish obscene among the mass
Of those insensate foes who sought to pass;
And all those human forms, too dazed to run,
With blackened lips and cheeks of tarnished brass,
Fell twitching like grey spiders every one.
The onslaught of the infantry was spent and done.

The foe then launched great dinosaurs of steel,
Dragons with mouths that spewed out leaden wrath.
They churned the embattled earth beneath each wheel;
To them stout palisades were flimsy lath,
And men no more than pismires in their path,
Ants to be squashed in wallowing on their way
And dimly visible in that wide swath
Which lay behind them in the mangled clay
Like currants in raw batter mixed for Christmas Day.

Achilles at that sight made haste to rise,
Borne on a plane of fine Canadian fir.
He bombed the tanks to wreckage from the skies;
But as he wrought, he heard the mounting purr
Of foes in flight formation and the whirr
Of enemy machine-guns. Without boast
He faced their three-score as a challenger—
An eagle-plane against a vulture-host—
And swooped in swift decision at the uppermost.

He smote it down in flames. He rose once more,
His own gun barking as he broke their line.
Four times he drove them headlong, but to soar
Triumphantly himself. With Parthian whine
Of parting gun-fire, they at last assign
Vict'ry to that fierce barker of the height.
Then he too, sweeping down the vast incline,
Landed, unhurt, in evening's waning light.
So, tired, he slept, and mixed his spirit with the night.

When he awoke, a yellow moon rode high.
Across the earth, a shattered oily waste,
Lay pools that glimmered like a dead man's eye,
Bloodshot with red, drowned craters interlaced
With shards and carrion in a greasy paste.
Long streaks of vapor crept from pit to pit,
Weird mists of strangling white, that fouled the taste
With fetor of decay and made him spit
In choking shudders at the loathsome sweet of it.

The bulging hill was like the bloated form
Of some gigantic corpse; but moans of pain
Arose from scattered men whose veins were warm,
Though battered breasts and faces torn in twain
Imposed on ebbing lives a fatal drain.
Some writhed in ashen-visaged fortitude;
And some, more cursed with strength, still sought in vain
To crawl, like half-crushed worms, across the mud,
Holding their entrails in their hands, and oozing blood.

A lad lay near him, not far short of death,
His back laid open by a gaping rent
Through which the torn lung pulsed with every breath,
And scarlet foam in bursting bubbles went
Out of his gasping mouth, incontinent.
Enveloped thus in pain on every side,
Achilles uttered groanings of lament;
But at a sudden marvel that he spied
Dumb, icy horror rose about him like a tide:

Flying between the cold moon and the earth
Came silent female shapes on batlike wings—
Things dead, that yet live on without new birth,
Slaking the body's thirst and hungerings
With human blood withdrawn from living springs
Or ev'n decay itself. Teeth weasel-keen
Shine in their corpse-rat mouths. Corruption clings
Upon their toadlike lips, that fix obscene
Upon unhappy human veins to suck them clean.

[Continued on page 47]

To See Fair Play

By E. M. WINCH

SHE lay docked on an upper floor in Great Portland Street, a long, low eight-cylinder model painted silver, suspiciously new to be there.

"Renee Voudoir," said my friend Winkram, noting my glance. "A wonderful bargain—owner wants a hundred."

He looked at me but not hopefully, for I had asked for a cheap runabout.

"Twelve miles to the gallon and a fifty pound tax," I mourned, looking lovingly at the sweep of her lines. "What's the matter with her that she's going at that price?"

"Nothing—at least nothing with the engine." Winkram is one of the three honest men in the motor trade, honest even with his friends. Also he knew I could not afford the Renee.

"What then?" I asked, wonderingly.

He did not answer at once.

"Owner given up driving," he said at last.

I walked round the monster and saw, marring her shining paint-work, a re-touched wing.

"Accident?"

Winkram gave a grim smile.

"Not to him. He's in jug."

"Good Lord! Driving to the danger?"

"Manslaughter."

I looked at the silver car with fresh interest.

"Still—that must happen sometimes," I argued. "Not the car's fault."

"N-no?" It was so palpably a question that I looked up sharply from inspecting her engine.

"Go on," I insisted.

"Mechanic ran down a kid, bringing her from the shops her first day out," confided Winkram, slowly. "Our man—and he's a careful driver—upset an old woman. Only concussion, fortunately. And she's not been built a year."

"But—that's impossible!" I protested.

"Get in her yourself," suggested Winkram.

I dropped into the low seat and took the wheel; her springing was a miracle of comfort.

As she leaped into life at the touch of the starter I was seized with an impulse to drive—let her go—anywhere. She gave me an odd, heady feeling of immense, triumphant power—

"What's the matter?" asked Winkram maliciously, as I scrambled out.

"She's—too tempting," I said.

He smiled.

"Care to drive her?"

"I would *not*," I said heartily. "What is it?"

"Cars are like women—you get what you pay for, mostly. A cheap baby, a thoroughbred at a price, a plain 'bus that's true all through; and then, just once in a while, a thing like *that*. A real job of work, spoiled by a wicked streak in her."

"But—after all, a car's only a machine," I protested.

"Work with cars a few years and tell me that," said Winkram. "Well, what about a baby coupe for you?"

When I had finished my business, I turned to have one last look at the silver Renee.

"She's a beauty, all the same," I said. "If I hear of anyone who wants a big devil like that I'll send him on."

"I wish you would," said Winkram. "She takes up a lot of room."

I made the promise lightly enough and went on to lunch with Mrs. Spencer—Mrs. Hugo Spencer. As usual, she looked nine times as lovely as any woman has a right to be and for once in a way Hugo was there, his dark, scowling ugliness a perfect foil for his tall, fair wife. They had Borrett to lunch, just back from Daytona, baked brown, and head over ears in love, too, with Mrs. Hugo. Hugo's eyes hardly left his plate [Continued on page 45]

Illustrated by William Maltman

"Where—are you going?" he gasped. "Round the Park once and back," said Mrs. Hugo.

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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 17

Charters Darrach. I was worried about him before, living alone in that horrible house with a stepfather who, to use a most charitable expression, is an enigma, and a Chinaman whom I know to be addicted to drugs. And now he has gone, no one knows where; not even the doctor whom I asked today."

"What did he say?"

"Smiled inanely, and said he did not know. Major Kettlewell, I think this is entirely too much. I have never admitted even to myself that Doctor Townsend might have had anything to do with his wife's death, but suppose he had. Isn't it a fact that criminals who escape the consequences of their crime despise the law which fails to apprehend them and grow steadily more daring? Wouldn't you have thought that he would have offered some explanation, more especially since Charters has been so recently a patient of mine?"

"From what I know of the man, I rather think that if he had had anything to do with his stepson's absence he would have overwhelmed you with explanations."

"Perhaps he is telling the truth this time," agreed the girl dubiously, "but somehow I feel he isn't. You can never be sure what form his cunning will take. He is really much cleverer than he looks." She hesitated. "Major, I lied to you when you asked me if the boy raved in delirium. He did. But what he said would have meant nothing to you, unless supplemented by information which I have no right to disclose. I know what sent Charters Darrach out into the storm, and I know that Evil walked unafraid that night. That is all I can tell you, but will you try to get into Calamity House?"

"How? It's a cinch he won't invite me."

"Can't you swear out a warrant?"

"For what?"

"For keeping the boy a prisoner or something."

"We have no reason to believe that he is a prisoner. He may have gone away of his own choice."

"In that case he would have come to say good-bye, and taken the train out of town like anyone else."

"Are you sure he didn't take the train out of town like anyone else?"

"I dropped into the station on my way down, and asked the station-master if he had sold him a ticket. He said he hadn't seen the boy for a month."

"Still, I hardly think the circumstances justify a warrant, and remember James Manson Townsend is not the man to be in ignorance of his legal rights."

"Then you must break in," said the girl desperately.

"Must I?" smiled the major. "If you say so I suppose I must. And now will you tell me one thing?"

"If I can," she answered guardedly.

The keen grey eyes probed hers.

"In whose garden do the purple zinnias grow?"

"I do not know," said the nurse, and pale as a spectre went out blindly into the night.

DOCTOR TOWNSEND'S manner was correctly professional when he opened the door next morning in response to Major Kettlewell's somewhat peremptory ring. His urbanity persisted even after the visitor had entered and disclosed the reason for his early call.

"As a matter of fact," he said gamely, "I had just about decided to put the matter in your hands, although I don't see what you can do unless the department at Victoria will take it up, and I imagine they would consider it an affair for a private detective agency. At any rate, the boy has been missing for two weeks, and every day I have hoped that he would realize my anxiety and drop a line to say where he had gone."

"You think, then, that he went away voluntarily?"

"I am sure he did. Come up to his room and judge for yourself."

They went up the broad staircase, where the Englishman had carried his bride shoulder high, into a pleasant room overlooking Cemetery Lane.

"Here it is," said the doctor, "just as I found it when I returned a fortnight ago. I had been frightfully busy all week, and had seen practically nothing of the boy, and on this particular night it was only the untouched food in the dining-room which prompted me to look in here before going to my own room. He must have gone out quietly while the cook was preparing dinner, for when he was called he did not answer. Of course it never dawned on the Chink to investigate, but he declares that no one entered the house during the day, and that Charters kept to his room all afternoon. That's all he would tell me, and that's all I know about it, but look around and satisfy yourself. I'm due at the hospital."

"One moment, Doctor! I may not confine my examination to this room."

The doctor's eyes narrowed, but his jaunty air persisted.

"Please don't dig up the cellar," he implored, with an attempt at lightness.

The major smiled. The sternness which at one time moulded and masked his features seemed of late to have softened to habitual sadness, and he went about the examination of the room with a marked weariness.

There was every indication that someone had made a hasty selection of clothing from a trunk which stood open in the middle of the room, and from the wardrobe the partially-closed door of which revealed rows of empty pegs. Wherever Charters Darrach had gone, his clothing had gone with him. Beyond that, there was nothing to indicate where the boy had gone, nor why.

In another room he made an interesting discovery, although it had nothing to do with the matter in hand.

He had not realized that he was in the room of the dead woman until opening the cupboard door a meagre display of clothing met his eye. Apparently everything was as she had left it, and yet to his surprise he realized that something which he had expected to see was missing. Having in mind the somewhat drab appearance of the late mistress of the house, he found himself wondering vaguely which one of her dowdy frocks had impressed him to the extent that now he noticed its absence.

Suddenly he remembered. It was nothing which he himself had ever remarked, but where was the plaid coat which the transfer man had described at the inquest. Strange he had not followed up that clue before, and checked up her wardrobe, but stranger that the garment should not be here. He was certain that it had not been in any of the rooms on the lower floor when he made his preliminary investigation on the evening of the murder. With greater minutiae he again went through all the rooms above stairs. He even ransacked the boys' trunk, since it was conceivable that a sentimental attachment might have prompted the son to treasure the last garment that his mother had worn. But neither among the boy's own particular possessions nor in the doctor's box, filled with old letters, receipted accounts and newspaper clippings, was the coat to be found. Could it be that it had not returned with its wearer? And if it had not? Certain suspicions, long entertained, took substantive form in the major's mind.

In the light of this discovery his interest in the disappearance of Charters Darrach waned. Everything indicated that the boy had packed hurriedly and had taken advantage of his stepfather's absence to leave without provoking a scene. It was more than likely that he had boarded the train at Shulus, and if so, the conductor would remember, since Shulus was only a flag station. At any rate, there was nothing to denote that things were other than the doctor said.

Fortune, which to date had not greatly favoured the major, seemed at last to have come to his aid.

The evil-faced Chinaman followed him down to the cellar, and cynically watched him tap the concrete floor and walls. When he commenced to empty the coal-bin, the Oriental seized a shovel and lent a hand. As the bottom came into sight, he grinned amiably and raked off the sheltering dust exposing the concrete below.

The Englishman put his hand in his pocket and enriched the grinning gnome with a two-bit piece.

"You go mountain, catchum devil Klamity House?"

"Perhaps, John!" assented the other absently, and raked over the last season's ashes looking for a fragment of plaid cloth, which he admitted to himself he did not expect to find.

The Chinaman came closer.

"Devil on mountain, heap strong," he cautioned.

"Most devils are," agreed the officer, and made his way up the stairs and out of the house.

At the gate he hesitated, and retracing his steps struck out through the heavy snow in the direction of the cottage on the outskirts of the estate.

The last rendezvous of the bootleggers certified its innocency by an open door swaying uncertainly on a rusty hinge, but the major, who had been over it twice before, was not interested in its credentials. Instead, his eye dwelt speculatively on the decent padlock of the tool shed.

Having no authority to break the lock, he contented himself with peering through the cobwebby window, the lower left-hand pane of which was missing. Presently the neatly-stacked tools took form in the gloom, and a moment later a mouse scuttled across the floor. The space directly beneath the window was hidden, but inserting his hand he grasped the handle of a garden rake. With this he groped about diligently and was rewarded when the teeth entangled in what was evidently heavy cloth. Holding the rake against the wall he endeavoured to bring his find to the surface level of the window, but half-way up the weight of the object caused the light implement to release its hold. A swift glance behind him revealed a cowboy beginning the ascent of the hill, but what disturbed the major was the doctor's car at that moment entering the garage.

Loathe to share his discovery he braced his feet and tried desperately to bring the article to the opening. A dozen times he inserted his left hand through the broken pane in an endeavour to grasp that which the rake each time released. Finally, in exasperation he wrenched at the flimsy sash. It came away with surprising ease, permitting him to scramble through.

He came down on a woman's hat, which a thrifty rodent had converted into a very comfortable home. A pair of jewel-like eyes watched him frantically from the darkest corner of the shed.

"Awfully sorry, madam!" murmured the major, depositing the tenant's family on the floor, "but I'm afraid you have made your bed in Exhibit A."

He turned to the other article which his rake, while refusing delivery, had located. It was, as he had expected, a plaid coat rather unfashionable in cut and smeared on the inside with something which must be analyzed forthwith.

The single shaft of sunlight died and the major looked up at the angry face of Doctor Townsend peering absurdly through the aperture. His good humour of the morning had petered out.

"Well! I must say," he sputtered angrily, "you carry your search into strange places."

The major shrugged indifferently.

"Oh! I don't know," he drawled. "No stranger, at all events, than the circumstances warrant. Have you got a key which unlocks this door?"

"No! Not with me, I haven't."

"All right, then, stand aside. Wait! take these."

The doctor looked at the salvaged articles in dismay.

"Why!" he quavered, "this is my wife's coat."

"And hat. Stand aside, please, we can converse more quietly if we are on the same side of the wall."

Upon the other standing aside as requested, the major squirmed through the window, and turned his immediate attention to the restoration of the sash.

"As I promised you," he said serenely, "I have disturbed nothing."

Said the doctor firmly: "You have disturbed me a very great deal. This is my wife's coat. That is her hat. What am I to think?"

"Now that we're on the subject, what am I to think myself? Why didn't you report a portion of your wife's wardrobe missing?"

"I didn't know it was missing, and if I had I doubt that I should have considered the loss of an old coat of any significance. My wife wasn't killed while wearing it."

"H'm! I don't suppose she was, but it has a direct bearing on the case notwithstanding. Of course you do not know that at the Coroner's inquest Peter McTaggart testified to having seen your late wife in the vicinity of the bootleggers' cottage as late as twenty minutes to four on the afternoon of the day she was murdered. And what is more, she was wearing a plaid coat very much like this one."

"Why was it not reported in the paper along with the other evidence?"

"Because M'Taggart pleaded for his testimony to be taken 'in camera'. He was afraid of the bootleggers. Quite unnecessarily, I imagine."

"He thought they had killed her?"

"Yes."

"If they did, they must have done it here, and later carried her to the house."

The major looked at him coldly.

"As a medical man you must be aware that your wife met her death in the surgery."

The doctor's glance wavered.

"Then what is your theory?"

[Continued on page 25]

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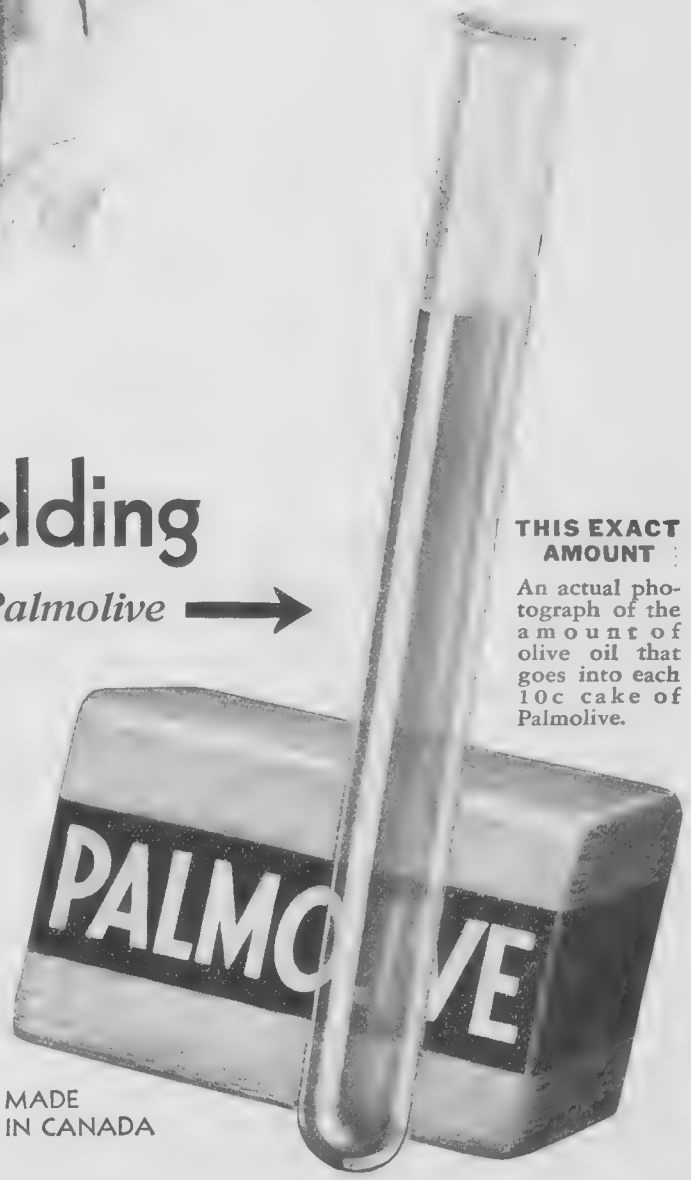

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BEAUTY DWELLS IN A FRAME OF MIND

By Lois Ardwyn

WE WERE resting from a surplus of gaiety. Lounging over the gallery railing, we quite frankly discussed the dancers as they glittered and swayed and sauntered through an entrancing waltz. Almost at the same instant we saw her — The Smartest Woman. "How lovely she is!" And then we spent the rest of the evening in debating "Why?" What is it that sets her above everyone else? Because we had often before noticed how she always dominated the scene as she entered the room. Smart women a-plenty were present—why does she eclipse them all?

Scornfully we dismissed the matter of clothes, her perfect taste in ensemble, and all that. Her poise—well, we just couldn't agree; no two opinions coincided. One of the men came nearest it, we thought, when he opined it was her individuality. But that, it seems to me, needs further analysis.

It chanced that I spent the following week-end at the home of a friend who was also the closest associate of the Smartest Woman. And then the matter became clear.

"It is her attitude of mind," my hostess declared. "She is intensely modern. Some of us cling to the old standards of beauty and conduct. A mere beauty to-day is not necessarily *smart*. It's one's figure rather than one's face that counts; still, not the figure so much as the way one handles it. Not the clothes but the way one wears them.

" 'Suit the action to the clothes,' is one of her mottos. Have you noticed how her manner changes with change of dress? She changes her attitude of mind when she changes her clothes. Most women retain the same manner at all times. It's absurd, when you think of it! Sports suit to evening gown. Change the swagger which suits a skiing costume into the languid grace befitting the formal dress.

"It is the way Beatrice walks, stands, sits, moves, gestures, that give her chic. No one does that quite so well as she. The mental attitude of a teagown, she says, must be changed to that suitable to a skating or riding habit. When she puts on sports clothes she imitates the movements of a man. The modern woman has a free, un-selfconscious way of moving; she has adopted certain masculine tricks and gestures."

The mysterious quality of the Smartest Woman is evident also when you watch her in a group of women. She walks across the room as though her body were made of nothing heavier than air, as though motion were a joyous expression of a beautiful spirit.

Every woman not seriously ill or crippled has the power to make her body express a similar beauty in its posture and movements. Are you hiding this precious gift, or making full use of it?

Stand with your back against a wall, your hips, head and shoulders touching it and your heels four inches from it. Try to keep your body in that position when you are away from the wall, and go back to the wall to check yourself up frequently.

Perhaps the hollow in your back is too deep. To help straighten it out, stand against the wall, this time without any girdle or confining garment. See that your shoulders and hips are touching the wall, then contract the abdominal muscles and straighten out the hollow by making as much as possible of your spine touch the wall. It takes an effort, but notice what it does to that sagging pouch just below your waistline in front! Try to keep in an uplifted position without the forward sag, whether you are walking, standing, sitting or working.

Practice straightening out the hollow when you are lying down. Lie on your back and contract the muscles to make as much as possible of your spine press against the bed. Relax and contract several times. Again you will feel the upward pull of the sagging abdomen. It is often restful to a tired spine to lie on your back and bend your knees up into a tent shape or bend the knees up close to the body. When sitting, hips and shoulders

should hug the back of your chair. When leaning forward bend from the hips instead of curving your spine or shoulders.

A most important step on the road to health and beauty has been taken when you have learned to keep the body uplifted with no weary sag of the abdomen; when you can maintain the correct position of the abdominal organs all the while you are going about your daily round.

GRACE AND POISE

WALKING around the room on tiptoes and knee-bending exercises are good for grace and poise. Hygienic standing and walking is attained by keeping the weight forward on the balls of the feet. Leaning back on the heels is ugly and tempts the stomach to protrude. The heel should first touch the ground, but the weight should not be allowed to rest there. Finish your step all the way to the ends of the toes, throwing your weight forward instead of letting it sag on your heels. When this is a firmly fixed habit you will be surprised to find how easily you can take a long walk without tiring.

When walking upstairs throw your body a little forward from your hips and the weight on the balls of the feet; keep the spine straight.

When sitting keep the knees and feet close together, the heel of one foot near the arch of the other. The widespread sprawl of the feet is most ungainly, and in walking is injurious to the arch. To correct this tendency, practise walking a real or imaginary chalk line on the floor, stepping straight in front of you so that your footsteps would make almost a straight line instead of a zig-zag one.

A graceful posture of the head is a decided asset. Keep it proud and high to banish the neck wrinkles and multiple chins that accompany a sagging, drooping head, and the ugly back line that goes with a forward-protruding head. Think of the top of your head and make it reach as near to the ceiling as possible.

Study to keep yourself in the frame of mind which considers no effort too great in pursuit of health and beauty.

TAKE A DEEP BREATH

Breathing is the most important of all the functions of the body. Breathe to be healthy. Breathe to be beautiful. Breathe to stand well, talk well, work well. Breath, and plenty of it, is essential to any cure whether ailment is of the mind, the body or the soul.

On this point everyone agrees.

"To breathe properly is to live properly," says an old philosopher, who has pondered on the secrets of the universe for long silent years. "Everything in life breathes," he declares. "The ebb and flow of the tides are the breathings of the earth."

"Breath is the stuff of which the voice is made," says the voice expert. The physical culture expert's first command is to fill your lungs. The beauty specialist who is honest will admit that increased circulation brought about by good breathing will do wonders for your complexion. The psycho-analyst will tell you that an inferiority complex may be the result of improper breathing. As for the high authorities in the medical sphere they have stated that "one generation of correct breathers would regenerate the race, and disease would be so rare as to be looked upon as a curiosity." Think of that! And do your part!

Physical life is a series of breaths. We all know very well that we can live only a few moments without air. Yet few of us give a thought how or what we breathe.

Most of us are shallow breathers and are therefore only half-aired. And only half alive. We breathe in enough air to sustain life, but not enough to live it vigorously. We are like a car that wheezes and knocks because it is chugging along on only half its cylinders. By neglecting to breathe completely we lower our resistance to disease and suffer colds, both summer and winter, with their attendant serious consequences.

We are so accustomed to using only the tops of our lungs that we get the idea they end at the chest. But they don't. At the back of the ribs on either side they extend down to the waist. Because these lower sections of the lungs are seldom if ever used, we can never hope to be absolutely well and strong. Doctors say that women, with but few exceptions, are shallow breathers with no-good diaphragms. And as a consequence they are never as beautiful as Nature intended them to be.

Deep breathing will do some magic things for you. With an ample column

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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 22

"I am afraid I have none which I care to discuss."

They walked back to the house in silence, and it was only as they parted that the doctor remembered to ask what the other thought of his stepson's disappearance.

"I think as you do," said the major deliberately. "Undoubtedly the boy went away of his own volition. I shall take the matter up with the conductor of the Kettle Valley train. If he did not leave from Glenlogan, and apparently no one saw him do so, it is more than probable that he walked to Shulus and boarded the train there. The conductor will be sure to remember, for Shulus is only a flag station. I suppose he had money?"

"He received a substantial dividend from the Lone Star only a month before. In fact, the only danger is that he had too much money."

"You allow him to keep all the dividends on his stock?"

"He has only received one so far. When I suggested opening a trust account for him at the bank he intimated that he had other plans, and I did not insist. After all, he is not my son, and I have no desire to nag him."

"Naturally not. Good morning, Doctor!"

"Good morning!"

Luncheon was laid in the dining-room, but Doctor Townsend went on through to the kitchen, where the Chinaman was removing a joint from the oven.

"You catchum goose?" he inquired with professional zeal.

His master nodded.

"The goose will be up on the noon delivery."

"Pretty soon cleamum and cookum. Tom say chow all the same rotten. Bread too ollo; meat too ollo, heap smelly. Tom vely angly."

"Tom," agreed the doctor, "usually is."

"Heap anglier yesterday. Say bringum goose, bringum beef, bringum pie. No catchum, come down, much hell. Maybe you send plenty dope?"

"For you to steal? Maybe I won't."

The Oriental shrugged hopelessly.

"Trouble come Klamity House. Last night——"

"What about last night?" demanded the other belligerently.

"Big Chief. Me seeum."

"Oh! you see him all right. From the quantity of morphine you stole yesterday, you might have seen anything."

Undismayed by the accusation, the Chinaman came back blandly.

"Takum dope after seeum Chief. Heap scared."

"Of whom? Me?"

"Plenty scared both, more scared Big Chief. Big Chief makum curse. Count one, count two, count three, count four, count five, and callum Glate Spirit. Askum givum two more plenty."

He glanced suggestively at the doctor, and the latter laughed a trifle hollowly.

"What time do you go up?"

"Maybe four, maybe five. Takum shovel, plenty snow, stay all night."

"All right! I won't look for you until tomorrow. And if you'll promise to divide fairly with the others I may find a little real snow for you."

The Oriental fawned upon him.

"Did Major Kettlewell ask you any questions?"

The hideous features of the cook took on an expression of childlike guilelessness.

"Me heap good Chinaman, tellum nothing."

"I'm not inquiring how good a Chinaman you are. What did he ask you?"

"Nothing."

"If he ever asks you anything, it doesn't matter about what, pretend that you don't speak much English and don't savvy. And come to my surgery before you go up to the mountain, and I'll give you something."

Alone in the dreary dining-room, the doctor of a sudden fell thoughtful.

"I wonder how much Peter McTaggart knows," he pondered, and struck his palms together softly.

THE conductor of the Kettle Valley branch line was standing idly by the door of the first-class coach, when Major Kettlewell asked him if he could spare a moment before the train pulled out.

At the innocuous request the railroad official went dead white, and springing up the four steps of the carriage, beckoned furtively. Somewhat mystified, the major followed the man the length of the coach and into the men's washroom, where his agitated guide locked the door and moistened his lips.

"I have been expecting this," he volunteered surprisingly.

"Yes!" drawled the major, making an instant decision to stand pat.

The man fumbled in his pocket and produced a chamois bag. His words when they came crowded each other.

"Back in September," he explained, "a girl boarded the train at the junction. When I asked for her ticket she showed the return stub to a station on the main line, and said she hadn't understood about the branch line wanting another ticket, and she hadn't any money. She was a good looking girl for a breed—would have been handsome under other conditions—and she pleaded so for me not to put her off the train that I agreed to let her ride to her destination, Glenlogan. She said that a man there would look after her, and the poor thing was in a condition that called for someone to look after her, soon.

"We pulled into Glenlogan on time, which was half-past twelve, and she looked so peaked that I told her to stay in the coach, and when the switching was done took her over to the boarding-house and asked the landlady to give her a tuck-in. She said she would when the railroad hands were served.

"Well! We pulled out for the junction at four-twenty, which brought us to Shulus at twenty minutes to five. Quite a number of people got on, mostly natives, and just as we commenced to move the breed girl came running and flung herself at the steps of the back carriage, which happened to hold the only spotter on the train. I hauled her on, and I tell you I was mad. She knows it, and lamps me with her great big brown eyes, frightened, like a sick dog. I stood close by her seat and said 'tickets' loud enough to wake the dead, for the benefit of the spotter. Right after I muttered under my breath, 'For God's sake hand me something,' and commenced making out her ticket. She seemed to savvy my part of it, and put something in my hand which felt like a thickish four-bit piece. I made quite a show of putting what she gave me into my pocket, punched the ticket and handed it to her, and she starts to cry quietly to herself and keeps it up until we get to the junction. I kept out of her way, and I can tell you I was thankful to see that she got on the main line train going West, and

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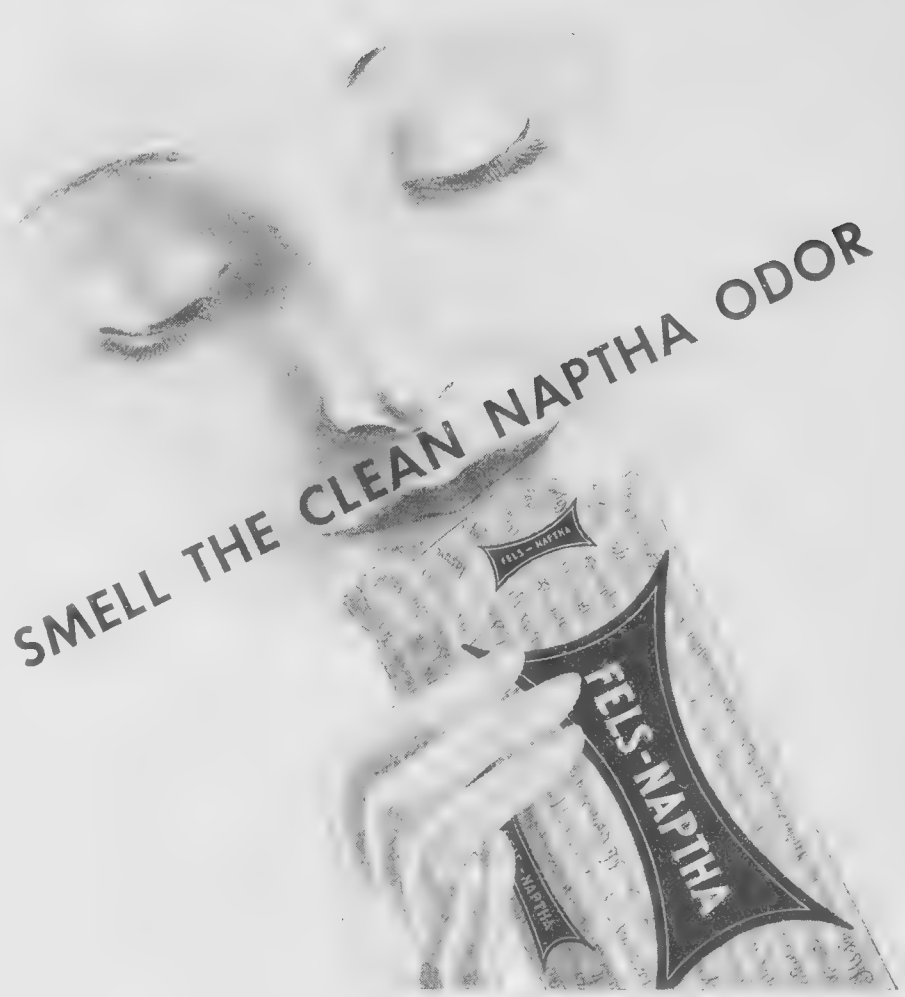

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Fels-Naptha does an excellent job any way you use it—for soaking or boiling, in tub or machine, in hot, lukewarm or cool water. It's fine for washing dishes and woodwork and windows—for every sort of soap-and-water task.

Get a few bars at your grocer's—try it. You'll soon agree, we're sure, that the big Golden Bar with the clean naptha odor is a real bargain in washing value.

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how to DAMP-SET your wave

by

BEATRICE MABIE

OFFICIAL HAIRDRESSER

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS

★ When I recently discovered *damp-setting*—an amazing way to set any wave in two minutes!—Hollywood thought my secret too good to be true. Now the stars say it is *too good to keep*, and damp-set waves are seen on every movie lot!

★ Damp-setting saves many hours in beauty parlors. Holds the lightest finger wave for weeks. Keeps hair fastidiously clean, with all the lustre that follows a fresh shampoo! And it's so easy!

★ All you need is a tuft of cotton or tiny sponge for a "pat" and about an ounce of Danderine. (If you have no Danderine at home, any druggist has it for only 35c a bottle.) Then just pat the Danderine on your hair *between the waves*. Don't *rub*, and never have the pat really wet.

★ That's all you do! But do it weekly and damp-setting will always keep a ripple in your hair. And never any grease, for Danderine's solvent action lifts it off —giving your hair a glorious new sheen you never believed possible!

Just Three Steps in Damp-Setting

(1) *Comb your hair as you usually wear it.*

(2) *Pat on Danderine between the waves. Do not rub or have the pat too wet.*

(3) *Pat backward where waves go back; forward where they swirl toward cheeks and forehead.*

(4) *In two minutes your wave is revived; your hair is beautiful, lustrous, clean!*

CUT OUT THESE EASY DIRECTIONS SO YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO

MADE IN CANADA

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 25

that the spotter was standing on the platform waiting for the East-bound. I'm just about off good works for life when I reach my boarding-house at the junction, and remember about her having slipped me something."

He broke off as the engineer impatiently released a jet of steam.

"Say! We're due to leave. You don't intend to pinch me, do you?"

"Rather not."

The man glowed with relief.

"I tell you I'm mighty glad to get the thing off my chest. If you open up the back of that watch you'll see a pretty good picture of Doctor Darrach, and know as much as I do when I tell you that the girl came to town on the day Mrs. Townsend was murdered."

He led the way to the platform and shook hands heartily, promising to come to the major's office when sent for.

"Hallo!" shouted that gentleman as the train commenced to move. "Did Charters Darrach board you within the last fortnight at Shulus?"

"We haven't stopped at Shulus for a month," replied the conductor.

Twenty yards down the track he decided to supplement his statement.

"Smallpox!" he bawled.

The major went thoughtfully back to his office.

"So Charters Darrach hadn't left from Shulus, and he hadn't left from Glenlogan, and with the trunk roads blocked with snow, the Kettle Valley was Glenlogan's sole line of communication with the outside world. Consequently, the boy was still in the valley, and he must be found." Major Kettlewell mentally added this to the load he was already carrying, and opened his office door to find the Indian Agent fussily awaiting him. That pompous and well-paid executive immediately laid his complaint. The Indians on the Reserve were obtaining liquor, and he wanted to know what Glenlogan's Chief of Police was going to do about it.

"But I understood," said that harassed individual, "that the Indians have no money this year, not even to buy food. Didn't you tell me four months ago that the hoppers had eaten them out, and that you would have to obtain Government assistance for them?"

"I did. What is more I hammered away until the Department sent in hay for their cattle and several carloads of flour. The horses have starved to death mostly, and been eaten by coyotes. And as though that wasn't enough they take smallpox and get whisky on me."

In spite of himself the major laughed.

"On you?"

"It's the very devil," continued the other, refusing to be diverted. "They cut up a little fallen pine, come down to town and sell it for three times what it's worth to the poverty-stricken miners' wives, and spend the money on drink, and God knows there they get it."

"Then you don't know that they actually buy it in town?"

"For heaven's sake! don't tell me it's up to the Provincial Police and the Dry Squad. If they come in they will pinch the first Indian they see, and send him off to jail, and there will be the devil of a row departmentally. I know you are overworked, and strictly speaking it isn't your job, but I have an idea that by running this whisky selling to earth you'll get at the bottom of something else."

"You mean the Townsend murder?"

"Yes. I hear that the boy has disappeared too."

"Two weeks ago."

"Isn't it the limit? If I find out anything about the bootleggers I'll tip you off right away, only, if we should get them we must convict without Indian evidence. It isn't worth a whoop, anyway, and it would give me a black eye with the Department."

"If you were to declare the town out of bounds on account of the smallpox, could you enforce your order?"

"I might, but it would make me very unpop with the Indians, for the smallpox is confined to a very small area, and they've been keeping the quarantine pretty well. They are so damned progressive these days, and so set on their rights, that it wouldn't be a week before they would have a petition on its way to Ottawa telling the Department that I was preventing them from selling wood to Glenlogan in order to boost my own timber. I haven't any, but the fat would be in the fire just the same. There are a hundred men in Vancouver who are after my job, and they've all got some claim on the party. And the Government not being any too secure would fry me in onions rather than stir up the controversy."

"All right!" agreed the major wearily, "I'll do what I can. Will you answer a few questions?"

"Fire ahead!"

"Liquor was reaching the Indians up to the time of Mrs. Townsend's murder?"

"Yes."

"And then for a period of time, the supply was cut off?"

"Exactly."

"At what time did you discover that the Indians were again obtaining liquor?"

"About a fortnight after the first snow."

"Just as I thought. The bootleggers wouldn't take a chance of peddling in the town until they were jolly well sure we couldn't lead a search party to their source of supply."

"I never thought of that."

"It's the most chancy thing in the world selling to Indians, anyway. Once they get a taste of the stuff they hang around the place until the police gathers the whole crowd in. Am I right?"

"Absolutely."

"I was convinced from the first that the bootleggers located on the Townsend place because no Indian would go near it on a bet. It was the Indian trade they were after, for the loggers won't drink poison when the shelves in the Government Store are loaded down with Dewars and Bulloch Lade."

"Then you think they have a vendor who peddles the stuff to the Reserve?"

"Hardly that. It would be too risky, and the offence carries a prison term without the option of a fine. What we want to be on the look out for is someone who hangs around town when the Indians are selling their wood. Such a one might easily meet them at the ford, which they use summer and winter in preference to the bridge below the Townsend Place."

The Indian Agent rose.

"You have given me something to work on," he said briskly. "There's nothing to prevent my doing a little watching at the ford myself, and if I discover anything, I'll let you know at once."

Left alone the major took from his pocket the little chamois bag, and thoughtfully regarded the single piece of jewellery which it contained. It was a wrist-watch of white gold, its dial surrounded by a double ring of brilliants. Instead of the customary link bracelet it had evidently been attached to its owner's wrist by a guard. The major noticed that the little bars intended for the reception of the ribbon were bent at both sides. Someone had removed the watch without taking time to unfasten the buckle. The breed girl doubtless. This was just the sort of bauble which would appear valuable to her, although it could be bought at any store for something under forty dollars. He took out his knife and pried open the back. The benevolent face of a man in middle life looked out at him. Without the conductor's evidence he would have recognized the photograph as that of Doctor Darrach, for the missing boy was the living image of his father.

Opening a drawer in the cabinet close at hand, he took out a tiny buckle of white gold, and slipped the fragment of ribbon attached to it beneath the bent and twisted bars.

The Townsend case reminded him of a puzzle which someone had given him when he was a boy. It was a building puzzle, one of those which anticipated the elaborate mechano outfits with which children of today amuse themselves. He had worked and slaved with and finally dreamed of that puzzle. One day in desperation he took it to his father. The great engineer turned patiently from his work and spread the puzzle's numerous pieces out on the desk before him. For a few minutes he studied them closely, then he abstracted one which he handed to his son.

"Your puzzle has one part too many, Michael!" he said.

Like that one superfluous part, the introduction of the breed girl to the case, threw out of plumb the whole structure of circumstantial evidence which the major had built up so painstakingly.

Glancing at his watch, he found that it was almost six o'clock. An awkward hour to interview the boarding-house woman. But the next morning was supposed to be devoted to rounding up the owners of dogs who had failed to take out a license for them, so before it would be possible for him to interview her she would have had the opportunity of talking the matter over with the conductor. Hang the dogs! He'd go first thing in the morning.

The unflattering trepidation with which Mrs. Phillipps, the landlady of the railroad boarding-house, opened the door to him next day, he set down correctly enough to his uniform, and was gratified when a hasty explanation of his errand brought back the color to her rather heavy face. She was a kind-looking woman of middle age, possessed of a retentive memory without the curse which usually accompanies that gift, a passion for detail.

"Yes! She remembered the breed girl perfectly. She was tall with shining black hair and regular features. Her nose in particular was well formed, and her teeth were white and even. She did not speak the usual lingo of the Siwash or the breed, and her cotton dress was clean. When the conductor brought her through to the kitchen she at once offered to help serve the men. It was a busy hour, and having given her an apron, she had told her to hop to it. Later, they had their dinner together at the kitchen table, after the men had gone. That would be about two, and after that the girl had insisted on helping

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AT THE OTHER END

Continued from page 15

they sat, face to face, for all the world like two ill-humored grizzlies.

"Who in blazes said I was?" demanded Steph at last.

Potts glared at him. "Goin' nutty on nuns!" he rumbled. "If this 'ere claim of ours ever gets working, it will be me—jus' me!"

Steph rose with an invitation to Potts to shut his ugly face. No one had asked him to talk, and it was really pleasanter when he didn't.

It began to snow again that night. The shelter blew down, and another difference arose. They worked in blasphemous disunity till order was restored, and next day they endured the maddening inaction of being storm bound.

Night did not break the silence that had fallen upon them, though they turned in side by side to share each other's warmth, as they had shared all things, so it seemed, since time began. At midnight Potts awoke with a frightened cry, striking out wildly about his face. He had dreamt something—he did not say what. He did not mention the hungry faces, children's faces, the faces of Indian children, which had peered down at him in his sleep, wan and cold and death-like, till one had touched him and he awoke in horror at the touch, to find the icy rim of his parka hood pressed against his face. He lay down again with his partner's futile profanity ringing in his ears. "God save us!" he muttered, and when daylight came Steph saw that Potts looked kind of wild and "way off." "He's a sick man," Steph told himself, for he saw trouble in store. "And it's up to me to look after him."

"BIRDS of a feather" may be true as regards the sons of the south, but in the north partners are invariably opposites. Steph was prone to many of the weaknesses of human flesh, but above all things he had lived straight and clean, probably because he was sufficiently lacking in originality to live otherwise. Potts had an active brain, and he too was prone to all human weaknesses. He was savagely ambitious and ambitiously alive to all life's chances. Potts was an out and out rotter of the first water. "Drinking as he has done," thought Steph, "he ain't likely to hold out indefinite, and I'll have to watch him."

Steph started off with a kindly warning to Potts about his frost-bitten hands, and was promptly advised to "look after his own ugly hoofs." Steph might have retorted something about hands and their management, but he contrived to swallow it. He was a hero, was Steph, had he known it.

They were storm tied again. No mortal man could have faced that flying fury of ice particles. At midnight Steph was again awakened by a cry from Potts.

"Look! Look!" cried Potts. "There's a skunk or something purloining our cache!"

Steph advised him not to look at it, and it would soon go away. The air was full of them, muttered Steph, but Potts picked up a faggot from the fire, and cast it into the white maelstrom. By its flashing light Steph saw a dark squat form and two bright eyes—heard a snarl of devilish ferocity not ten feet away.

Steph got up with an oath. The pack had been dragged from under Potts' head while he slept, and now lay out in the snow, rapidly drifting over. Near by were the deep, strong imprints of the dreaded wolverine.

Steph went over and retrieved the pack. It felt ominously light.

"Potts," he said slowly, "the moose meat is gone and all the rest stinks of musk fit to blind you."

He tossed the pack into a corner as though it were unclean. Potts sat up, embracing his knees, staring into the fire. His eyes were unnaturally bright, and now he laughed. There was little enough to laugh about, and it was not a pleasant laugh.

"Steph," he said, "what are you going to build when we get our proposition fixed?"

But Steph sought his bed with a string of incoherent prophesies.

THEY hit out two days later. Potts was still kind of queer. It got on Steph's nerves till he felt he could run and yell. Potts kept listening and looking behind him. Once he unhitched his rifle, and Steph prepared to duck. "Curse you!" muttered Potts. "It was you set me on this tack—thinking of them little swipes!"

Steph did not understand, so did not try to argue. He knew the long, long silence had got Potts down. A spell of hunger might sober him up a bit.

It did. Potts was quieter next day, but he played up soon. They set several rabbit snares in the snow, and at daybreak went the round. They were hungry now — really hungry. Potts began to understand what McNab had meant when he said in effect—"There are times when food can't be bought—not even with gold!"

In one of the snares Potts found a snowshoe dangling helplessly in mid-air. It was still alive, and as he dashed up to clutch it with desperate, crooked hands, it struck him in the chest with its strong hind legs, and the strand of rawhide parted. The rabbit fell to earth, half strangled, and began to dodge in and out among the bush. Potts dashed after it, clawing, stumbling, falling, but finally it got away. Potts sat down and wept, and Steph, coming up, was horrified to find his partner too exhausted to stand.

Later in the day they heard wolves, far ahead. Surely that meant game of some sort? They struggled on with renewed hopes, and towards dusk they came upon a great sled, drawn up at the river margin. A camp fire shone at the bush edge, and many dogs ran out barking to meet them—big, strong, well-fed malamutes. By the fire a halfbreed sat, and as he too came forward they saw that he wore about his neck a mission medal.

"Any grub?" was their first question.

"Plenty grub," came the quiet answer.

They sat down to a substantial meal of caribou steak, and while they wolfed it the Indian explained the situation. These were the stores for the mission school, but he doubted he couldn't make it unaided with his heavy load and his big team.

"Old Man Winter sit right on the trail," said the halfbreed. "Wolves blame hungry."

"It ain't you they're after—it's the load of meat," Steph pointed out.

The halfbreed shrugged his shoulders to signify that it made no difference. The Indian who had accompanied him, it seemed, had jumped his job somewhere down the trail—wind up about the wolves!

"They sure get me if you hadn't come along!" the breed added, indicating, chiefly by waves of the hand, how the wolves had ranged alongside the sled every time he broke camp, till the dogs became unmanageable, and he was compelled to make camp

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These 3 women want to talk to you about Chipso

No more rubbing—
no more boiling!

"Life's too short to spend it chipping and melting soap and rubbing! Even with my good washing machine I used to spend a lot of time rubbing dirty clothes on the washboard—and every two weeks, I used to boil my white things. Now I've got an easy washday. Chipso makes my washer work twice as well. Now I'm sure of a marvelous wash and nice fresh colors. It's the rich suds you get with Chipso that gets dirt out so quickly. And my clothes wear longer now—they're not washed out." *Mrs. J. M.*

"Suds that save your back—
that's why I like Chipso!"

"My neighbor persuaded me to try cheap soap chips. My, but I was mad when I saw what thin suds I got from those imitations of Chipso. I put in an hour of hard rubbing to get the boys' clothes clean. So I went right back to Chipso—and rich creamy suds that really soak out dirt. I don't put in a lick of hard rubbing with Chipso—and my clothes are as fresh and clean as you'll see in a year of washdays!" *Mrs. E. L.*

"I'm saving money
with Chipso!"

"I used to stock up on all kinds of washing soaps. But I stopped all that nonsense after I talked to a demonstrator. It was a revelation to me when she said, 'You can wash silks with Chipso. It contains no free lye.' Since then I've been working a scheme that I'd like you to try. First, put your silk underwear and pretty things through fresh Chipso suds. Then put your family wash through the same suds. This makes your washing quicker—and it saves money!" *Mrs. S. R.*

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Chipso

makes clothes

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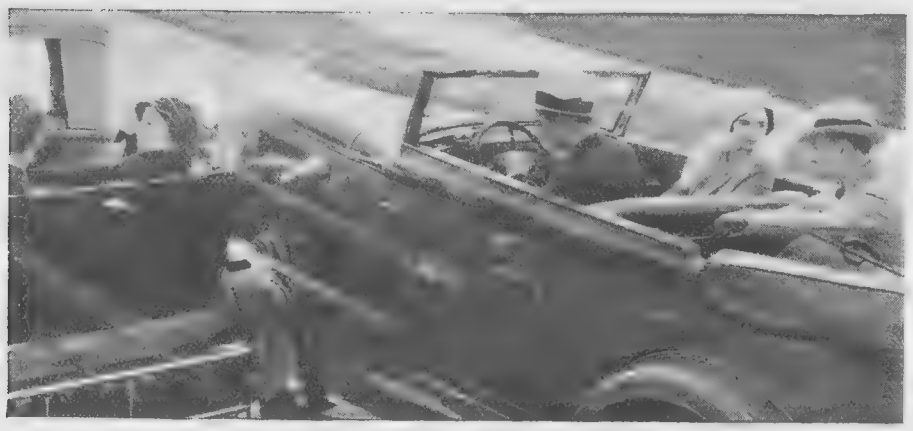

MANY an otherwise perfectly performing engine is hard to start, slow to accelerate, and wasteful of gas and oil, simply because the spark plugs have not been changed at regular intervals.

Changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles is a practice observed by millions of motorists and recommended by automotive engineers. You will find a set of Champion Extra Range Spark Plugs an economical way to realize extra power, speed, acceleration and economy. Moreover, Champions make *every* engine a better performing engine.

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① **Note scientifically proportioned nose. Heat in this area is automatically controlled by this exclusive shape, which always keeps the nose *cool enough* to prevent overheating and pre-ignition.**

② **Note scientifically proportioned neck. Heat in this area is likewise automatically controlled by this exclusive shape, which always keeps the neck *hot enough* to prevent carbon and oily deposits that bring about fouling.**

CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS
A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT

AT THE OTHER END

Continued from page 27

again. It seemed never to have occurred to this simple son of the woods that he too might jump his job, and leave the mission school to fend for itself.

"What you want," said Steph, "is someone to range alongside with a rifle. They wouldn't show themselves then. Why not cache the grub right here in the trees, go to the mission school, and come back with someone to lend you a hand?"

The halfbreed shook his head. "Too many wolverines," he explained, and "There," Steph owned, "you've got me."

Steph's mind was active. He sat for a time in silence, and perhaps the face of a nun floated before his mental vision. At length he addressed his partner. "Potts," he said, "if I see the breed back with this outfit, I reckon we'll have earned the grub to see you to Fort Elwin?"

Potts regarded him closely. As he did so his eyes narrowed. "You mean—me to go on to register our claim, and you go back to the mission school with the breed?"

"Yep, unless we both go back."

"No," said Potts. He said it meaningly. He said "I'll see you in hell first!" Later he added—"I'm with you Steph. It's a square deal this time."

They parted at dawn next day. Potts, his pack now heavily loaded, turned and waved as the heavy outfit swung into movement.

"We'll meet at the other end, Steph," he called.

"Yes," Steph answered, "we'll meet at the other end."

But in the honest mind of Steph there was no shadow of suspicion that, when they met, indeed, it might be as deadly foes, not as partners—that the claim which by all the laws of heaven and earth was theirs dividedly might then be legally held up by one man only.

Potts had obtained the upper hand. Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. If Steph was such an unsuspicious fool that was his show. Potts had no idea of doing him out of even a share, no more than he had any idea of granting him a half share. When the claim was registered, it would be registered in the name of one man only, and that man would be the all important Potts Lowry. It was a plain business deal. After that they could talk. A fifth share would be liberal, and if Steph cut up rough he would be lucky to get that. Thus, with his villainous plan in mind, Potts waved a jovial farewell, and smiled to himself over his conscious humor about their next meeting. While Steph was happy in the sense of their having bought themselves cheaply out of an awkward predicament.

WELL fed at last, Potts made good time that day, but as the light faded in a sullen and indescribable glory of crimson and gold over the rampikes of the dead tamaracks, he became subtly conscious that he was being followed. It got on his nerves, till presently he backtracked suddenly, then went to the edge of the timber. Then, in the shadows, he saw wolf tracks, fresh wolf tracks, and many of them.

Potts made camp early, seeking the timber belt to avoid the wind, his nerves all on edge. He lay close to the fire, and at his right hand was a plenteous supply of wood.

He was awakened harshly by the sodden thud of a falling mass of snow. In an instant he was in pitch darkness. A few embers of red marked the spot of his dying fire, and a angry hiss came from it. The rising heat of the flames had thawed the burden of snow from an overhanging branch, till it fell in a sudden avalanche to extinguish the flames.

Potts leapt up with a consciousness of his peril. He thought he heard a movement in the bush at every side, like the rustling of a breeze in the branches.

"A match, my God! A match!" he muttered, but as he struck a light something lurched past him, dashing the match from his hand, while perilously near his face was the slash of steel fangs. He flung himself down, groping for his rifle, his axe—for *anything* but he could find *nothing*. He felt, rather than saw, that silent shapes were moving all round him in the blackness, and his outstretched hand touched fur—the cold fur of a wolf's body! There was a snarl, and Potts staggered back, to fall full length over a windfall. As he struggled up he heard movement quite near to him—knew that it was wolves, many wolves—that could see him though he could not see them—dragging away his pack. He rose and dashed into the timber. Sheer panic was upon him. He tried to find the open creek, but failed. Here, however, was a comparatively open cutting—he followed it. He wished only to get away from that horrible place. Exhausted at length he again took out his matches and lit a fire. He had no blankets, so hollowed out a sleeping hole in the snow. When dawn came he went back to find his camp.

Potts struck the river, so he thought, but it was one of an unending chaos of sloughs in which, one's sense of travel once lost, there was no hope of recovering. Potts was lost—alone in the great wolf-infested wild without grub or blankets!

Superstitious as are most men who live lonely lives, Potts knew now that the mission school meat was cursed to him. Fate had dogged his steps since first he laid his hands upon it.

One of the most striking things of life upon the winter trail is the suddenness with which calamity falls—brooding and immense, ere the mind can grasp its falling. Of the two Steph was the woodsman, though Potts may have been the master mind. City bred, he lacked a woodsman's instincts, and where many might yet have survived, he was doomed to perish. He saw no more of the wolves, but things quickly changed with him from bad to worse.

No object in describing the days that followed. They have been described a thousand times before, and in a thousand different details. The main impressions remain the same—the gnawing, bitter loneliness, the growing of hunger, the eternal whiteness, the long, long silence that stalks like a death hound ever on the trail—these are the all-inspiring, everlasting factors.

So the day came when Potts did not know whether he was walking or sleeping. At times he found himself lying in the snow, at times groping feebly on, whither and why he knew not. Once, somewhere in the dim past, he had killed a snowshoe rabbit that came limping up to the fire, its eyes filled with wonder, and once also he had struck down a porcupine. He had some dim recollection, too, of having caught a storm-strayed bird, and each time he had eaten savagely, like a wild beast, for it was not within the nature of the man to lay aside for tomorrow. Now all that belonged to another world, in which

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AT THE OTHER END

Continued from page 28

he no longer lived. He was spared one agony—he could not see his own face. Once he had removed his mitts and looked in horror at his hands. Since then he had kept his mitts tightly braced.

Potts had ceased to suffer. He no longer regarded himself as a living man. His life belonged to somewhere in the dim past, and if this were death —then it was a thousand times more merciful!

There remained to him only the present — the great and wonderful dawning of the spring, gilding all things with the purity of light. Still he saw the faces of children—no longer wan and wasted, peering into his own with wistful enquiry, but the faces of bright, happy children, whose voices rang down the sunshine—calling to him, calling! He saw too the face of a nun, but when he asked her to pray for him the face turned into Steph's face, radiantly sober, and Steph said—"No, I don't know 'ow, Potts." Then Potts knew that he had learnt something greater than prayers, greater than poor high-falutin Steph had ever known, greater than is within the utterance of feeble, human words. He was treading virgin soil, was Potts, that never yet prospector's pick had scratched.

POTTS lay in the snow, his face between his mittened hands. He had long since lost all count of time—only he was endlessly glorious! A sound on the quietude stirred him, and he sat up slowly, wondering at the darkness, for he was snowblind. Yet he knew that the sun was shining; he could feel its warmth in all his weary limbs, could hear a thousand little rivulets trickling through the snow, and down the sunshine rang—*the voices of happy children!* Slowly, staggering, Potts rose at last— his hands upraised towards that sound, groping, feebly groping through the darkness—his arms outstretched before him to the light of heaven. His face was aglow with the glory of it all. He fell and rose and fell again. He cried out that he was coming, but no sound left his lips. This was the end of the trail—he had reached his goal at last, and before him the gates were open wide!

Strong hands clutched the woodsman's arms and held him up. They carried him into the mission school, and there, kindly, unsparingly, they did all that human hands could do, which was exactly nothing at all.

Time drifted by again, endless, unfathomable time. The wild geese were honking their way north across the heavens. Potts knew that Steph was at his side, that Steph was holding his hand. They had told him Steph was coming, and now he had heard Steph's voice at his very side, a voice from that other world to which Potts once belonged.

"Steph," said Potts.

"Potts," said Steph.

For a long time that was all they had to say to one another. "I've waited a long time for you, Steph," said Potts at length. "Where you been?"

"I've been there and back, Potts," said Steph. "I've registered the claim. It's ours now, all ship-shape and in order."

"Ours!" echoed Potts. He smiled faintly. "*Ours*, Steph," he said, "but I'm handing in my check, ain't I?"

Steph was silent. It was not within the constitution of the man to lie. "Yes, pardner," he said finally.

Again Potts smiled. "We'll meet at the other end, Steph," he said, and his partner answered—"Yes, Potts, at the other end."

And outside the voices of happy children rang down the sunshine.

Courtesy of London and North Eastern Railways

York Minster is the largest and most beautiful of the mediaeval English cathedrals. The church was founded in 627 A.D. and was destroyed several times. The present edifice was started in 1230 A.D. and took nearly 250 years to complete.

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Mrs. Drear:

I don't mind washing small things, but sheets and Tom's underwear do me up. I dread to see Monday come.

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I don't suppose many women really like heavy washing. But as long as it has to be done, it seems like good sense to think about more pleasant things and let Oxydol help me with the work.

● Oxydol is a real blessing for women who dread the dishpan and the washtub. It chases away washday blues and backaches—makes all washing quicker and easier.

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Dishes are sparkling clean in a jiffy with Oxydol—and it leaves no trace of unsightly clinging film.

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If you do not find that Oxydol makes more and richer suds — that it soaks clothes gleaming white—that it makes hard water soft and works better in any water—just turn the package back to the store where you bought it and your money will be refunded.

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"I'm over 30" says AILEEN PRINGLE

Birthdays cannot steal her beauty

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"I'm over 30," she says. "But I don't mind admitting it one bit. No woman needs to fear birthdays if she knows how to care for her appearance.

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The lovely Aileen Pringle is only one of countless famous screen and stage stars who use this safe, gentle complexion care.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. All the big film studios have designated this fragrant white soap as their official soap. It is such a favourite on Broadway that it is found in the dressing rooms of legitimate theatres all over the country.

Its unrivaled whiteness will delight you. Get some today!

Lux Toilet Soap..10¢

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
Soapmakers by appointment to Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Bessborough

CALAMITY HOUSE

Conntiued from page 26

with the dishes. She didn't say much about herself except that a man in Glenlogan had done her wrong, and when she was leaving she asked the way to the doctor's house."

The landlady had directed her, and thought no more about it until she heard next day of the murder. Then she waited to talk it over with the conductor and they decided that the girl couldn't possibly have had anything to do with it, she was such a nice creature. And the conductor didn't want to have to give evidence, for she rode deadhead from the junction, and the spotters were after the men "something fierce" these days. For herself, times were hard and boarders none too numerous, and so it had been decided to "let sleeping dogs lie."

The major agreed that it was usually the thing to do, and spent the rest of the morning collecting licenses for the somnolent animals. After luncheon he went for a walk along Cemetery Lane.

It was one of those glorious days of which the interior of British Columbia is so justly proud. The sun shone brilliantly in a sky of dazzling blue. In the town's environs the logging teams had broken and trampled the unblemished shackles with which winter held the land. Only on Cemetery Lane the snow lay three feet deep, and as the major floundered through he reflected grimly how excessively awkward it would be if anyone died.

A hundred yards from the gardener's cottage he found what he was looking for, a single trail which led directly to the cemetery. There, it confused and extended itself into numerous smaller ones which he surmised might presently merge.

The one which he finally decided to follow bore footprints so recent that they might have been made yesterday, or even today, and approximately eight hundred feet beyond the cemetery, he found, as he had expected, that his trail joined a main one made either by many persons or by one person in many journeys. Upon examination of the footprints he inclined to the latter view.

Reproachfully he glanced at the gathering shadows. It was half-past four and in a short time it would be pitch dark. Even now, under the pines it was difficult to see one's way. Still, he had his flash and could follow the path, but tonight the council met at seven to go over his report on dog licences.

"Hang all licenses, and all dogs!"

Here he was hot on the scent of the bootleggers, probably approaching the solution of other mysteries which had perplexed and harassed him, and he must turn back to make a report on dog licenses. He could have whined like a dog himself. If the members of the town council had chosen to meet at any reasonable hour in the twenty-four, he wouldn't have minded so much. But seven o'clock; the hour rasped his nerves. When did they expect a man to dine? They didn't. Themselves, they ate hugely at noon, and in another hour they would be sitting down to preserved peaches served with baking-powder biscuits and butter cakes, and tea. So that at seven punctually, unshaven but quite unhurried, they would be waiting for his report on dog licenses.

Reluctantly he faced homeward. After all, running down bootleggers who were possibly murderers and kidnappers brought no shekels to the municipal coffers. [Cont'd on page 39]

End Pain SLEEP 8 HOURS

"Thank goodness we had some Sloan's in the house! Now you won't lose sleep."

"What a relief! And now I'll be able to go to the office in the morning."

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WE PRESENT

FOR YOUR CANADIAN ALBUM

MR. WALTER PIDGEON

WALTER PIDGEON was born in Saint John, New Brunswick, and he has had a most interesting and a varied career on the stage and in pictures. There seems no good reason why he should not continue his successes in the film field, since he is the possessor of a very fine voice, with which, in fact, he first attracted attention. In addition he is tall and good looking, standing six feet two inches, weighing 190 pounds, and having plenty of personality. His hair is black and his eyes grey. Walter Pidgeon's professional career began when he met Elsie Janis during the World War and toured with her in "At Home," covering both England and the United States. He made a number of Victor records and then went into vaudeville with Miss Janis. It was he who introduced to New York, the popular song hits "What'll I do" and "All Alone" two of the favorites of the Prince of Wales. He appeared in a number of silent dramas, and has also made several talking pictures, notably "Viennese Nights." His favorite sports are tennis, riding, and swimming, and through these he has developed a vigorous and athletic body. Prior to entering films his Broadway successes included "East of Suez," "Romance," "The House Next Door," and "The Mikado."

SHADOWLAND

Jack Buchanan, the versatile star, who made such a huge success of the leading parts in "Good Night Vienna" and "Magic Night."

Little Dickie Moore, who has appeared with various adult stars, notably with Marlene Dietrich in "The Blonde Venus," has been signed for "Our Gang" comedies.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson in a moment of relaxation in the African Jungle, where they made the first talking picture ever to be filmed on the dark continent, "Congorilla," which shows the first sound and talking scenes of pygmies and gorillas.

Charles Laughton, eminent British stage actor, who made a hit on Broadway in "Payment Deferred," is at present the talk of Hollywood for his fine work in "Devil and the Deep." He plays Nero in the forthcoming special "The Sign of the Cross."

Miss Joan Crawford and Walter Huston in one of the dramatic scenes depicted in "Rain."

Hitherto the attractive Claudette Colbert has played only sympathetic parts, but in "The Sign of the Cross" she essays the vampirish role of Nero's wife, Poppaea. Observe the snaky motif in her head-dress.

SHADOWLAND

Sari Maritza, the bewitching European star who had a featured role in "Forgotten Commandments," has now been assigned to play opposite Herbert Marshall in "Evenings for Sale."

The newest ensemble—worn by Nancy Carroll, calls for a turban hat, a bib scarf and an envelope bag all in harmony. This set is done in blue and white dotted crepe.

The inimitable Kay Francis and the exceedingly popular British actor, Herbert Marshall, who will play the respective leads in "A Very Private Scandal."

Leila Hyams who plays the feminine lead in "The Big Broadcast," in which are featured Stuart Erwin, Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Guy Lombardo, the Mills Brothers, Boswell Sisters, and a host of other radio and screen stars.

Creighton Chaney, son of the great Lon. He will not attempt the roles his father made famous, but will blaze new trails and find his own metier.

Adrienne Ames makes the assertion, "If I am not a real star with genuine ability in five years, I will drop gracefully and probably tearfully right out of the pictures." If the superb handling of Miss Ames' roles in "Sinners in the Sun" and "Guilty as Hell" are any indication, there will be no further talk about this gifted lady dropping out of pictures.

Criticisms: Favourable—and Otherwise

«Strange Interlude»

By Jerome Carver

"STRANGE INTERLUDE," Eugene O'Neill's famous play which won the Pulitzer Prize of the season of 1928-29, is now to be seen in a talking-picture version. With this production the cinema, which for so long has excused its many faults on the grounds of being an "infant art," will claim that it has grown up and can now vie in the handling of a mature theme with such stage organizations as the New York Theatre Guild.

Any discussion of this picture naturally involves comparison with the original stage play from which it has been adapted. I was lucky enough to see the original Theatre Guild production of "Strange Interlude" in New York, and I was immensely interested in noting how the story was treated on the screen and how the screen actors and actresses handled the long and now almost classic roles.

The film has one minor advantage over the stage production. And it is typical, I believe, that this advantage has nothing to do with dramatic artistry or intelligence, but is due to the natural mechanics of the talking picture. You may remember that the outstanding novelty of "Strange Interlude" was the constant use of "asides." O'Neill, determined to make us see the drama inherent in the contrast between what we say and what we really think and feel, had experimented in a previous play, "The Great God Brown," with masks. These masks the actors pulled off when they were speaking the lines that indicated the secret thoughts, the real selves of the characters. But the use of masks was very strained and artificial, and in "Strange Interlude" O'Neill contented himself with long "asides" or soliloquies. On the stage, in order that these "asides" or secret thoughts might not be confused with the regular dialogue, the actors used the device of standing absolutely motionless and expressionless while they spoke the lines in a monotone, moving again when the ordinary dialogue went on. The mechanics of the motion picture, however, allow for a better device and in the film we hear the player's voice expressing the thoughts while his lips remain closed and motionless.

Outside of this minor improvement, the picture in no way equals the play. Although the actual story is lucidly told, the film of "Strange Interlude" has the same shortcoming as the film of "Grand Hotel." The incidents of the plot have been retained, but the subtleties of emotion have been lost. The bare actions are there, but the intricacies of human character which cause and explain the action are missing in the film versions of both these plays.

The story of "Strange Interlude" covers a long period of years, and in the play the change of the characters from youth to age was very cleverly managed. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, they grew old before one's eyes, in voice, in action and in appearance. In the picture the transition is too sudden to be effective, and the age is suggested superficially by white hair and wrinkles, rather than by clever acting. Likewise many of the dramatic climaxes which in the play were subtle, become melodramatic on the screen. Both these points might well be caused by the shortening of the story for screen use. The play lasted five hours—rather too long unless one is a fanatic admirer of Mr. O'Neill—and the picture runs a little over two hours.

As Nina Leeds, the dominant character in the play, Norma Shearer looks handsome and works hard and conscientiously to give a good portrayal. Unfortunately, she is simply not up to it. She does not approach the warmth, the finesse and the intelligence that distinguished Lynn Fontanne in the same role. Clark Gable, too, fails in trying to suggest the character of the doctor, Ned Darrell. He does not make us feel the tragedy of this frustrated man with his brilliant career lost, with even his son hating him and acknowledging another man as his father.

Best in the cast is Alexander Kirkland who gives an excellent portrayal of Sam Evans, the weak but amiable husband. Ralph Morgan is good as the friend who goes through life tied fast to his mother's apron strings.

Although "Strange Interlude" misses the mark and will therefore disappoint those interested in more serious drama, and although its theme will hardly appeal to the great mass of movie-goers, it is worthy of consideration as one of Hollywood's most ambitious efforts.

«Blessed Event»

THAT self-conscious seriousness which characterizes the film version of "Strange Interlude" is entirely lacking in "Blessed Event," film adaptation of the play of the same title. Briskly directed and very cleverly played, "Blessed Event" tells the story of a columnist who specializes in gossip which he retails to the tabloid-reading public with a total disregard for the feelings of others. While this is a newspaper story, its theme is quite different from the themes of those excellent pictures "Front Page" and "Five Star Final." It has a similar setting, but the story is fresh and new and very lively. The general mood of the picture is melodrama—and excellent melodrama, speedy and close-packed with climaxes. But there is plenty of comedy, too, and a goodly touch of irony in the treatment of the professional telltale hero.

The acting is absolutely first-rate, although the cast does not include any names that may appeal at first sight to the film fan who chooses a picture just because so-and-so is playing in it. Lee Tracy, who made such a great hit as the "hoofer" in the original stage production of "Broadway," gives a striking performance as the columnist. His speed, his breezy comedy and his general ability should win him hosts of admirers. Ruth Donnelly does a fine piece of acting as the cynical secretary, and Ned Sparks, in quite a small part, almost steals the show.

Adults will enjoy this excellent, swift-moving comedy-melodrama.

«70,000 Witnesses»

THE football season is here and so are the football pictures. Last season we had several of them simply oozing College Spirit. At least two of them capitalized the fame and death of Coach Rockne. But all of these pictures were cast pretty much in the same mold. When you had seen one you had seen them all. "70,000 Witnesses," however, is quite different. It has a really original slant for it combines football and college spirit with an exciting murder-mystery, and not a little comedy. The picture is well directed and played. The football game scenes are realistic, the comedy amusing and the suspense is well kept up by the careful hiding of the identity of the murderer.

The leading role is played by Phillips Holmes, and although he is hardly a convincing football type, his acting more than makes up for that slight shortcoming. Charles Ruggles, inebriated yet again, supplies the comedy along with David Landau and Big Boy Williams. Dorothy Jordan is pretty in the leading feminine role.

«Life Begins»

AN UNUSUAL picture and a very touching one is this screen adaptation of Mary McDougal Axelson's play of the same name. A lot of sincere work has been put into its direction and acting, and in spite of its several weaknesses, the film is quite appealing and impressive.

The story is all set in a lying-in hospital, and its characters are nurses, doctors, and expectant or very new mothers and fathers. The chief interest centres about a pathetic young woman, Grace Sutton, who has just been sentenced to twenty years in prison for killing a man. Just how or why such a gentle creature could have killed a man is not explained. We must guess that she did it in self-defence. And if so, how reconcile the severe sentence of twenty years imprisonment? This point and an over-piling of agony toward the end of the film are its two chief weaknesses. The earnestness of the directing and acting, however, do much to offset the shortcomings of the plot. The treatment of the story is in general restrained and sincere, and there are many good roles in the story, all of them well played.

Chief honors must go to Eric Linden as Jed Sutton, the broken-hearted young husband. Loretta Young is [Continued on page 38]

(Top, Left) Norma Shearer and Clark Gable in "Strange Interlude."
(Top, Right) Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas and Alexander Kirkland in "Passport to Hell."
(Below, Left) Phillips Holmes and Dorothy Jordan in "70,000 Witnesses."
(Below, Centre) Eric Linden, Loretta Young and Aline MacMahon in "Life Begins."
(Below, Right) Lee Tracy and Ruth Donnelly in "Blessed Event."

Radioland

THE MILLS BROTHERS . . . One warm afternoon four young negroes waited patiently in the reception room of the Columbia Broadcasting System building. They said they were the Mills Brothers. They said they sang. The brothers sang one number. So delighted was the executive with their unique vocal renditions that he listened for more than an hour while the four went from one song to another, dozens of them altogether.

Three days later they were scheduled for their first broadcast. There was no advance ballyhoo. Not a line of print, other than the bare program listing, heralded their network debut. They went on the air "cold," but as soon as their program was half-way completed, those around the studios realized that here was the "hottest" outfit that had come to radio in many Wabash moons.

Listeners wanted to know "Who are they?" . . . "What kind of instruments do they use?" . . . "How do they make themselves sound like an orchestra?" . . . "Where are they from?" . . . "When can I hear them again?"

Today they are among the biggest drawing cards and money-makers in radio. They broadcast every Tuesday and Thursday evening, from 7.15 to 7.30 p.m., on behalf of Procter & Gamble, makers of Crisco, and their feature is among the most popular of programs. The quartet has appeared in person at almost every Broadway playhouse presenting variety shows. Their spare moments have been spent in making records, which are best sellers, and talking motion pictures.

The four youths are really brothers, and only four years separate them. They are John, 21; Herbert, 19; Harry, 18; and Donald, 17. John is the bass, tuba and third trumpet—that's how they call themselves—and, in addition, plays their only instrument, the guitar. This guitar, incidentally, is a mail-order model and cost $6.25, C.O.D.

Herbert plays, or rather sings, the second trumpet, saxophone and trombone. He is more reticent than the others, and usually remains in the background while the others, particularly Harry, do the talking. Harry does the first trumpet, baritone solos, and "licks"—vernacular for unusual hot intonations. He is stout, almost to fatness, but resents being addressed as "Fats" by the other three. He would rather be called by his middle name—Flood. Like John, he sports a moustache.

Young Don is the "kid" of the quartet, and he looks as though he is wearing his first pair of long pants. In truth, they are his second pair. Though the youngest, he has the best memory for dates, names and places, and is quick to correct his brothers whenever he deems it necessary.

All the boys were born and raised in Piqua, Ohio. Before their father turned barber, he and their mother sang in vaudeville and wherever they chanced to get an engagement.

The boys began singing together when John was but thirteen and Donald a mere nine. At first they performed for stray pennies, nickels and dimes—once they received a quarter—but their father, wishing to keep them off the streets, set them up as entertainers in his barbershop. Business doubled, and the Mills were enabled to keep the hovering wolf from the door.

When they first came to New York their haberdashery and sartorial make-up hardly set them apart from the homeward-bound porters of the studios. But today it is another story. Their wardrobe has increased in leaps and bounds. Each has a dozen suit ensembles, an impressive array of accessories, together with the odds and ends that provide the finishing touch. And they have a valet to boot, figuratively speaking.

They are the pride of Harlem where they have established themselves in one of that community's luxurious apartment houses. Jointly they own a car driven by a liveried chauffeur. The boys are rushed hither and yon by police escort. They have but little time to themselves, but they're riding the crest of a wave.

The Four Mills Brothers

Harry and Don like New York immensely. John and Herbert prefer Cincinnati. John and Herbert left their girls in Cincinnati.

DAVID RUBINOFF was born in 1898, in Russia, and he arrived in America at the age of twelve. His first job was selling newspapers. He does not play golf or bridge and dislikes handball; his hobby being photography. His favorite author is Tolstoy; his favorite actor Eddie Cantor; Jeanette McDonald is his favorite actress, and his pet is a German Police Dog.

He is five feet seven inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, and his eyes are dark brown.

His violin has always been his most treasured possession. At the age of ten it was one his mother bought for him out of her meager savings, and cost $1.75. Rubinoff was just as proud of that little fiddle as he is today of the $10,000 violin which radio listeners hear him play during the famous Chase and Sanborn hour.

Miss Edna Kellogg

Richard Crooks

David Rubinoff

George Frame Brown and Virginia Farmer of "Thompkins Corner" fame.

RICHARD CROOKS, who recently began a new series of recitals as the Voice of Firestone each Monday evening at 8.30 p.m., is the latest young American to become a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Crooks, who has been singing since he was eight years old, has just been engaged for leading tenor roles at the famous opera house next season. Thus the young tenor who followed Lawrence Tibbett, on the Firestone broadcasts, also will follow him into the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Scarcely out of his twenties, Crooks already has packed a wide musical experience into his life. He has toured the United States and Europe, and has appeared as leading tenor at both the Berlin and Hamburg Operas.

At the age of twelve he sang duets with Madame Schumann-Heink, and in more recent years appeared as soloist with practically every major symphony orchestra in the country.

MISS EDNA KELLOGG, who is well known to radio fans as "The Singing Lady" on the Kellogg program, recalls the biggest moment of her life, her debut in the famous Metropolitan Opera Company.

Today the name of Edna Kellogg is known from coast to coast because of her broadcasts. But when she was eighteen, that memorable night on the stage of the "Met," one little thing happened that has made a lasting impression upon Miss Kellogg. She often tells the story. Miss Kellogg made her debut as Micaela in "Carmen," with the [Continued on page 38]

Little Rambles in Hollywood

With E. G. Bayne

"WHAT do *you* do in the picture?" One's curiosity was natural enough, since she had the air of belonging to the set in some capacity, although she wore no makeup. But she didn't seem to mind the question. She smiled.

"I scream," she answered, simply.

The next time you see the beautiful heroine of a screen drama registering extreme fright, with dilated eyes and hand pressed to mouth don't assume that the accompanying shrieks are necessarily coming from *her* high-priced larynx. Since the advent of talkies the casting-offices have offered numbers of new and hitherto unheard-of opportunities and one of these is—the professional screamer. The girl to whom I spoke was really a fine singer, but no opening had been found for her so she had turned to what she could find. Not every picture calls for screams, but by free-lancing she manages to eke out a living among the studios, and who knows what may turn up just round the next corner? Hollywood is filled with determined optimists as well as an infinite variety of surprises.

There is Herman, the hermit, who lives life to the full, clad after the picturesque style of Robinson Crusoe. He dwells back in the hills, next to nature, but he likes to stroll along the Boulevard in the sunlight. Utterly free of all ambition and of the hundred - and - one petty, nagging worries that beset the rest of humanity around him, he may be said to be the only contented individual here.

Recently there arrived in our midst another unique personality, one Shru Meher Baba, Hindu mystic who has not spoken for seven years. He writes all his messages on a pad or a blackboard. It doesn't yet seem clear why he came to Hollywood of all places, where anyone lacking a voice to toot his own horn is out of luck.

W. W. Jacobs' well-known thriller, "The Monkey's Paw" is being filmed, with C. Aubrey Smith, Ivan Simpson, Bramwell Fletcher, and Louise Carter in its cast. Dire things occur in the charming setting of an English cottage.

Ricardo Cortez plays the lead in "Thirteen Women," but says he has no fear of the jinx.

Irene Dunne, the heroine of "Cimarron," and "Symphony of Six Million," in her studio dressing-room.

An expedition from the M-G-M studio has left for Alaska on board the steamer "Nanuk" to film a story called "Eskimo," which W. S. Van Dyke is directing. The R-K-O company is preparing "The Monkey's Paw," the well-known story by W. W. Jacobs, which will be a thriller of the coming season and which will have, I fancy, fully as much chilly atmosphere as the Eskimo picture.

Irene Dunne, who made her part in "Cimarron" memorable, has been given the title of "the aristocrat of the screen," once held by Elsie Ferguson. She speaks several languages and is very talented musically, is Irish and blunt of speech, seldom smokes and likes only small dinner parties. She dislikes cooking and noise and big crowds, and her favorite sport, she says, is golf. "Though even that is subject to my mood," she admitted, "for when I make a bad shot I throw down my clubs and quit." One gets the impression that that's just how she will act if she ever makes a bad — meaning a poor — picture. She'll throw down her makeup-box and go back to New York. Which reminds me of something that Rex Ingram once told me. He said in that crisp, incisive Irish way of his: "We all make too much of pictures. Life is full of a number of things, and a picture addict is, in a sense, as bad as a drug addict." So the director of "The Four Horsemen" betook himself to North Africa, where he still lives and the most glittering financial offers have failed to coax him back to the madhouse that is Hollywood.

EVERYWHERE throughout Southern California one finds the heart of Old Spain beating against the ribs of the Rockies, but in Los Angeles proper Romance and the flavor of the early Spanish settlement are concentrated in and about an old-world *plaza* where stand an ancient courthouse and tiny mission with its sonorous bell. Just off this *plaza* is Olivera, or Spanish street, its entrance guarded by an old stone cross. Wheeled traffic is forbidden on it. Along its cobbled length you may stroll at will, rubbing elbows with the film folk, and eat candied melon or *enchiladas* cooked by persuasive Mexican women on little stoves mounted on the counters of the open shops. All the indolent beauty and charm of Spain lurk behind the vivid blankets draped from the balconies, or throb from hidden guitars. Gay merchandise spills from the stalls or lines the narrow pavement—bright pottery, basketwork, painted gourds, exquisite laces, straw hats, rugs, cushions. An old adobe structure halfway down is said to be the most ancient house in Los Angeles. Preserved and restored it is now a museum.

Opposite stands the famous puppet theatre, known as El Teatro Torito, within a flagged *patio* or courtyard, and flanked by more curio shops. It is but a small place, but much enthusiasm has gone into its making and the three young men who give the puppet plays have large and appreciative audiences, mainly drawn from the screen *elite*. Harry Burnett is the manager and operator, but the trio make the marionettes themselves and these are modelled after screen stars—hence the popularity of the shows. The boys write their own sketches and pull the strings that make the dolls dance. The players apparently don't object to seeing themselves caricatured. On the contrary. Better that than oblivion!

November days are busy ones in the film capital. That old definition of the month, "No sun, no moon, no proper time of day," etc., has no application here where there is always plenty of sunlight. Just now there is enough "nip" to the air to add a degree of zest to all activities and at no time has Hollywood been more ambitious to make good pictures. With the banning by the Hays Office of four recently-purchased stories of doubtful moral tone the producers have read aright the handwriting on the wall—aided too by the low state of the entertainment market. So, in the coming months, be ready for some agreeable surprises. From now on, we are told, the talkies are to be as clean as a hound's tooth.

CREIGHTON CHANEY, son of the great Lon whose career was cut off in the mid-forties, handled his part so well in "The Bird of Paradise" that he has been given a new long-term contract. He is playing the lead in "The Last Frontier," and has signed for other pictures during the coming year. Do not expect to see a second Lon Chaney. He is a bigger man physically and there is only a slight resemblance, rather more marked across the upper part of his face, and in any event he will not attempt the kind of roles his father made famous but is endeavoring to strike out a new line for himself. For one thing he has distinct light-comedy talent.

You may purchase a yacht in San Pedro harbor for less than half what it cost a year ago. Many of the yachts of the film players are for sale at the moment, cut salaries and investment losses having forced them on the market. Maintenance of a pleasure yacht is even costlier than a divorce, they say.

One day recently traffic on the Boulevard piled up in bunches while an unknown screen actor escorted an elderly lady across an intersection. Nobody could identify this player, but he wore makeup so it was presumed that he was from one of the studios, probably an extra thankful for his first day's work in months and eager to emulate the Boy Scouts.

The Romeos of the air are causing the screen Lotharios to look to their laurels, for they too now receive plenty of pink and perfumed notes. Bing Crosby has stopped keeping count of his fan mail. He's been rather busy—completed 1,160 stage appearances and 1,250 radio broadcasts consecutively just before starting work on "The Big Broadcast," which features fourteen radio artists. Then he went sword-fishing off the coast of Mexico with Stuart Erwin. Bing was wearing a moustache when last seen by this scribe. He explained on that occasion that he isn't really a crooner, since he uses his full voice. The Erwins are among those who will give large Thanksgiving dinners this season.

HOLLYWOOD is delighted with a new find in Charles Laughton, British player, who has made good in everything he has undertaken to date, in screen work, prefacing this with a hit on Broadway. He is even spoken of as a successor to Emil Jannings. So pronounced was his ability as seen in "Devil And The Deep" that he was promptly signed for the role of Nero in the forthcoming special, "The Sign Of The Cross."

Ann Harding's plans are still indefinite at this writing, but she promises that the National Home Monthly shall learn of them as soon as anybody. After seeing her in "The Conquerors" with Richard Dix you will feel that she should do another costume drama. Clara Bow is back again and busily at work. Since her cruel treatment at the hands of the yellow press Clara promises interviews with great reserve, but when anything is written about her that she feels has kindness and understanding back of it she writes you a charming little note of thanks on her

—November Days are Busy Ones; Thumbnail Notes on Forthcoming Pictures; The Caterers Tell on the Stars; The Puppet Theatre; Marie Dressler's Favorite Age.

Bound for the frozen North . . . W. S. Van Dyke, snapped on board the schooner "Nanuk," which is carrying the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expedition to Alaska for the filming of "Eskimo," which Van Dyke is directing.

distinctive stationery with its monogrammed initials in Chinese brush-work. That reminds me that someone in a studio here in Hollywood who had received a short note from Fannie Hurst, author of "So Big" and other screen plays, and couldn't read it took it down to a Chinese laundry and was given a shirt and six collars for it! Anyone who has seen Miss Hurst's calligraphy can well believe that the yarn may have an element of the truth about it.

Victor McLaglan has a gargantuan chess set which covers one-hundred feet of lawn, and is one of the unique sights of this unique place. It was designed to combine exercise and outdoor air with mental work, and he declares that the lowbrow games of tennis and golf aren't worth mentioning in comparison. The "board" has grass-surfaced squares alternating with bare-earth ones, and the players sit at opposite sides and get up and carry the chessmen when making a move. The pieces are made of walnut and in size are about as big as human midgets. Vic says there's more fun to it than you might imagine. Table chess always reminds him of the old villager who was asked by a tourist what he and his kind put in their time at. The old chap replied: "Well, sir, we sits an' thinks, but mostly we jest *sits*." McLaglan lived in Winnipeg at one time.

EVEN the Hollywood camels are a sophisticated lot. A location unit was sent to Yuma, in Arizona, to shoot desert scenes, and four camels were shipped by train from a Hollywood zoo. Unloaded at Yuma, they were driven along a paved road running twenty miles long, and they plodded over this stretch with true Arabic philosophy. But there came the moment when the caravan had to leave the pavement for the hot desert sands. The driver of the head camel brought up suddenly with a jerk. His animal had balked on him and refused to go on. The poor beast seemed to gaze down at the sand resentfully, and greatly puzzled, as though asking himself: "What is this strange, soft, yellow stuff anyway?" The burning sands of his native Sahara had left his memory. He was just a poor camel "gone Hollywood."

Ricardo Cortez, playing the lead in "Thirteen Women," assures me that he has no fear of the jinx. This star's real name is Jacob Kranz, and he doesn't mind you knowing it. I understand that the Spanish monniker was taken from two cigar-bands—that was back in the days of the Latin-lover vogue. Cortez says that his birthplace has been variously reported as Madrid, Rio de Janeiro, Vienna, "and heaven knows where else," but that actually it is New York. His father was from Hungary, his mother a native of Austria. Writing Cortez' biography used to be a press agent's picnic, since there were available no facts to curb the imagination, but it's different now.

George M. Cohan has become Hollywood's unofficial philosopher. "What we need today is a real sense of humor. We *think* we have this but we're just kidding ourselves. If we knew how to laugh we wouldn't be singing blues songs," he declares, with a great deal of truth, if little poetry.

Billie Burke, charming as ever and still very youthful in appearance, has returned to the screen in a picturization of "A Bill of Divorcement," playing opposite John Barrymore. Everyone in Hollywood commented on Miss Burke's pluck and unselfishness when she insisted on finishing her work in the picture at the time it was interrupted by the sudden death of her husband, the famous Flo Ziegfeld, Follies producer. Billie Burke is primarily of the stage and among the people of the footlights there is a tradition that the play must go on.

Cosmetic note: A number of the screen stars now remove their makeup with tasteless castor-oil instead of cold cream. It is said to be more penetrating and less mussy and that less of it is required. I am told that even the youngsters of "Our Gang" use it, though there is no record that any of them have been tempted to take a surreptitious swallow.

Look who's here! . . . It's the latest picture of our old friend, Clara Bow, as vivacious as ever, who is returning to the screen under the Fox banner. Her first picture will be "Call Her Savage," adapted from Tiffany Thayer's popular novel of that name.

MARIE DRESSLER has suggested that instead of folks getting their heads read for character analysis they ought to have their ice-boxes and garbage-cans examined, since therein lies an incontrovertible test. A garbage pail especially, she believes, is a dead give-away. She has never been noted for her parsimony, she says, but on the other hand neither she nor her careful cook has ever been guilty of throwing out food that might be used.

"The idea is," she points out, "to make the best of all you have, and give the pigs a break too." And that's Marie all over.

Another good plan, if you are curious to know things about the players that don't get into print or general conversation, is to ask the Hollywood caterers, for they can give you the lowdown on anybody from the stars of first magnitude down. They know who are the wastefully extravagant, and who are the cheese-parers. They can tell you the ones that fame has spoiled and who are inconsiderate and forgetful about their obligations, who demand eleventh-hour service and raise a fuss over trifles. But they are equally obliging when it comes to revealing the names of those that they like to do business with, Mary Pickford for example.

"There's a grand little lady for you," the catering fraternity declare with one voice. "She always knows exactly what she wants, and how much trouble or time it may take to prepare certain dishes, and she treats us with the consideration of one good business man to another. But you can't put anything over on her, either. She knows the cost of everything and no padded account can get by her. Then, whatever foodstuff may be left over after a dinner party she always sends immediately to the needy. We are told that the Pickfair garbage-cans are the neatest in Beverley Hills—not so much waste as you could put on the end of your thumb-nail."

However, Mary alone hasn't got a corner on thrift. There are others, including Bebe Daniels, Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding, and Norma Shearer. Pierre was enthusiastic about them all.

"Always you can tell a lady from an upstart," he assured me. "I remember a certain star, some time ago, who is today not so prominent as formerly. She was never known for her thoughtfulness regarding the poor caterer. On impulse, with perhaps but half-an-hour to spare, she would call up and order a full-course dinner to be prepared and served for fifty people, selecting fussy dishes and then complaining if we were a few minutes late. Then there was another player who nearly did us out of two hundred dollars on a bill. She forgot that she had ordered *fish en aspic*, four hundred servings of it, mind you, and she rang up and told us she wouldn't pay for it. We stood to lose her business and perhaps that of all her friends if we pressed the matter so we took it on the chin and prepared to write it down a total loss. Fortunately, however, an Elks' convention had come to town that day and we had the order for their banquet so we unloaded the fish dish on them. We were careful after that in dealing with people who had poor memories."

The penny-pinching stories are not many, for the Hollywood citizen is more often a lavish spender than a squeezer of the nickels, but there is one tale of a certain hostess who rang up her caterer and said: "Listen, Joe, I'm throwing a little party tonight. Send up whatever you think would be nice, eh? No, not squab. I had that last time. Enough for about six or seven courses. How many guests? About forty, including crashers. That means you send enough for *twenty*, see? I've got a Scotch cook and she'll do the rest."

Some of the Hollywood caterers are artists in their line. There is Manuelo, proprietor of a Spanish restaurant where gay scarlet geraniums spill in cascades from brightly-colored flower-pots and the tables are set in a cool, stone-flagged *patio* where a fountain plays and dark-eyed daughters of Mexico dance to the music of guitars and the click of castanets. Manuelo serves *tostados, enchiladas, frijoles con casa, chili, renellos, tamales* — all the favorite dishes of his race that render a meal a gastronomic adventure. I asked Manuelo one day how he contrived to impart such a delicate hint of garlic to certain of his creations (garlic being something that is usually overdone, and he replied, with a flash of very white teeth: "Easy, that! I take thees garleek off the wall and wave heem coupla time over the deesh, then hang up again. Si, Sir Garleek, he should have only what you call bowing acquaintance weeth a deesh. He should never shake hands weeth the food."

Do you remember Billie Burke? She has not been seen on the screen for years, but here she is (right) with Katherine Hepburn in "A Bill of Divorcement," in which John Barrymore has the male lead. The death of Miss Burke's husband, the well-known Florenz Ziegfeld, occurred during the making of the picture, but she insisted, pluckily, on finishing her role so that the film could be completed on schedule.

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Criticisms: Favourable—and Otherwise

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appealing as the young wife, but is overshadowed by the acting of Aline MacMahon as the head nurse and Glenda Farrell in an outstanding character part. Frank McHugh's impersonation of a terribly worried father-to-be relieves the sadness of the early part of the film. The photography is unusually good.

With its wider theme of the problems and responsibility of parenthood, "Life Begins" will appeal to the thoughtful adult, especially to women.

"Back Street"

BASED on Fannie Hurst's novel of the same name, "Back Street" tells the story of the life-long devotion of a woman for a man. The man is married and the woman, his mistress, can have no social claim on him, but must always live in the "back street" of his life.

Despite her too highly colored style Miss Hurst managed in the novel to make her characters convincing and to evoke a great deal of sympathy for her heroine. The picture does not succeed in its purpose as well as the book did. Certain incidents seem unreal, some are over-sentimentalized. As a whole, however, it is an interesting film. Irene Dunne is excellent as Ray Schmidt, and John Boles is efficient in his portrayal of the quite selfish Walter.

"The Last Mile"

THAT grim play of prison life, "The Last Mile," is not as impressive in the picture version as it was on the stage. The producers have seen fit to tack on to it a happy ending that is entirely out of key with the rest of the picture. Nevertheless, it gives a thrilling and terrible picture of a group of men in the death-house. Preston S. Foster gives a very fine performance as Killer Mears, one of the prisoners.

"The Last Mile" is a grim and ugly story, but a stirring one. It is certainly not a picture for children.

George M. Cohan and Claudette Colbert—not to mention the dog—in "The Phantom President."

"The Thirteenth Guest"

THE trouble with most screen mystery stories is that they are usually so muddled and mysterious that you can never find out what they are all about. "The Thirteenth Guest" is a pleasant exception to this rule. While keeping up a mood of eeriness and suspense, the story is well told and lucidly handled. The cast is competent. If you like mystery stories, "The Thirteenth Guest" will provide you with satisfying entertainment.

"The Sign of the Four"

HERE is an excellent British-made picture version of one of Conan Doyle's classic Sherlock Holmes tales. It is very interesting, well played, and, outside of some rather poor photography, very well produced. If you like your Sherlock Holmes and Watson, this is a film to see.

"Passport to Hell"

ALTHOUGH not a brilliant picture, this is about the best vehicle that the charming Elissa Landi has had. The story is laid in exotic lands and is one of those rather trite tales about a woman who is innocently involved in scandal and is forever after misunderstood.

Miss Landi, equipped with looks, ability and her air of very evident good breeding, is excellent in the leading role. Paul Lukas gives a good performance in the leading male part, but Alexander Kirkland again steals all the honors.

And Other Pictures

"NIGHT CLUB LADY," a mystery yarn with Adolphe Menjou (Of all people!) as the sleuth is entertaining. "Unholy Love" is supposed to be based on Flaubert's famous novel "Madame Bovary." It is a crude, terrible picture, and Flaubert is probably turning over in his grave. "Down to Earth," the latest picture starring Will Rogers, is disappointingly dull. "Speak Easily" with Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante is sprightly and amusing, and, if you like Chevalier, do not miss "Love Me Tonight."

Little Rambles in Hollywood

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Then there is fat, genial Nicola who specializes in Italian dishes and who has catered to such discriminating patrons as Caruso and Valentino, both of whom took their eating very seriously. If you would savour the fine art of Nicola you must know his *pommes en casserole*, softly dusted with powdered egg, his *poule glace* delicately moulded in the form of a chicken, his feathery meringues and rainbow *spumenti*. These and other delights are the expression of the artist in him. To see him mix a salad dressing is like watching a high-priest perform a sacred rite. Take that small detail of his celery sprigs. It is whispered that two whole hours are consumed in their toilette, but what of it? The unappreciative will crunch them up in as many minutes, but while they endured they were a work of art, marcelled, curled, iced, and topping his finest salads or resting picturesquely in a cradle of chipped ice and ripe olives. Nicola has also a spaghetti dish, made with Parmesan cheese and crisp rolls of bacon impaled on toothpicks, that is an eye-filling sight as well as a gourmet's dream. He has dedicated it to Il Duce and it is known as *souffle a la Mussolini*. A dish of prawns in a thick, pungent sauce is named for the King of Italy.

IT IS, of course, a truism that the measure of one's experience of the world is not the degree of cynicism that he or she assumes, that on the contrary this is a device employed to conceal a lack of knowledge of life. Nowhere is it more apparent than in Hollywood, where at one end of the scale we have Youth, over-made-up and fearfully bored and blasé, and at the other—Marie Dressler, for instance, sane and sixty and without either makeup or pose, smiling at life through wise and kindly eyes. Marie is as natural and as spontaneous as a sneeze.

"You take that Louis Quinz affair, honey," she suggests, with a wave of her hand. "I like a good firm chair when I sit." And she relapses comfortably into a chesterfield. "I wish Polly Moran would drop in—she's splendid copy. However, where were we? Oh yes, speaking of pictures. And who doesn't, in this place?"

Miss Dressler recently moved into a new house. She prefers chintz, she says, to expensive modern fabrics and priceless, musty furniture out of old castles, but she had to make a few concessions to the vogue. However, her furniture is so arranged that there are no bunkers in the way of a straight drive to the kitchen, which she has always regarded as the heart of the home. Just a handful of years ago when she was down on her luck with a lot of the rest of them she never dreamed of having a settled domicile.

"But that's just how life fools you," she mused aloud. "I was a rolling stone, a ship without a rudder, till I played in 'Anna Christie'. It was then I began to tow in the whale."

People are always sending Marie Dressler testimonials of their affectionate regard. Two recent ones came from Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Palo Alto, California, respectively.

Miriam Jordan, beautiful English girl who will play opposite Warner Baxter in "Six Hours to Live."

The former took on the proportions of a giant postcard, bore hundreds of signatures and cost three dollars to send through the mail. The latter was a community letter assuring the recipient that she was first in the hearts of the Palo Altians. The warm-hearted comedienne however is just as grateful for the childish scrawl of some schoolboy fan, and one young enthusiast wrote to her saying: "If you will wait till I grow up I will marry you."

"Bless his heart!" said Marie. "But wasn't that sweet? I was just as thrilled as could be over those few lines in his round, frank handwriting. He meant it too."

There's a story told of how, on Miss Dressler's birthday, when her friends filled the place with gifts of beautiful and costly flowers, a small bouquet of ordinary garden blooms was carried to her door by a couple of shy, barefoot children. They were half wilted from being held in hot, dirty little hands, but Marie Dressler accepted them as though they has been the choicest blossoms from a hot-house, and personally thanked the small givers. The kids were almost too thrilled to speak. She invited them in, and herself placed their offering in a little silver vase and set it in a prominent position on a table in her drawing-room. Then she gave them a drink of lemonade. One can imagine them later telling their friends: "Gee, she's just like your aunt or somebody!"

"Fifty is a grand age, and so's sixty," says Marie, enthusiastically. "In fact, I've enjoyed all my ages once I had passed forty. I don't say this because I happen to be successful, mind you—that is, successful in the worldly sense. Any woman should regard fifty as the best time in life. You know, in the twenties and thirties and even sometimes into the forties we are prone to set too high a value on things that don't matter a hoot. Isn't that so? But at fifty, if you've kept your digestion, you begin to get the right slant on life. You learn how to laugh. You learn that to be kind is so much better than to be merely smart. I'm glad to have been fifty, and sixty. Come on, seventy!"

THERE is always something new under the Hollywood sun, or rather arc-lights. "Blooping" is the latest system for synchronizing sound and action. A dot is made on the action film by a small light within the camera and on the sound strip by another light in the apparatus. This "blooping" mark is made at the beginning of each scene, and the innovation saves more than 500,000 feet of film annually over the old method. Another recent development is the film without fadeouts. There is a fadein at the opening of the story and a fadeout at the end, no more. This device is employed in changing from scene to scene and is known as the space-shot. To the watcher it imparts a feeling of movement that is designed to heighten the dramatic effect. It must not be forgotten that inventors of new camera gadgets and of improved systems of photography have been climbing into the big-money class along with the stars, though less is heard of them.

Radioland

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famous Geraldine Farrar singing the title role. At the close of the third act, Miss Kellogg was called to take a curtain call with Miss Farrar. The customary bouquets were thrown to the stage and Miss Farrar whispered, "Eddie, those are your flowers."

The frightened youngster whispered back, "No, they are yours."

"Yours, Eddie," came the reply, and the prima donna picked up the flowers and piled them in the arms of Edna Kellogg, eighteen, who had just made her debut.

"It was the most generous thing that ever happened in my life," says Miss Kellogg. "I never sing that I do not think of it."

"REAL FOLKS," the weekly sketch, recounts the "doings" of the people of the mythical village of Thompkins Corners. George F. Brown, creator and director, prepares the sketches and plays the leading role of Matt Thompkins, general storekeeper and mayor of the community. He also enacts the part of Mrs. Templeton Jones, a wealthy widow. With him are Virginia Farmer, who plays the role of his wife; Phoebe Mackay, who is Effie Watts; Grace Gordon, who is Bessie Stevens; Arthur Mann, who doubles in the roles of Bill Perkins, the local garage man, and old Horace Dingledine; and Laddie Seaman, thirteen-year-old schoolboy who interprets the part of Elmer.

CALAMITY HOUSE

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The sound of a single shot floated up from the valley below—someone was having a go at a coyote probably. He wondered disinterestedly that with the Government bounty at five dollars the animal ventured so close to town.

Well! tomorrow morning he would be up and out early, and he'd get Clarke to come along. Clarke had rather deserted him of late—in love or something—but he'd be glad to come just the same. As a matter of fact, now that he came to think of it, he hadn't been so frightfully expansive of late himself. Perhaps it was his fault that the friendship which had started out with such promise had languished.

At seven o'clock that night he turned in his report and collections, and was duly commended by the City Fathers for his zeal in matters financial. Later, he got Clarke Helmer on the telephone, and received that young man's assurance that he would be at the major's digs early on the following morning. At ten o'clock he retired happy in the thought that tomorrow would bring him to grips with the bootleggers. And at twelve o'clock it began to snow.

BORN in the Hudson's Bay, nurtured on the prairies, the wind swept through the Quilchena Draw, whirling the light flakes of snow before, and shrieking in demoniacal glee. The tired major tossed uneasily in his sleep, and at Calamity House the doctor rose from his bed, carefully closed the window and cursed the storm that was his friend, while two feet of ice beneath a quiet figure glided by, and took its unprotesting way to the sea.

At eight o'clock in the morning Clarke Helmer fought his way through the wind and snow to the office apartment of Glenlogan's Chief of Police. That gentleman was up and dressed and in an evil mood.

"Good morning, Helmer! What price the devil of Calamity House, that runs the town and dictates to the weather bureau? Have you any idea what time this infernal snow started?"

"About midnight."

"Then it's no use, but we'll have a go at it."

Outside, the futility of their attempt became immediately apparent. The wind had fallen and great blobs of snow replaced their harried sisters in the milder air. With yesterday's traffic in the heart of the town obliterated and the lesser thoroughfares choked with snow, what hope to locate a slender trail on Cemetery Lane, or to follow it on Chillihitchie's storm-girdled mountain.

"Come back and have breakfast with me," invited the major. "I suppose that, like myself, you started out to challenge the wild man of the glen on a cup of tea."

"Coffee," amended the other. "You bet I'll come. I was just wondering what I should do with myself. That's the worst thing about early rising."

Arrived at the officer's quarters, that gentleman set diligently about the preparation of a meal, while Clarke Helmer stretched himself on the leather couch, with the Christmas numbers of several English periodicals within reach. He had just been out long enough in the storm to appreciate the kindly warmth and the pleasing aroma of coffee.

"How many eggs?" shouted the Englishman from the room where the culinary preparation were going forward.

"Two."

"Two?" interrogated his host, in a tone of pained surprise.

"Two," repeated the guest firmly, and added, "I'm hungry."

"Do you not care for eggs?" demanded the chef, setting the other's breakfast before him and going back to the kitchen for his own.

"Yes, I like them all right. That is, I like one or two, and I only like them when they are expensive. I go off them when the hens begin to lay in the spring."

Then he laughed. On his host's plate a dozen rashers of bacon peeped out shyly from beneath a glistening canopy of eggs.

"I am reminded," he accused, "of an ancient king, who was a great warrior, but who permitted the invading hosts to take up their position on the heights while he finished a more than ample breakfast."

"Saxon Harold," admitted the other good-humoredly. "Defeated by William the Conqueror in 1066. With all the flings at his gluttony, isn't it strange that no one has ever suggested that if he had not fortified himself with a good breakfast he could not have fought the Normans until sunset, and died where he stood in the midst of his English dead?"

"Now that you mention it," agreed the American, "it is remarkable that with all the articles on calories and vitamines, and not too much of either, in the war we never banked on a man or a horse off his feed. You remember how the horses suffered in the bombardment on the Somme? Well! I had transferred to a cavalry unit, and was just about fed up with fidgety mounts, when I got Guntz. Guntz was a great hulking, raw-boned brute, with the appetite of an ostrich. The only things in France he didn't eat were the guns. When the other horses were crazy with fright and shiveringly refused their oats, Guntz stolidly ate the whole company allowance, and supplemented it with all the thistles in the neighborhood. In all the months I had him I never remember the moment when he wasn't getting ready for the big push by scoffing the odd apple, or getting outside of a lot of bark which made a nice padding for the thistles which he filled up on when everything else in sight was eaten. He was the joke of the company. In speaking of him the boys always deleted the 'n' from his name, and the result was most appropriate."

"I didn't know you were on the Somme," chuckled the major delightedly.

"Yes, with the Straths. We filed past the bantams one day and they nosed us over.

"'Oo are yu?' asked one. 'Are yu Ossies?'

"'Nao!' said a voice from the ranks, 'we're Canidians.'

"'Yu mye be Canidians, but yu tawk like a blinkin' Cockney,' said the bant virtuously. 'Wot's the badge on yer shoulder?'

"'Lord Strarthconer's Orse.'

"'Lord Strarthconer's Orse,' repeated the little man in amazement. 'I sye, matey! it is goin' to be a blinkin' push, 'ere's the bleedin' cavalry.'"

The major laughed and reached for his pipe.

"Having breakfasted I am now ready for the wild man who dwells on the mountain, or the foul fiend which inhabits Calamity House."

"Not——"

"Lord, no! I mean the spook, or whatever it is that hands out the bad luck. As a matter of fact, I have

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"I shave without thinking of it"

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MUSHROOMS ON TOAST

Continued from page 11

"No, don't you bother, Mr. Sutton." Bert was the perfect salesman. "I'll have it round in half a jiffy. That's right. My respects to Mrs. Sutton . . . Good-night."

Ernest went out. Evidence, he was thinking. It wouldn't sound well in the witness-box, my insisting on Marshall's!

THIS episode had such a shattering effect on Ernest that he left the weed-killer for a whole month hidden away in the toolshed without even looking at it. But meanwhile that little thought at the back of his mind began to gnaw at him again. It was his duty as a man to go through now that he had started. He had already done the most difficult part in getting the stuff, and Millicent was more unendurable than ever . . . Soon he began to lift up the flower-pot and read the label on the tin. Then one day he opened the tin.

A week later there was a full medicine bottle hidden in his own room as well as the tin in the toolshed. Later still the medicine bottle became empty, and he secretly refilled it.

It was a year and one month after the idea first occurred to him that he put the first dose in her tea. Millicent used to drink strong stewed Indian tea—gallons of it—and he chose that as a medium as he hoped its own harsh taste might conceal the bitterness of the weed-killer. They always complained of the bitterness, if one gave too large a dose. However, he was very careful, and she didn't notice anything—only suffered from an attack of indigestion afterwards.

She continued to suffer from indigestion in the weeks that followed, but it didn't seem to get any worse although he had increased the dose and made it more frequent. It was all too slow even for Ernest's patience; and he began to see the day coming when he would have to buy a second tin of weed-killer. That was the thought that made him desperate and spurred him on to make an end of it. He felt that he simply couldn't go in and buy another tin. It was beyond him.

Thus finally it all happened one evening in August when they had had mushrooms for supper. He couldn't eat mushrooms himself, but Millicent always made a pig of herself over them. A real glutton, when she knew perfectly well that they disagreed with her! That was what gave him the idea. She would be sure to blame the mushrooms.

In her last cup of tea that night she had six times the dose he had ever dared give her before. She said it tasted nasty. But she drank it.

Her indigestion was worse when she went to bed. In the night he woke up and heard her being sick, and, curiously enough, the awful sound of it, instead of making him feel remorse, only made him hate her all the more. In the early morning she grew worse. She lay on her bed breathing like an old car going up a steep hill. Ernest did what he could for her, then hurried out to fetch a doctor. But she was worse when they got back. Her breathing was awful to hear.

Ernest meanwhile helplessly looked on, or ran errands for the doctor. When a man is hanged, he was wondering, does he breathe like that?

THE curious thing is that from that precise moment Ernest's personality appeared to divide into two distinct parts. One half was the man who had successfully accomplished a distasteful and difficult task, a task which he would never have undertaken had he known exactly how distasteful it was going to be. The other was a man who knew that a particularly dastardly crime had been committed, and that the culprit must inevitably be punished. The first was the human Ernest who had been cheated and slighted and oppressed until he was goaded into successful revolt. The second was Ernest, the good citizen, the upholder of institutions, the incorruptible cashier, who did not believe that justice should or could be eluded.

Ernest, the whole, did not realize how strong this second personality was, until, to his horror, he suddenly heard him urging the doctor to hold a post-mortem, when the doctor himself had already said it was unnecessary. The doctor, hearing this, gave him one quick glance, which was sufficient to summon the other Ernest to his aid. And the Ernest who proceeded was the culprit covering up his tracks.

"We don't want to make things more distressing than necessary," the doctor said. "I am satisfied that I know the cause of death."

"Quite," said Ernest. "Quite—quite."

"Your wife was not a healthy woman," the doctor continued. "Imprudent in her diet. Degenerated heart. Mushrooms . . . We must find out where those mushrooms came from all the same, and see that there was nothing wrong with them. The community must be protected . . . And you'll let me know anything I can do for you, Mr. Sutton . . . So sudden. I know how distressed you must be!"

The doctor gave him a pat on the back and went his way.

It was odd, but during the next few days everyone seemed to give him a pat on the back and make things easy for him. No doubt they were touched by the pathetic little figure of Ernest burying his large and prosperous wife.

In any case, they did make it easy for him. Along all those slippery places between the death-bed and the grave, Ernest was able to negotiate his course without a single stumble.

In the Coroner's Court he was offered a chair and condoled with, while some perfectly innocent tradesman was reprimanded for selling stale mushrooms. At the funeral service a special reference to him as a model husband was made in the sermon; and after the coffin had been lowered into the grave, and the earth was thumping on the evidence of his crime, there were many hands to help him away, and voices to condole with him.

But the real struggle was yet to come.

After that, on the way back to his house and for days afterwards, there followed a deadly contest between the two Ernests for supremacy.

Safe, safe! — the murderer was shouting: but the words froze on his lips before the cold eyes of the outraged citizen.

It's all wrong, this Ernest was thinking, it shouldn't have been like that at all. An innocent tradesman blamed for the mushrooms! His business probably ruined! The doctor —gross dereliction of duty! And those kindly homely words in the sermon. It wasn't true! It wasn't true!—It wasn't true!

The outward Ernest all this time was a perfect model of what a respectable man ought to be in the circumstances. He wore black, and he was very circumspect. He did his

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MUSHROOMS ON TOAST

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work and he looked as if he had suffered a great loss. When anyone spoke to him, it was the first Ernest, the wary, deceitful one, who answered.

Then sometimes the good, law-abiding Ernest saw the other one laughing at him; and he became cunning in his righteous indignation.

He waited for his chance until the other wasn't looking, and then finally one day he did a most peculiar thing. He sat down and wrote two anonymous letters, hinting strange things about the death of Mrs. Sutton.

These letters were written in a disguised hand to two acquaintances of his, and there immediately began to be talk in the neighbourhood. But it was only talk. No one could possibly seriously suspect Ernest of any crime. And nothing came of it. But by then the righteous Ernest had become determined. A little later, while the second Ernest was asleep, he wrote two more letters, in the same disguised handwriting, making the same insinuations. This time the letters were addressed to the Coroner and the parson, and a few days later a police inspector came to call on Ernest.

The police inspector also was an old acquaintance, and he hated this job that he had to do: he pretended that he had just dropped in for a friendly chat.

"Well, Mr. Sutton, thought I'd just drop in as I was passing . . . How are you getting on now?"

It was the wary Ernest who faced him. The other righteous one had gone off and left him in the lurch as soon as the inspector called.

"The house seems very empty, Inspector," he said, sadly.

"It would—it would." The inspector paused. "Married fourteen years, wasn't you?"

"Fourteen and a month."

"Tut—tut! It's a long time. And you was always happy, too, wasn't you?"

"Hardly a cross word."

"Just as I thought. Mrs. Sutton hadn't an enemy in the world, had she?"

"Not one!" Ernest shook his head.

A pause. Then the inspector (who wasn't really quite up to the task) suddenly proceeded more sharply.

"Was it true you suggested a post-mortem?"

"I—I believe so."

"Why did you do that?"

"I—I—Just the suddenness of it. . . . And I didn't know then that the mushrooms were tainted."

"I see . . . You didn't suspect—suicide, did you?"

"Inspector!"

"Nothing like that?"

"No, no—nothing!"

"I see . . . Oh, well, I'd better be getting along . . . Not had any anonymous letters, have you?"

"Certainly not—why should I?"

"No reason at all. Just wondered. Someone's been writing 'em in the district."

"Inspector! Not about Mrs. Sutton!"

Ernest sounded scandalized. The inspector rose.

"Now don't you worry, Mr. Sutton," he said loudly. "There are a lot of crazy people about nowadays—it don't mean anything. At least. . . . Anyhow, just thought I'd drop in and see how you was . . . "

THE two Ernests were both equally puzzled after this interview. The righteous one felt that he had once more been tricked by the other, and that the police had been put off the scent. But the guilty one wasn't so sure about it. He thought that the other, with his crazy tricks, had finally tied the halter round his neck, and that it was only a question of waiting.

In the end it seemed as though the latter was right. Four days later when the correct, outward Ernest went off in the evening to lay a wreath of flowers on his wife's grave, he saw a number of men standing there with lamps and spades. And one of the men wore a uniform of some kind.

Exhumation!

Ernest hurried home and buried the wreath in the garden. The next day he telephoned to the bank to say he was ill. He knew it was the end and he wanted to be at home when they called.

Two or three days, he was thinking. Two or three days—they can't take longer than two or three days. Meanwhile the two Ernests had suddenly become one again. The word "exhumation" had joined them together like a zip-fastener, and the Ernest that was left wanted at all costs to live.

It was the evening of the second day, about six o'clock, that he heard it. The street was deserted, and he heard the step a long way off. It paralyzed him. He remained, bent down, with his back to the railings, hoping that it would walk past.

But it didn't.

"Aha, Mr. Sutton!"

Ernest stood up with a start. It was the one man he wanted to see even less than the policemen—Bert, the hardware dealer's assistant.

Bert was one of those breezy people who never can see when they are not wanted.

"I say, you're looking pretty fit, Mr. Sutton!"

(Good gracious, Ernest thought, doesn't he know there's been a death in the house!)

Meanwhile the imperturbable Bert went on:

"My! Your garden's looking fine. . . . Found that stuff I gave you pretty satisfactory, eh?"

"Yes," said Ernest unwillingly. "It was all right."

"Thought so—thought so!" Bert leaned confidentially over the railings. "Now I've got a little confession to make, Mr. Sutton. Played a little trick on you, I did . . . That wasn't Marshall's Lightning in that tin at all."

"H'm . . . What d'you say?" Ernest came a step nearer.

"No—it was our own stuff. I just put the Marshall label on to please you . . . You see, I knew our own stuff was better. Just look what it's done!"

"You had no business to do that!" Ernest came another step nearer.

"Nope—dare say not. But I knew there was nothing like our stuff for weeds . . . And there's another thing. Marshall's is dangerous stuff—full of arsenic. Stuff Armstrong used to kill his wife, you know . . . You don't want stuff like that lying about!"

Ernest came another step nearer, but did not utter a word.

"And ours is harmless to animal life," Bert proceeded gaily. "That's its great advantage. Wouldn't kill a fly . . . That's our advertising slogan, you know—'Wouldn't kill a fly!' "

Bert must have seen something very strange happening in Ernest's face, for he suddenly broke off.

"Well, I won't keep you any longer, Mr. Sutton . . . Remember me to the missus—I mean—let me know when you want another tin."

And he walked jauntily on down the road, swinging his cane.

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Lux has none of the harmful alkali found in so many soaps. And with the instant Lux suds there's no rubbing to shrink and harshen woollens. That's why it's best to use Lux for *everything* of baby's!

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 39

rather changed my opinion of the doctor. Mind you, I think he's up to something more than bootlegging—and he's in that up to the neck—but of other things of which I once suspected him, one at least has suffered a fade-out.

"I doubt," he went on hastily, as the American seemed about to speak, "whether anyone could live at Calamity House without getting in wrong. In olden days, when men were closer to the heart of things and possessed of a stronger sense of light and shadow, there were places which were tacitly omitted as sites for homes. England's master masons did not build on the spot where Innocence had spilt its blood. It is well known in Blighty that the old abbeys wrested from the church by the Eighth Henry have their cowled ghosts to this day."

"Then you believe in these local superstitions?"

"Not all of them. I do not believe in the Englishwoman's ghost, but I tell you the Townsend place is utterly damned. It was not a battle which took place at the junction of the rivers, it was a massacre. And of comparatively recent years. The Thompson River Indians were all good Catholics, the Spillamens were frankly cannibals. They killed the son of the Thompson Chief after capturing the father alive. They extolled Chillihitchie's prowess in battle, they promised him his life, and then they set before him a dish which contained the flesh of his son, and he ate it. God! do you wonder that he cursed them, and the place where the abomination took place? And do you wonder that the curse took root? For seven hours they tortured him, and never once did he quaver or plead for mercy. He said, 'Let the place be deserted, and let Evil rule from where the rivers join to an hour's flight of the crow upstream. Let the waters which hold my people be accursed, and the mountain which falls not on my foes. Let all good men shun this place lest the curse fall on the innocent. Woe to the red man who passes by, and to the white man who builds thereon.'"

The major tapped out his pipe.

"Observe," he said, "that the red man forbears to pass, but the white man builds."

"It's rather a wonder," deliberated Clarke Helmer, "that someone didn't warn the English mine-owner, for you can't say that Glenlogan exactly cuddles up to the place."

"Did you ever know of a Canadian warning an Englishman of anything yet? And to be quite fair, did you ever know of one of my countrymen accepting a warning from anyone if offered? Besides, you know what these valley towns are. Shut in by mountains, the tribal instinct survives. It was a good chance for the owner to get a fat price, and no native would interfere. After all, one can hardly blame them. They are desperately poor, land poor at that, which is the very worst kind of poverty, for the land is a leech and takes everything, even our bodies at the last."

"Ugh!" shuddered Clarke Helmer, as a muffled knock fell on the door. "Ugh! Twenty-five of them."

There was nothing ominous in the appearance of the little woman who stood hesitating on the threshold, and in response to the major's invitation timidly entered the room. Only, as Clarke Helmer got to his feet, he found himself wondering if her pallor were natural. When she spoke he decided it was not.

"My husband," she said in a voice which trembled and finally broke, "didn't come home last night. Will you help me to find him?"

"I will do my best," said the major. "Who is your husband?"

"Peter McTaggart."

"Peter McTaggart?"

The usually well modulated voice was harsh, and the pallor which Clarke Helmer had remarked on the face of the woman spread over the lean cheek and sharpened the regular features of the man.

"Tell me about it."

"Peter," quavered the wife," has been cutting and hauling ice from the Coldwater River about a quarter of a mile along the road from the cemetery, between Calamity House and where the road forks to Nicola. About six o'clock last night a woman 'phoned that he had got a trip to Pierce's Logging Camp, and might not be home until morning. I thought nothing of it, for times are hard, and if Pete saw his way to making fifteen dollars he wouldn't spare himself, nor worry about coming home first. The girl at the garage often 'phones me just like that, so I gave the children their supper and put them to bed, and at eleven o'clock went to bed myself, leaving the door unlocked for Pete. When I wakened this morning he hadn't come in, so I waited until eight o'clock, when the garage opens, and asked the girl if he had got back from the camp. And she says, 'Oh! Did he go to the logging camp?' And I says, 'Well! Didn't he?' And she says, 'Maybe he did, but this is the first I have heard of it.' I was beginning to feel scared about Pete, so I says sharply, 'Why, you told me yourself that he had gone,' and at that she says, 'Mrs. McTaggart, I never 'phoned you at all, for he hadn't come in when I left last night, and I don't believe his truck is in the garage now.'

"It all came over me of a sudden, Mr. Kettlewell, how strange Pete has been actin' of late."

"In what way?" queried the major tensely.

"Well! At one time our door was never locked night or day, and lately Pete tries it half a dozen times before he goes to bed. One night about a week ago he asked me if I had locked it, and I said I had, and in the middle of the night I waked up to see a light on and Pete standin' by the door listenin', and he says to me, 'Mother! I thought you said you locked the door,' and I said, 'Didn't I?' And at that he flies in a rage, which wasn't like him, for Pete is a good tempered man, and he yells at me that he'll be found with his throat cut some fine morning through my leavin' the door open."

The woman shook her head mournfully.

"And eight years we've lived in Glenlogan and the doors front and back never locked. Do you think he's gone off his head?"

"No!" said the major quietly, "I do not. When did you first notice this nervousness?"

"He's been jumpy ever since the murder of Mrs. Townsend. Of course that did upset us all, but the rest of us got over it; but not Pete. He was always tellin' me what to do in case anything should happen to him. Not to sell the truck without they took the business too, and where his life insurance policy was, and who to write to. It made me tired," she finished energetically. "What I say and what I said to him, is live and let live." [Continued on page 43]

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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 42

Clarke Helmer choked, but sobered on the instant when he observed that the major, whose sense of humor was acute, did not smile.

"At what hour did you last see your husband?"

"We had dinner at twelve as usual, and he left the house about five minutes to one."

"Do you know at what hour he usually brought his last load of ice to town?"

"He cuts as long as the daylight lasts, then he loads and comes back to town. By the time he has his load off, and the ice packed away, it is after six. He gets home about half-past for his supper."

"Have you inquired at what hour he brought his last load yesterday?"

"No, I haven't. I came straight here as soon as I got the children off to school."

"Then if you will excuse me, I shall make inquiries. For whom is he putting down the ice?"

"Yesterday he was hauling for Mrs. Hudson, who has the ice-cream parlor."

When the major turned from the telephone and explained that the last load had been delivered to Mrs. Hudson at about three-thirty, Mrs. McTaggart lost heart and sobbed unrestrainedly. The major poured her a cup of coffee, and waited patiently for her to drink it. Finally, the sobs persisting, he set the coffee aside and held a glass of brandy to her quivering lips.

"Please," he said gently, "control yourself. You must try to tell me where he was cutting, so that I can have a look around. And don't give up hope yet. After all, we do not know that he went back to the river."

Steadied by the fiery liquor, presently she spoke.

"Pete always took the Blackwell Hill, and where the road forks to Nicola turned back to Glenlogan. Just before the road turns into Cemetery Lane is the place they cut the ice; it is twenty-four inches deep there a'ready. Let me come with you?"

But the major refused.

"The snow is deep and heavily drifted, and you would only delay us. Stay here where you can telephone your home occasionally in case your husband returns. In that event, you will of course not wait. Otherwise, make yourself as comfortable as you can until we return. Look over the Christmas numbers, make yourself a cup of tea, and don't worry more than you can help. I won't be long. Are you coming with me, Clarke?"

"I'll say I am," responded that young man with cheerful alacrity.

"Then we're off. Good morning, Mrs. McTaggart."

But the woman was weeping again, and made no reply.

Out on the street, with the snow falling softly around them, Clarke Helmer shot a swift glance at his companion.

"Cheerio, laddie!" he said genially. "The real problem is why husbands come home at all."

"You don't understand," said the major desperately. "This man McTaggart was a voluntary witness at the inquest, and warned the Coroner that in giving the evidence he did he was exposing himself to considerable danger. I thought it rather far-fetched at the time, but the Coroner thought otherwise and ordered the evidence struck out of the newspaper report. And the day before yesterday I bleated out the whole story, like a silly sheep."

"Who did you tell?"

"Doctor Townsend."

"The devil! Why?"

"Oh! I made a discovery which rather persuaded me that I was a great detective, and being a silly ass instead, I thought to surprise him into an admission. But he was just as cunning and evasive as ever, and I got nothing out of him. We turn here."

The street which they now entered led straight to the Blackwell Hill, where unbroken by a single track the snow lay packed and drifted. Wordlessly they plodded upward, and at the top stopped for a moment's rest. Then on again, down an unfenced road which wound perilously above a river frozen hard as rock a hundred and fifty feet below.

The main thoroughfare which they were following clung hazardously to the stark mountain side, until half a mile on it merged itself with Cemetery Lane, but a subsidiary trail dropped to the level and ran parallel with the river, where continuing to the grounds of Calamity House it entered the lane, thereby avoiding the hill. This was the trail which Peter McTaggart had used daily, only, strangely enough, he had come and gone by the Blackwell Hill which made the distance greater by two miles each way.

With the white soft mantle flung over road and trail there was no sign that so late as yesterday anything had passed this way. But one had passed, and one had followed, for by the edge of the frozen river they found the truck of Peter McTaggart half buried in the snow.

The man had not commenced to load. Several blocks of ice lay on the bank. His tools, with the exception of the saw, lay close at hand.

Remembering the solitary shot which he had heard last evening, the major kicked the snow forlornly. Peter McTaggart was dead, and there was just one chance in a thousand that his body would ever be recovered.

Where Cemetery Lane enters the Highway, the major spoke.

"For three miles from here," he said, "the river parallels the road, and the railway parallels both. I think we had better take the rails, the snow is not quite so deep there, and the river is only a hundred yards distant."

"Why not follow the river itself? The ice must be two feet thick and blown reasonably free of snow."

"It might be better," agreed the major dubiously, "but we'll have to look sharp, the ice is honey-combed with air-holes, and in this light it's hard to see where one is going."

The snowflakes were infinitesimal now and over all the valley in the Selkirks the sun shone brilliantly. In this treacherous light, Clarke Helmer, well in the lead, walked almost into the rapids. An ominous crack warned him of his danger and he turned promptly, but the brittle ice gave way beneath him, and he stepped into eighteen inches of frigid water. The major pulled him out and ordered him back to town.

"If you don't start at once," he said, "your feet will freeze, and it will be the very devil. I'll stay and have a poke around, although I dare say I shall find nothing. If you decide to come back bring a pick, will you?"

"I'll be back all right, and I'll bring all the tools necessary. You'd better stick around, I've got a hunch we're going to find something."

As soon as he was gone, the major went to the river's edge and cut himself a stout pole. With this he sounded

[Continued on page 44]

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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 43

the rapids all the way across, and discovered to his satisfaction that at no place was the water more than two feet deep. He remembered, however, that fifty yards up the river there was a deep quiet pool which was popular with swimmers during the summer months, and his knowledge of currents warned him that it was quite possible for the body of Peter McTaggart to have entered and lodged in this pool. He wished he had asked Clarke to bring a grappling hook as well as a pick. Failing either he commenced to break off the brittle edge of the ice with his pole.

From the point where the young man had broken through the river deepened gradually, and after an hour's work he decided that he was standing over fully three feet of water. Rather discouraging this, since the depth of water was now more than sufficient to allow the body to float out into the stream. Impatiently he leaned over and thrust his pole as far as it would go beneath the ice, overbalanced, and splashed to his knees, just as Clarke Helmer on snowshoes rounded a bend in the river a hundred feet upstream.

The young man dropped his burdens on the ice and regarded the major severely.

"Something told me," he accused, "that you were going to fall into the river and need these."

From one of his capacious pockets he produced moccasins, from another woollen socks.

"Something seems to tell you everything," grinned the major gratefully, as he scrambled out of the river and gave his undivided attention to unlacing his wet boots.

Receiving no answer, he looked up. Clarke Helmer was in the act of moving his cap, and as the officer got to his feet, the body of Peter McTaggart, dislodged by the pole, glided headforemost from beneath the ice.

When the feet came into sight the two men were braced and ready. Both were strong, but it was all they could do to drag the body in its frozen and waterlogged clothing from the swift-running stream. When at last it lay before them on the ice, the American turned from the white face with its wide eyes staring.

"He didn't drown."

"No." The major untied the earlugs of the woolly cap. "Look! Shot through the head at close range from behind."

"Poor chap!" said the younger man miserably, "out in the cold alone making an honest living in the hardest way, and they couldn't let him live. Damn them! They couldn't let him live."

The Englishman set his lips tightly.

"Can we get the body home, do you think?"

"We might, if we can rig up a shutter. Perhaps we can use the snowshoes by tying them to a couple of poles. The lamp-wick is fairly strong, and there are the leather laces in your wet boots. Stay with the body while I scout around."

The major nodded without comment. He was conscious that the boy wanted to get away by himself for a minute, and respected him for the effort he was making to overcome his repugnance. Lots of the youngsters who had gone through the war were like that, reflected the major, waiting patiently beside the dead. After all, war was a man's game, and we had flung the boys into the trenches just

[Continued on page 62]

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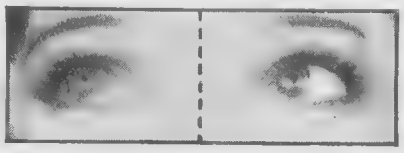

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To See Fair Play

Continued from page 20

but one could feel his thoughts riveted jealously on that pair.

More to break the tension than for any other reason I launched into a description of the silver car; Borrett became interested at once.

"Sound's just what I'm looking for —a cheap speed-box," he declared.

"I don't recommend her," I said and gave them a truthful account of my experience and Winkram's tale.

"Of all the rot I ever heard!" laughed Borrett. "The Vampire Car! I tell you what, I'll bet you an even fiver I'll drive her over seventy through traffic and don't even bag a dog."

"I won't take it," I returned promptly. "I don't want your death —by hanging—on my conscience."

Hugo spoke for the first time.

"I'll take you, Borrett."

The two men's eyes met across the table; Mrs. Hugo caught that look. She laughed nervously.

"Nonsense, Hugo! Teddie's only chaffing."

Neither paid the least attention.

"Ring up your man," Hugo said to me. "Get him to send the car round here."

"Don't encourage them, Mr. Ladbroke," Mrs. Hugo begged me, and there was fear in her eyes.

I hesitated.

"If you don't I will," said Hugo, and his wife gave the ghost of a shrug; her eyes wheeled to meet Borrett's, imploring him. Feeling acutely unhappy, I went to the telephone.

I suppose I expected Winkram to be grateful; instead he asked, reluctantly, "They couldn't come up here and see her?"

"Why?" I asked slightly irritated.

"To tell the truth, old boy, I'm afraid to take the dam' bus out in traffic," he confessed.

But since Mrs. Hugo definitely refused to go to Great Portland Street, in the end Winkram brought the car. He arrived looking rather pale.

"Narrow squeak," he explained to me. "Old fool getting out of a 'bus—never looked round. Missed him by inches."

He started to show Borrett the beauties of the Renee; Mrs. Hugo stood by me and I saw her eyes travel to that bent mudguard.

"She's a whizzer!" declared Borrett joyously. "Here, let me get in." He climbed up and took the wheel; Hugo, who had done himself well at lunch, grinned, as the two went down the street, turned and came back.

"What's her limit?" Borrett asked Winkram.

"I believe she's touched ninety-five on the Oxford Road."

"Good enough," said Hugo. "I don't want you to *earn* that fiver, Borrett, so we'll stick to over seventy in traffic."

"He hasn't fixed time or place, Teddie," cried Mrs. Hugo. "Make it midnight on the Brighton Road—there's traffic enough there."

"London—and now, was understood," said Hugo with a sneer.

Winkram had been staring at them open-eyed; now he said, "One moment —do you propose to let her out here—in London?"

They nodded.

"I can't allow it," Winkram declared. "You can do what you like on the track if you want to try her. But—I've got to think of the firm's car."

Mrs. Hugo shot a glance of triumph at her husband; he grinned again.

"What d'you want for her?" he snapped at Winkram.

"A hundred."

"I'll buy her. Write you a cheque at once." He turned on his heel and strode into the house.

Mrs. Hugo leaned over the side of the car and clutched at Borrett's arm.

"Don't do it, old thing," she begged in an undertone. "Let him have his fiver."

Borrett gave an odd, jerky laugh, but his jaw was set and his dark eyes smouldered dangerously.

"My dear girl, there's no danger," he said. "What's seventy, through the Park?"

Mrs. Hugo spun round on me.

"Mr. Ladbroke," she cried, "can't you stop them? It's such a silly bet. They might kill someone."

I said to Borrett, "You'd better call it off."

Winkram, outside the intricacies of the argument, examined his fingernails while he struggled with his conscience; his duty to his employer was obviously to take the cheque and be thankful, but Borrett was a decent fellow and Hugo—

He said suddenly, "I shouldn't play games with this car—it's a tricky model."

I do not think that either of them heard him, they were looking at one another. Hugo, returning with his cheque, broke the silence.

"Don't forget, Borrett, the bet's seventy *through traffic*."

"Don't! Don't!" Mrs. Hugo urged Borrett under her breath. I had always known that Hugo was jealous of his wife, it was hardly to be wondered at, but the look in his eyes then was sheer insanity. In that single instant I could guess what her six married years had been to Mrs. Hugo.

"Going to funk it?" he demanded.

Borrett laughed.

"D'you want to come and umpire, or will you take my word for it?" he returned.

Hugo said, barbing each thrust for his wife's ears, "One life's enough, I'll have to take your word."

A thin white line sprang out round Borrett's nostrils but he still smiled.

Mrs. Hugo's blue eyes blazed suddenly.

"I'll come and see fair play," she said. "I'll come with you, Teddie."

Even Winkram, most carefully refolding the cheque in his hand, must have felt the meaning behind those last words.

Hugo grew purple and started forward.

"You can't do that!" he cried. "Borrett can't take risks with a woman in the car!"

"Then he'll lose his bet," said Mrs. Hugo calmly. "Teddie, will you take me and risk losing?"

She smiled at him as she spoke, and that smile promised much more than a drive in a car; if I had been Borrett I would have lost all the bets in the world to make Mrs. Hugo smile at me like that. By way of answer he swung the door open for her and she slid in beside him; Hugo's eyes were bloodshot, there was a fleck of foam on the edge of his lips.

"Where — are you going?" he gasped, and he clutched at the door.

"Round the Park once and back," said Mrs. Hugo promptly and she pushed his hand back as the big silver car leaped forward.

"I hope to Heaven he doesn't try to touch seventy—in traffic," said Winkram devoutly. He nodded goodbye to me; his nod to Hugo was purely formal.

Now leaving out all fancy speeds, the run from Eaton Place round the Park does not take forty minutes; Hugo Spencer went back with me into the dining-room and poured out

[Continued on page 46]

The quarter saved on every tube of Colgate's means six francs to me in Paris

"I'M willing to pay what I have to for the best—but not one cent more. So—since I like the taste of Colgate's—since it cleans my teeth—since my dentist says there just isn't anything better—and since it costs me only a quarter—I'm using Colgate's, instead of some fifty-cent toothpaste with a lot of fancy claims. Father says, the way to judge value is by what you get —not by what you are promised. That's been his rule all through his business life. And that, I suppose, is why he can afford to send me to Europe."

25¢

MADE IN CANADA

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

Insomnia

"Insomnia does not kill its man unless he kills himself—sleeplessness is the most common cause of suicide. It kills the joy of living, it saps his strength, it sucks the blood from his brain and from his heart like a vampire." So writes a famous nerve specialist.

Sleeplessness can best be relieved by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food which soothes and restores the tired nerves and removes the cause of sleeplessness, headaches, indigestion and other symptoms of exhausted nerves. Under this restorative treatment discouragement and depressed feelings give way to new hope and confidence.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Restores tired, sleepless nerves

Poor lighting in the cellar usually means untidiness, waste of space and accidents. 100 watt inside frosted lamps give the right light and cost less than 1/2¢ per hour to operate.

LACO MAZDA LAMPS

To See Fair Play

Continued from page 45

for himself four fingers of dark gold brandy, gulping the stuff down. He went to the window six times in a quarter of an hour, and I began to feel sorry for the poor wretch.

At the end of half an hour he poured out another large drink and I saw him look hard at the telephone.

"Ought to be coming now," he growled.

I had used up every subject of conversation which I could think of, and had faced two hideous periods of silence; it seemed better to get Hugo away from the decanter.

"Come out and see," I suggested.

We adjourned to the pavement, and the minutes went by like a funeral procession. Only loyalty to Mrs. Hugo kept me from signalling a taxi.

I do not know how those two spent their forty minutes, I only know that they showed suddenly at the end of the long street towards the Park, a blur of silver; I heard Hugo gasp in his relief. But before the car could reach us their intention became clear. Borrett was doing seventy—or more—and he was not slowing down: in one second of perception I knew that the two in the car meant to pass Hugo's door—and go. As my head swung round to Hugo I knew that he knew it, too.

He gave a roar—there is no other word for it—and jumped the width of the pavement, landing in the roadway as the silver car came on; the thing was printed on my brain as the snick of the camera registers the picture. Mad as he was, Hugo had left them room; even at the pace, Borrett had a clear road. It was Mrs. Hugo who lost her nerve.

I saw the flash as her hand went out, saw the big car swerve and heard the noise with my eyes shut. When I forced them open the silver car had stopped, half on the pavement and those two, white-faced, were clambering out—Hugo—or what had been Hugo, was in the road.

The coroner's jury acquitted Borrett of blame — on my evidence, though they strongly condemned such dangerous bets. Winkram was there to show that the dead man had insisted on his terms being carried out.

Mrs. Hugo is going to marry Teddie Borrett, but they are not taking the Renee Voudoir on their honeymoon—it has been broken up by Mrs. Hugo's orders.

But sometimes I ask myself whether the Renee was to blame.

Did Mrs. Hugo make that sudden clutch at the wheel in fear?

Doctors tell us that women's brains are geared up higher than a man's—I wonder!

Beauty Dwells in a Frame of Mind

Continued from page 24

of air your voice gains color and richness. The voice of the shallow breather invariably is shallow, thin and squeaky. It lacks personality. The person who breathes lazily invariably has a lazy, drawling voice. You will never talk better than you breathe.

The wireless announcer, whose stock-in-trade is his voice, knows the value of deep breathing. Go into any broadcasting studio and see the announcer before he broadcasts, one eye on the clock. The back of his coat is rising and falling. He is tuning up his instrument.

The psycho-analyst says it is quite possible to control your mood by your breathing. If you have a trying ordeal to face, deep breathing will help you meet it. Next time you have to make an impromptu speech, or ask for a raise, or tell the cook there'll be seven for dinner instead of four, take a deep breath. It will give you courage.

How does the actor fortify himself against stage fright? By deep breathing. Even seasoned actresses declare they could never face a first-night audience without screwing up their courage by a few deep breaths.

There is a school of acting the essence of whose acting is, "Breathe yourself into the part." To portray a quick, neurasthenic rôle, the student is told to take shallow, jerky breaths; for a calm rôle, long rhythmic breathing; for the energised, full-blooded one, full-lunged, hearty breathing.

To whatever specialist you turn, and whatever the thing he or she promises to give you, breath is the great panacea.

And as we have said: Beauty dwells in a frame of mind. Pretend that you are a beautifully calm, well-poised woman with every part of your body in exquisite control, and perhaps you may wake up some fine day to find that you are becoming like that.

Chérie

By Vera V. Robertson

"Chérie is a sorceress," I have cried against my will,
Even though she's left the room I can feel her magic still,
There's a kiss upon my cheek yet a little damp I see,
And I gently rub my chin for some ringlets tickled me.

"Chérie is a sorceress," I will have to cry again,
With her eyes she got from me what her wee hands would attain,
Such a wizard that she is if no bigger than an elf,
And the worst of it she knows of the powers within herself!

"Chérie is a sorceress," I will have to cry once more,
Though I am a little tired see me follow through the door,
Watch me climb the nursery stairs just to satisfy her whim,
And to hear her say to me "Daddy, tuck your Chérie in."

Gracious Age

By Constance Travers Sweatman

Now green gives way to russet and to gold,
Sweet stored-up summer sunshine is ablaze,
Most graciously the leaves are growing old
All warm and mellow through November haze,
All exquisite and radiant in their going,
Happy that spring sap will soon be flowing,
No mawkish grief at summer's going, here
In splendid beauty flames the dying year.

The Adventurous Heart

Continued from page 19

Downward these midnight forms of evil dipped
To feast upon the wounded and the dead.
Loathsome as lepers' kisses, carrion-lipped
They bit the quivering throat or gnawed the head—
Part wolf, part bat, part living corpse that fed.
Closer they drew to where Achilles lay.
One seized the lad whose back so foully bled
And gorged upon his life, nor turned away
In pity for the anguished moaning of her prey.

Achilles stayed no longer at that sight,
But leaped upon his feet and seized his sword.
Swiftly the hellish creature turned to fight;
And though her naked breasts and hands abhorr'd
Were sticky with fresh blood and gouts were scored
Across her livid cheeks, he recognized
The very War-maid he had once adored,
The radiant Valkyrie, but disguised
And to these horrid attributes diabolized.

"Brunhild!" he cried. She answered with a hiss;
Then towered like a cobra, poised to strike.
And had the startled warrior been remiss,
She would have seized him as a hungry shrike
Clutches a careless sparrow on a dike;
But as she swooped, he thrust his glittering blade
To spit her like a wild sow on a pike.
Yet, though she staggered back, he saw dismayed
His weapon, stained by her black ichor, melt and fade.

He cast its hilt away, and with his hands
Gripped at her gullet till the fingers cracked.
Her claws and teeth made ravenous demands
On him in turn, but neither could exact
Supremacy in strife, though sorely racked.
Then, in the east, the heavens paled to grey;
Up rose the ghoulish flock from that grim tract;
And as her comrades fled the coming day,
She struggled from him with a shriek and flew away.

Peace, with that dawn, came once again to man.
In far, tumultuous cities rose a sound
Of fevered exultation; courtesan
With priest and merchant gaily beat the ground
In public dance; and generals renowned,
Who never suffered battle, shouted loud
In ardent joy at fame so aptly found.
Non-combatants by millions, fiercely proud,
Waxed fat and damned the vanquished in a frenzied crowd.

But in the silent fields of former war
Mute butterflies poised gently on old skulls;
And where a muddy chaos lay before,
Soft spring laid that green carpet that annuls
The wounds of strife with grassy miracles;
And poppies, brighter for the blood once shed,
Bloomed up the hillside in the noon-day lulls
Of unforgetful summer, flaming red
In their unquiet watch above the dreamless head.

But he who strove with vampires swore an oath
That he would purge the earth of fiends like these.
Yet, though his burning soul was nothing loth,
He knew not where they lodged, nor how to seize
Their weapon-proof invincibilities
And slay them for all time. In zeal to know,
He sought a hermit Sage with courteous pleas:
"Help me, I pray, to find and overthrow
The ghouls who prey on man in battle here below!"

"Thou wouldst embrace life's best and hardest part,"
Replied the ancient man. "For only such
As God has blest with brain and steadfast heart
Dare track these hateful fiends whose fingers smutch
The whole of human life with fatal touch.
They lurk in highest places; power defends
And principalities avail them much.
Yea, thou shalt see thyself and thy brave ends
Despised of men, rejected by thy kin and friends.

"Yet could the spirit of adventure find
No higher task, no nobler work to face.
Seek, and though natural eyes at times are blind
To their dark lurking essence, do but trace
The symbol of the Cross in every place
Where thou dost come, and boldly cry to men:
AN PRO SALUTE MUNDI ISTAE RES?
For at that charm, the grisly denizen
Will be revealed, defenceless, to your angry ken.

"Then, since no steel can harm them, drive a stake
Of oak through each foul heart, and they shall die.
Come, I go gladly with thee for the sake
Of unborn generations who rely
Upon this deed for life and destiny.
Quite to forget the horrors of old war
That blasted countless homes, would be to lie
Against our very souls. Come, conqueror
Of unforgotten fights and win one conflict more!"

They sought a church, and heard a fiery priest
Applaud the wars of David, whom God loved,
And Samuel, who butchered man and beast,
And Agag and all babes, though Saul was moved
To soft compassion. But the priest approved,
And urged that for the faithful and devout,
Stern hatred towards all heretics behooved.
Achilles crossed himself in anxious doubt:
AN PRO SALUTE MUNDI rang his clarion shout.

Before the words of that bold exorcism,
The stately service vanished like a spell.
Instead of nave and chancel, font and chrism,
They saw an ivy-mantled funeral cell,
A mouldering coffin, and a form of hell
That lay within, as bloated as a leech
New-gorged on blood, and heavy with the smell
Of corpse-fat. Then Achilles made a breach
With oak through its dark heart. It died with mandrake-screech.

With mallet and sharp stakes, the pair passed on.
They found a women's club and heard proud chat
How heroes were in fashion. Each anon
Must have a hero-spouse to match her hat.
Here lurked a vampire like a saucy rat.
That slain, Achilles turned to statesmen's rooms
And heard the gunsmith and the diplomat
Plotting to send whole nations to their dooms
For private fame and profit. Here lay vampire tombs.

Achilles and the Sage then sought the halls
Of education, where the sword was praised
And stirring battle-pictures filled the walls
And myths of alien wrongs were daily raised
In lessons falsely taught. Not less amazed
Were they to see processions in the street
Of costumed lodges, dull fanatics crazed
With memories of old feuds that kept their heat.
Cold vampire-souls were marching with the marching feet.

Unceasing vigilance and zeal were theirs,
But still Achilles' task was not achieved
In its completeness. To a thousand lairs
He traced the ghouls and with his oak-staves cleaved
The hearts that plotted death. Mankind received
Unmeasured good. But nothing could abate
The zest of that stout soul who only grieved
In finding life too short to extirpate
The last illachrymable form of human hate.

"Yet grieve not," said the Sage. "The true man's joy
Is found in earnest action day by day.
Happy is he who lives, an eager boy,
With life the Great Adventure all the way.
If reason guide his quests and mercy sway
His ardent spirit, all his jousting fight
Shall lift up Life itself, as brave and gay
As one who seeks, with all his reckless might,
The last unconquered ice-peak in the glittering height."

As a beverage.. INVIGORATING!
For soups, stews, gravies..
FLAVOURFUL!
As a general cooking aid..
INDISPENSABLE!

BECAUSE.. IT SUPPLIES THAT ENGLISH BEEF FLAVOUR!

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We are repeating, for a limited time only, the offer of a British-made, 13" aluminum cooking spoon for the return of only 30 Oxo Cube Red Wrappers. Oxo Limited, St. Peter St., Montreal

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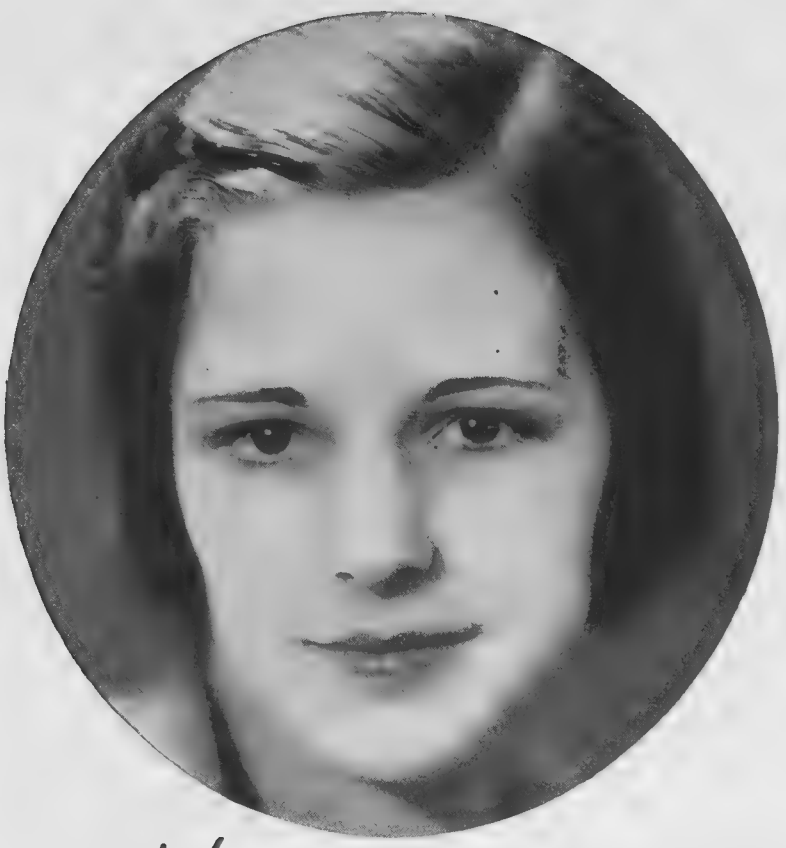


99 *out of* 100 *have* "DIRTY FACE"

Think of it! Only one face in a hundred as lovely as nature intended it should be. Only one skin in a hundred is really clean. And that skin is the one which stays young. Entrancing. Winning in its beauty.

Avoid 'Dirty Face' with Daggett & Ramsdell's two creams. Every store carries them. They are made of the finest ingredients that money can buy. And they don't cost a fortune, either. Just a few cents a day to keep your skin naturally smooth, soft and fresh. Surely a youthful skin is worth that, isn't it?

● EVERY NIGHT use Perfect Cold Cream liberally to get rid of below-the-surface dirt. This marvelous cream provides the essentials every skin must have—lubrication, moisture, protection. Three groups of special ingredients supply them, all balanced properly of course. Famous for more than 40 years.

● DURING THE DAY whenever your skin needs freshening, cleanse it quickly with the new Perfect Cleansing Cream (liquefying). Melts instantly upon application, its fine oils cleanse in half the usual time.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

BUY A CANARY FOR YOUR HOME

With his song of cheer—from a throat so small.
A message a bird sends out to all
Is "try to be happy"—a thing we all need,
So give him your help—by use of "Brock's" seed.

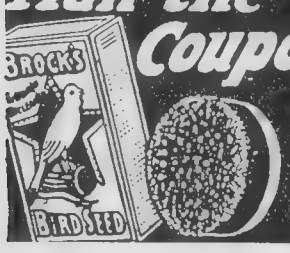
Plan now to buy a canary for your home—or as a gift to someone. You will be well repaid by the money you invest in a canary. Daily he will cheer you in tuneful song and gay companionship. But when Dick is trilling merrily from his cage make sure you feed him the best feed.

Brock's Bird Seed is prepared from selected seed gathered from the four corners of the earth, and correctly blended to give your bird the diet he should have to keep him in good health and song.

Mail the coupon for a generous free sample of Brock's Bird Seed and a sample of Brock's Bird Treat—a wonderful bird tonic that every canary needs.

BROCK'S BIRD SEED and BIRD TREAT

Mail the Coupon



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Free Sample Coupon

NICHOLSON & BROCK, LIMITED,
125 George Street, Toronto 2
Dear Sirs Please send me FREE, as advertised, a sample package of Brock's Bird Seed, enough for one week, and a sample of Brock's Bird Treat

Name.....
Address.....
31

EUROPA AND THE BEARS

Continued from page 9

But it never was carried out. When I picked up my newspaper the next morning, the first thing I saw was the headline—SUICIDE OF FINANCIER—and the financier was none other than Windelberg himself. The bare facts were that he had started off from Croydon in his private aeroplane to fly to Berlin by night, and that the pilot had landed in the early morning at Ostend—distraught and alone. His story was that Windelberg had deliberately jumped out in mid-air over the Channel.

As it happened there had been disquieting rumors about Europas for some time past. And the pilot's story was accepted. Particularly in the City. Europas were falling, falling, falling. Indeed the next few days were so busy with the issue of circulars, to stop the landslide, saying that all Windelberg's companies were in the best of financial health, that I hardly had a moment left in which to consider the personal side of the tragedy. I did try and get in touch with Angela, who was on a holiday in Normandy, but I failed.

In the meantime my nights were sleepless. I was worried on account of two things. One was that this bear-attack on Europas was, as far as I could see, utterly unfounded; and the other was that I disliked Rayner, the pilot. Windelberg's aeroplane was not one of these luxury machines with silver fittings, (he always said that a closed aeroplane made him sick), it was a simple, open two-seater, very like a Bristol Fighter, with the pilot in front and the passenger some way behind. Their positions precluded any possibility of foul play in the air. Nevertheless, I had known Rayner in the war and I had never liked him nor trusted him.

He was a born climber. When we were in a training squadron together, he always used to have his forced landings in the grounds of the most imposing country houses. And once he had obtained a foothold by an introduction, he never let it go. Of course I may have been prejudiced.

During the war I was his commanding officer, while in Europas he had a privileged position, above me, and let me know it. Still, somebody was now making a fortune by selling Europas—and supposing that somebody was in league with Rayner!

Moreover, there was that story now forgotten, which I had heard about Rayner during the war—how he had been flying through a cloud on a bumpy day, and when he came out of the cloud, his observer had disappeared. It was curious that a thing like that should happen to a man twice! Wasn't it possible that the first accident might have given him the idea for the second?

In the meantime Europas were falling, falling, falling. In a way I was glad that Windelberg wasn't there to see them go. It would have broken his heart . . . Ought I to go to the police, I wondered? Would they listen to mere theories like mine? I didn't know. I couldn't make up my mind. Then at last I received a telegram from Angela in Sussex.

"Come at once," it said.

I did.

THE door was opened by Angela herself when I arrived at the cottage. She lifted up her face for me to kiss her, which she only did on special occasions, then she said:

"You know, Daddy's very upset about all this."

Upset! I stared at her. Surely, I thought, the poor darling hasn't taken to spiritualism, has she?

"Yes," she continued, "he's very cross about it indeed."

I then followed her dumbly into the sitting-room, and there was her father, in the flesh and a fuming rage, pacing up and down the room, as he addressed one of his lean and hungry satellites.

"How dare they do it?" he was shouting. "How dare they do it? I'll teach them. I'll give them a lesson. I'll do them in. My Europas! Even if I were dead, how dare they say this about my Europas? Blast them!—and I'm not even allowed to come alive again."

He stopped to calm himself down, and then went on:

"You've got to do it, Madrini," he continued. "Buy 'em up. Catch 'em. Squeeze 'em. These dirty dogs of bears! We'll show them what Europas are worth. We'll find out if Rayner's in it."

Then he turned to me:

"You must stop here. I'll want you later."

There was nothing to be done with him in that mood. So while he was issuing orders to Madrini, I took Angela out amongst the delphiniums and begged her to explain.

"You remember Hermann?" she began.

I nodded. He was the fat confidential clerk.

"Well, you see, it was like this," she went on. "Daddy found that Hermann had been cooking the accounts—and Daddy doesn't stand for that kind of thing. However, poor Hermann had worked for him for dozens of years, so he gave him a chance."

"You mean he sent him off in the machine instead of going himself?"

"Well, he didn't send him actually. He told him if he chose to steal his flying suit and his passport, and make a bunk and risk it, then he'd say nothing more about it, if he got away. Poor old Hermann! That's what he did, you see."

"And Rayner didn't spot it?"

"Apparently not. He always waits in the machine with the engine running, so when a man got in after showing his passport and all that, he naturally thought it was Daddy."

"I see . . . And d'you think Hermann did jump out?"

"That's what we are going to find out."

"But how?" I asked after a pause.

"Oh, Daddy's got a plan. You see, it's very awkward for Daddy, especially as they have never found the body. The Government think that he fixed the whole thing with Rayner on purpose, and they won't even let him come alive again yet, because it would upset the market or something. That's what comes of being so important. They've decided to keep him dead for the time being."

"I see. And what about you? Didn't you get a terrible shock?"

"Oh, no. Daddy came here very late that night, so I knew he was safe."

"But I thought you were away in Normandy!"

"So I was, but he wired me to come home the day before."

"The day before!"

"Yes."

That puzzled me a little. However, I changed the subject.

"Well, what does he want me for?"

"He doesn't. (This with a strong trace of her father's cherubic innocence). "I did though—I wanted someone to talk to."

"Oh!"

"And that isn't the proper reply at all." [Continued on page 49]

EUROPA AND THE BEARS

Continued from page 48

"Well, it's all so . . ."

"You do still love me, don't you, darling?"

It was just like Angela to need to be told I loved her at a moment like this. Really an exasperating girl.

However, of course I said I did.

* * *

WHATEVER suspicions I still had about Windelberg's part in this strange affair, I couldn't help being intensely amused at his behavior during the next few days. He did not seem to mind in the least that someone had presumably tried to murder him. But that anyone should dare to slander his precious Europas—that was what roused him. He was just a fat schoolboy in a towering rage.

Still, it was all very odd. Why had he sent a telegram to Angela the day before? Surely that meant that he knew that there was some plot against him, and if that was so, then it looked as though he had deliberately and cold-bloodedly sent Hermann off to his death. No doubt embezzlers were better dead, but all the same it wasn't a pleasant thought.

Again, I couldn't help noticing that the practical result of the whole business was that Windelberg was now buying up his own shares at a tenth of their proper price. He had waited until the bears had knocked the price to blazes before he delivered his counter-attack and informed the Government that he was very much alive. Now he was squeezing them tighter and tighter and tighter. How far the Government acquiesced in this I don't know, nor do I know how they succeeded in muzzling the press until the psychological moment. I think they suspected some international plot, not only against Europas, but against the pound as well: for the pound had begun to slide when Europas fell. In any case, the Government gave him a free hand, as they always do when they come up against someone who knows his own mind and means business. They were only interested in votes and appearances; Windelberg was interested in something else.

Meanwhile the bears were being rounded up, and it was discovered that Rayner was one of them. It was Windelberg himself who suggested the trick that was to make them give themselves away, and at the same time clear himself of any suspicion of duplicity. The four of them, including Rayner, were invited to a certain office in the City, ostensibly to discuss terms with their creditors. Meanwhile Windelberg was spirited up to town and kept in the next room while the four unsuspecting visitors were being received.

There were two Russians, a German, and Rayner: and a nasty looking lot they were! As soon as they came into the room, and before anything was said, the door opposite was flung open, and Windelberg casually came in and took the vacant seat at the table between two detectives. The surprise was really beautifully staged. As an apparition the ghost of Banquo was nothing to the solid living body of Windelberg. The four men were simply staggered. Their faces established, once and for all, the fact that they thought and intended the financier to be dead. The two Russians were actually gibbering with fright.

Meanwhile Windelberg beamed at them over his spectacles.

"Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

The German made a strangled noise in his throat, and Windelberg, still beaming, turned to Rayner.

"And Captain Rayner! Can I do anything for you?"

It was the color of Rayner's face that struck me. I have never seen such a ghastly green, except on the face of a three-day-old corpse. In every other way he kept his head. His voice, his nerves, everything was under control. It was only that ghastly color that gave him away.

But you can't convict a man on the color of his face, as we very soon discovered. When the two detectives started in to question him, he stuck to his guns and defeated them. Whoever it was in the aeroplane, did jump out, he said, and of course he was only too relieved to find it wasn't Mr. Windelberg. As for his selling Europas, he naturally thought that something was wrong, and sold what shares he had. Then he had lost his head and started to sell short . . . Never seen these other three men . . . Had nothing to do with them . . . The detectives couldn't shake him at all.

In the end it was a drawn battle and the four men were dismissed. Rayner walked out behind the others, his face still that terrible color. I wondered whether it would be like that for the rest of his life.

When they had gone, Windelberg turned to the detective on his right.

"Well?"

The detective drew a deep breath.

"I am convinced of two things, Mr. Windelberg," he said. "One is that you had nothing to do with it, and the other is that the man Rayner had a great deal. On the other hand," he added wistfully, "I'm afraid we shall never get the evidence to catch him."

* * *

THE detective was right. One of the Russians committed suicide. Rayner and the others disappeared, and in a year the whole thing was forgotten. Windelberg was still beaming over his spectacles, and Europas were booming.

In a year also, Angela, in some absent-minded moment, suddenly decided to marry me. Windelberg gave me a quarter share in my own invention as a wedding present, and we spent our honeymoon, amongst other places, at Munich. There one evening, while Angela was visiting the convent where she had been brought up, I went off to the Hofbrauhaus to drink some beer.

After filling my tankard, I sat down at one of the wooden tables opposite a typical fat German who had no less than eight empty tankards in front of him. I was wondering how on earth he did it, when something in his appearance attracted my attention. Except for his stone white hair, he was the living image of Hermann. And my suspicions were further aroused when, after one quick glance at me, he firmly buried his head behind the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

I decided to try it on. Leaning forward, I whispered:

"I've got a message from Windelberg."

There was just one flicker of fear, as he peered round the *Tageblatt*, then he said:

"Vat is it?"

His English had deteriorated since I last saw him. However, it was Hermann. I moved round beside him.

"He only wants to know how you are getting on."

For answer he brought down his tankard with a clump on the table,

[Continued on page 51]

If

children could be raised "under glass"

Colds would be almost unknown

BUT children cannot be raised like hot house blooms. Outdoor play is essential to the building of strong, healthy bodies. With this exposure to changing weather, some colds are bound to come—and of course they must be treated promptly, before complications set in.

"Dosing" is Risky

Yet, it is risky to "dose" these colds. Too much internal medicine upsets children's digestions, lowers their precious vitality and invites more colds and other ills. Millions of mothers now solve the problem with Vicks VapoRub—the modern external way of treating colds, coughs and sore-throat.

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Just rubbed on throat and chest, Vicks acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster, drawing out the soreness and tightness; at the same time, its medicated vapors, released by the body heat, are breathed in direct to the irritated air-passages. Of course, being applied externally, Vicks cannot disturb the digestion and may be used freely and often, even on the youngest child.

Equally Good For Adults

Adults have found by actual use that Vicks is just as effective for their colds, too. This better method of treating colds externally is in keeping with the trend of medical practice which is steadily getting away from needless "dosing".

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Helpless With Rheumatism

At one time she thought she would lose the use of her right hand. But "a blessing" —in the form of Kruschen Salts—put her right again.

"I was sure in a bad state," she writes, "In fact, I could not do my housework, I was so bad with rheumatism in my arms and hands. I could not sleep at nights, and had to get up and heat water to ease my pain and numbness. I took all kinds of medicines. I rubbed it and plastered it—but it was still there. I thought I would lose the use of my right hand. I could not hold anything, nor could I sew a button on. My arm would go dead. I was advised to try Kruschen, and inside of three weeks I found such a change. I have kept on taking it, and am so thankful for the blessings I have received in Kruschen. Now I sleep all night —thanks to Kruschen's help and relief."—(Mrs.) J. H.

The six salts in Kruschen stimulate the liver and kidneys to healthy, regular action; assist them to get rid of the excess uric acid which is the cause of all rheumatic suffering. When poisonous uric acid goes—with its deposits of needle-pointed crystals—there's no doubt about those aches and pains going too!

"A correspondence course?

—YES and be sure it's I. C. S."

"I'M GLAD you asked that question, Tom. A man, to get ahead, these days, needs special training; the only *time* to get this is after business hours; the only *way* to do it is by a home-study course.

"But don't start if you haven't the determination to go through with it. *Spare-time study is not a business for weaklings.* It takes courage—and work! But remember this, completion of a course will pay dividends the rest of your life!

"But, don't take chances. Once I faced the problem you now face—and I enrolled with International Correspondence Schools. I recommend I.C.S. to you!"

Every day thoughtful employers recommend I.C.S. training to ambitious employees. They have not forgotten what spare-time study did in shaping their careers. When you mail this coupon you follow in the path they have blazed. Why not do it—today!

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Department 1604 , Montreal, Canada

Without cost or obligation, please send me full information about the subject before which I have marked "X" on the list below:

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☐Machine Shop Practice	☐Welding, Gas & Electric
☐Telephone Work	☐Steam Engineer
☐Telegraph Engineer	☐Radio
☐Motorbus Transportn.	☐Aviation Engines
☐Gas Engine Operation	☐Architecture
☐Concrete Builder	☐Contractor and Builder
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Gift Might-Have-Beens

By Isabel Turnbull Dingman

THE Darn It Bag hangs in the back of my clothes closet. Every year, towards the end of November, I take it out and look through the contents, hoping that something there will strike me as a suitable Christmas present for one of my friends. It's not that I make a practice of sending out articles which need mending—not yet, anyhow! But everything in the bag is a hangover from previous Christmases, and was put there with a fervent "Darn it! Why couldn't they have sent something else?"

Though I don't celebrate birthdays any more, I have never outgrown the thrill of opening gift packages. There are so many things I like and want and need which I can't get for myself, and there is always the possibility that the dainty tissue-wrapped, tinsel-decked parcel may contain just the object I've set my heart on. Sometimes it does — many of my friends have imagination and insight. But sometimes it doesn't, and instead I look down on silk stockings which are the wrong size, scarves in colors I never wear, or utterly useless things which I don't even like, such as pyjama bags . . .

Last Christmas I got four of these gadgets. Think of it—four! In the first place, I have never yet had four pairs of pyjamas at one time. And if I had, I wouldn't put them in bags. But there I was, saddled with a quartette of the creatures. They were pretty enough, and they did look nice perched perkily on a fussed-up bed. But I already had plenty of boudoir cushions, so the whole four went into the Darn It Bag with a prayer that they would still be in style when next Christmas came around.

Duplication like that was just sheer bad luck, and I couldn't really blame those who were responsible. But it was pretty dumb of Geraldine to send me silk stockings size 8½. I'm no Cinderella, and 10's aren't a bit too big. Shouldn't she have realized that 5 feet 8 and 5 feet 2 don't wear the same size? As she doesn't live in my town I couldn't even change the stockings, so they had to go into the Darn It Bag while I mended runs in my old hosiery.

Then there was the bed jacket, a delightful creation of fluffy pink and blue wool with satin bows. I liked looking at it, but of what use would it be? I never have breakfast in bed—it's my job to get toast and coffee ready for other people—but even if it wasn't, I hate the feel of crumbs between the sheets. And I'm never sick. So the frivolous nightingale went into the bag, and now I'm casting around for a delicate or lazy friend who might really enjoy it.

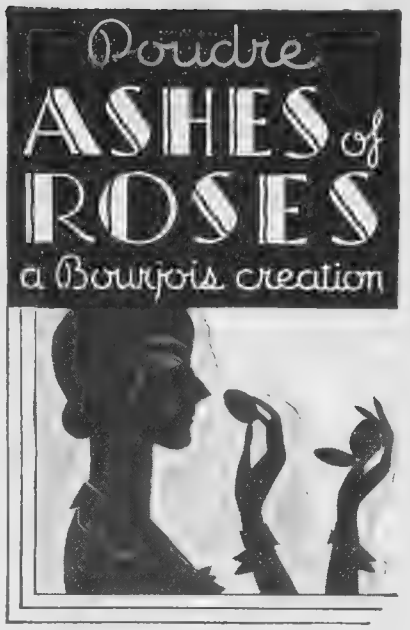
Then there were the bloomers. A delectable shade of rose, but so tiny they couldn't have fitted anyone bigger than a child of eight. I've always wondered if some little girl got a pair that hung down to her ankles, which should have gone to me? Certainly some little girl is going to get mine this year.

And I mustn't forget the beautiful blue apron. It was very cleverly cut, and adorned with some effective applique work. But blue is one color which I simply cannot wear. It makes me look like one of the "before taking" pictures in the ads. Alice should have remembered she had never seen me in that shade. Had it been rose, yellow, or peach the apron would have given me a great deal of pleasure, at no greater cost to her in time or money. But it too went into the yawning depths of the Darn It Bag. So did an egg cosy—after I spent two weeks finding out what the queer little thing was!

At least I know I'm not alone in receiving misfit gifts. One of the commonest blunders is to send unsuitable books, which in most cases the giver has not read. There was the young minister's fiancée who received from him a copy of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." She considered it a very naughty story, and was about to break the engagement when he explained that he hadn't read it, but had bought it in a hurry because he thought the title had a poetic and Biblical sound! Similarly, last Christmas a young woman I know bought a copy of "Juan in America" as a gift for the husband of a friend who was away for the winter. When she read it herself a few weeks later she nearly passed out from embarrassment, feeling sure the man thought she was trying to put daring ideas into his head. A girl who was pining for Aldous Huxley's latest bit of sophistication was quite disappointed to receive volumes by Ralph Connor and Nellie McClung, while I saw a man register delight over a new copy of Zane Grey but look very bored when Aunt Emma's parcel turned out to be a padded leather volume of Tennyson.

However, the saddest part of the whole misfit situation is that the senders of unwelcome gifts never know they have erred, and probably go on year after year making the same kind of mistakes. Should they not be told? For instance, instead of writing to Irene "The bloomers were such a pretty color," I should have said "You meant well, but what was the idea sending me Tom Thumb undies?" She would then have been more careful next time . . . that is, if there ever was a next time for sending me anything. Instead of saying "The stockings were just lovely," I should have remarked "It's a good hunch to send me stockings, but why not pick a pair I can get my feet into?" Instead of telling Alice "The apron was a work of art," I should have said "That was an elegant apron for somebody else—it makes me look like something the tide washed up." But nobody writes notes like that, and the annual

[Continued on page 51]



TO be envied for the fair freshness of your skin . . . loveliness that is without a hint of artificiality.. Bourjois of Paris has created for your type the most exquisite of all face powders . . . Ashes of Roses. It is the charm of alluring femininity.

Ashes of Roses Perfume
New Trial Size 50c
Face Powder $1.25
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Soap, two cakes in box, $1.00

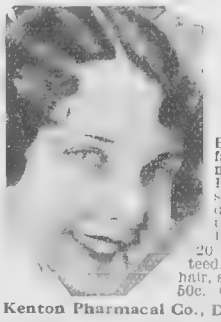
"Splitting" Headaches

Until she learned *why* she was always miserable—and found out about **NR** Tablets (Nature's Remedy). Now she gets along fine with everybody. This safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative brought quick relief and quiet nerves because it cleared her system of poisonous wastes—made bowel action easy and regular. Thousands take **NR** daily. It's such a sure, pleasant corrective. Mild, non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. At your druggist's—25c.

Made in Canada

FREE! Beautiful 1933 Calendar-Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to The Lewis Medicine Co. Desk 91-D 67 Crawford Avenue Windsor, Ontario

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT



"Tint GRAY HAIR"

Bring back to unsightly gray, faded or bleached hair its natural color and beauty. Instantly, easily impart any shade from lightest blond to deepest black. Just comb that safe, sure Brownatone. Used by thousands for over 20 years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Absolutely harmless to hair, scalp or skin. At all dealers, 50c. Or send 10c. for trial bottle.

Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. O-42, Windsor, Ont.

BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

EUROPA AND THE BEARS

Continued from page 49

and a serving girl immediately appeared from nowhere with a fresh bunch of four full ones. One of these he offered to me.

"Hoch!" He lifted his tankard. "As you see, I am getting on very gut. I always vanted to end my days in München."

"You're looking just the same," I continued, "except for your white hair."

He paused with the tankard in mid air.

"My vite hair! You do not know how I get him?"

I shook my head.

"So! Then I vill tell you. I vill tell you because I remember you are the vun who never spoke."

A pause, while the whole contents of the tankard were poured down his throat. Then he proceeded:

"You heard there vas a little trouble about money?" he went on, "vell, it vas true. I vas so tired of London, and the beer vas so bad . . . And you heard how Windelberg let me off?"

I nodded.

"Ach, I vas so frightened," he continued, "I did not like to fly, and then if I vas caught! However, once I have on the flying suit with the big fur collar, and a cigar in the mouth, I am all right. How they bow, the customs officials! How they make it easy! I enjoy that."

A long pull at the second tankard, and he proceeded:

"So off I go with the charming Captain Rayner. Flying is not so bad, I begin to think. It is bretty with the dark sky overhead and the dark sea beneath, and I think I am on de velvet. I am on velvet. All is good. I am free . . . I look around, and I think of the future: of München, good beer, the frauleins! Then suddenly the floor come up and as it were hit me. Zoop—and we are upside down. It isn't so good to be upside down, and the belt is slipping. There is somesing wrong with the belt—it does not hold. I shout. I scream. And all I see is the white teeth of Captain Rayner as he vatches me in the darkness. For a moment I hold on, but I am slipping, slipping, and—phut!—I am gone! I just see the machine turn back over, and hear the engine roar, as I fall in the blackness . . . Now can you wonder that my hair is vite!"

The sweat was gleaming on his forehead at the mere memory of it, and it required the rest of the tankard to compose him.

"And then?" I asked.

"And zen! Vy, I just fall! I fall and I fall. Like Lucifer I fall. But suddenly there is a jerk, and I stop falling. Now I am floating so softly, so gently, so brettily. Never have I felt so happy as that. I s'ink it is the angels holding me up, but angels, of course, do not really do s'ings like that. It is a parachute."

"Oh!"

I was leaning forward, listening intently, for I had had an idea for a self-opening parachute, which Windelberg had pooh-poohed.

"Such a clever, small little parachute in ze back of ze flying clothes," Hermann went on, "no strings to pull. Nozzing. Quite *automat*. I never knew it was there."

"But Windelberg knew it was there?"

"Ach, yes! No doubt he patent him now. Old man Windelberg was always taking up new si'ngs like that."

"So I believe," I observed drily. "Go on."

"But there is no more." He made a gesture. "I just drift into a meadow field near the shore. It is night. No one see me. I bury the flying s'ings and here I am."

"Yes but, good heavens!" I protested, "why didn't you come forward. Your evidence would have finished Rayner!"

He made a further gesture with his hands, and ordered more beer before he answered.

"A man like zat will hang in God's good time," he remarked. "As for me, the position vas too delicate. The money—it was more than they thought. It vas better that Franz Hermann should be dead. I let him die, and here I am."

"So I see!"

I sat frowning for some moments, then I asked:

"And did you ever hear from Windelberg?"

"Oh, yes, I hear," he informed me cheerfully. "He find out and get in touch. He vant to know vether ze parachute quite zatisfactory . . . A great man zat Windelberg, hein?"

GIFT MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS

Continued from page 50

expenditure of time and money brings forth groans as often as cheers.

This may sound as though I'd like to see Christmas presents abolished. Heaven forbid—I think they're a marvellous institution. The "send money instead" idea doesn't appeal to me at all—I'd much rather have an intriguing parcel. Probably it is because our egos like to think somebody is spending thought on picking something out for us, remembering our little peculiarities and our particular longings. And when the perfect gift does arrive, what a thrill it brings with it! There is not only pleasure in the thing itself, but there is a warm glow when we say "Just imagine remembering that I wanted one of these! Why, it must have been away last spring that I mentioned it!"

In these days when everyone has to count pennies, it is true economy in gift shopping to make every dollar give 100 cents worth of pleasure. A little less money and a little more time and trouble spent on selection will achieve better results than in other years. If a gift is of the right type for the particular friend, the right color, and the right size, when sizes matter, it cannot fail to please.

At the bottom of the Darn It Bag I found several old notes acknowledging Christmas gifts of mine. Reading them again . . . are some of the expressions a little cryptic? Were some of my friends glossing over the truth, trying not to hurt my feelings? Very likely . . . but at least, I know I have never sent golf balls to a man who doesn't play golf, or a cigarette holder to a girl who disapproves of smoking!

Posed by professional models

Womanly curves, perfect health

brought her romance!

Happy girl tells how she was able to gain weight, a lovely clear complexion, glorious pep

How cold and cruel life had seemed to this poor, wistful girl! She longed for friends, yet could not seem to acquire the simple physical attractiveness which is the essential spark to romance. New friendships were few and short-lived.

But today how different! A pleasing figure, a lovely skin, abounding high spirits, popular with all.

Read this experience. "I was thin, my face haggard and lined, my complexion pimply," the girl writes. "Finally my druggist suggested Ironized Yeast. Soon I gained *pounds*, a clear complexion, real *curves* to my figure. And I'm full of pep. I don't go alone now."

Thousands of similar letters tell the same happy story.

How new way builds weight!

For years physicians prescribed beer for building weight. Then it was discovered that yeast is extremely beneficial to health. Now this *new* treatment contains specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* This super-rich yeast is then *ironized* with 2 kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add energy.

As you take Ironized Yeast, watch unattractive bones round out, complexion clear, new strength come.

WARNING
Beware of Counterfeits

Thousands of packages of *counterfeit* Ironized Yeast are out. Watch out—take no chances! Refuse any package not marked "Ironized Yeast". Don't put any tablet not marked "I Y" in your stomach. Only by taking *genuine* Ironized Yeast can you gain the *test-proven benefits* thousands have gained.

Results *guaranteed*

It doesn't matter how thin and weak you are, this new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in so many cases that it is sold under a positive money-back guarantee. If you are not more than pleased with the results of the very first package, its cost will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Canadian Ironized Yeast Co., Ltd., Desk 1811, Box 1323, Montreal, Que.

When Choosing a Bank

The solidity and long experience of this Bank strongly invite consideration. On the personal side—our managers will be found to take a friendly interest in their customers, glad to talk over their problems and to be helpful in any business or personal matter.

Write for location of our nearest branch

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

ESTABLISHED 1832

Capital $12,000,000 Reserve $24,000,000

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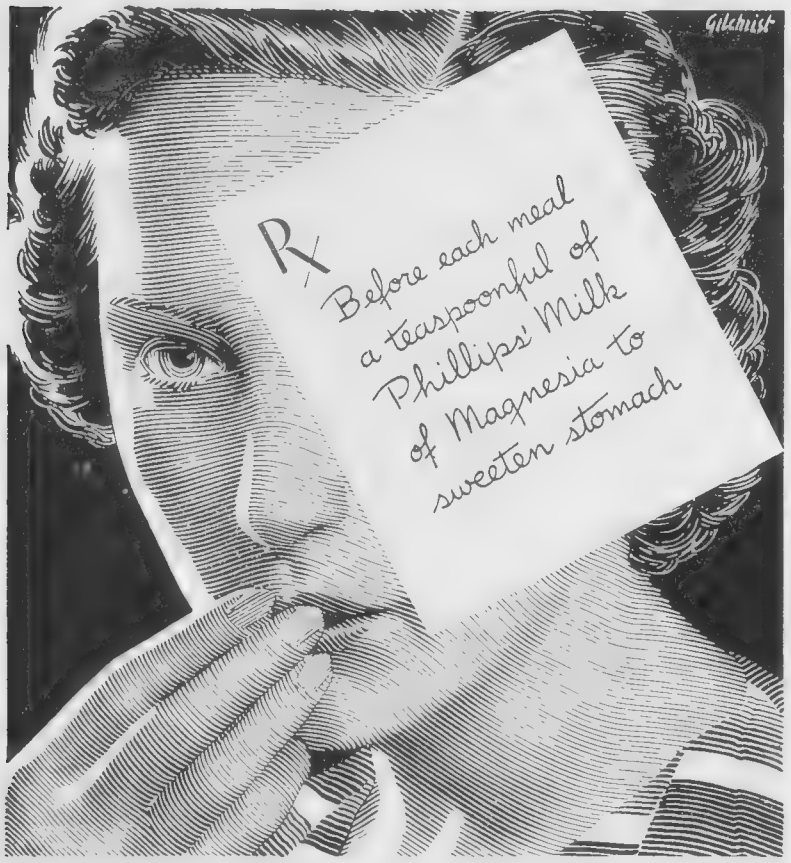
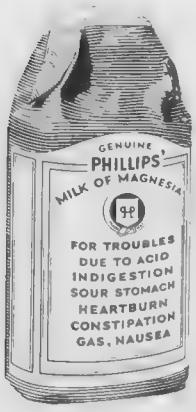
General Office, Toronto—J. A. McLeod, General Manager 905

SOUR STOMACH





● Get rid of all that sourness and gas. End that bilious headache or any sluggishness caused by too much acid. Put the stomach and bowels in good order. Sweeten the whole system with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Be sure it is this bottle, with the familiar blue wrapper that tells you it is genuine *Phillips'* Milk of Magnesia. The substitutes are *not* the same, and do *not* get the same results.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM: Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

"I'm Sick of Pools"

Continued from page 12

the seed business. To him I sold a lot of the grain I had salvaged from the tottering pool. We discussed causes and effects. His observations struck me as being sound.

He said: "As I see it, the one big weakness common to all of these pools lies in the management. You appoint someone to handle thousands and even millions of dollars who perhaps has never shown himself very proficient in the management of fives and tens. You farmers pick your leaders from their honest appearance and their ability as public speakers. The marvel to me is that you get as good men as you do.

"Your Seed Pool f'r instance. The man they chose for manager, a minor government official, had had no previous experience in either buying, selling, growing or cleaning seed grain. He was chosen because his previous post was that of Weed and Seed Commissioner for the province. As well appoint a butcher's boy to manage a stock farm!

"Listen! The seed business with me is only a seasonal activity. I buy and clean seed in the winter and sell it retail in the spring. When summer comes I neither fire my help nor let them hang around idle; I find them a job. Some I set to fattening steers, some roast peanuts—we handle several cars here every season, some work in the store with me selling baby chicks, feeds of all kinds, garden machinery, flower seeds, bee supplies, flax seed in one-pound lots to readers of Doc Brady. In the fall and winter we buy and sell vast quantities of dressed and live poultry, butter, eggs, vegetables. This business earns money every month in the year.

"Can a Seed Pool, operating at full strength for only two or three months in the year, cut their handling costs on seed to as fine a point as we can? Not on your life!

"When I make a mistake and guess wrong I not only go short on salary myself but I jeopardize my hard-earned savings. The manager of a co-operative enterprise only risks his job and since he usually knows more about the business than do the men whose support provides his salary he does not find it difficult to pass the buck to the annual meeting if he sees the going rough ahead.

"Look at these Saskatchewan Co-operative Creameries! I see by this morning's paper they are in the hole some $200,000 and the government is asked to take over the control. And why? Bad management chiefly. The blame is laid on the depression! With a quick-turnover commodity like cream and milk and butter. That's a laugh! They accumulated too many high-salaried jobs in the management. Too many white-collar guys who scorned to wash a cream can or write a courteous letter of explanation to an irate customer.

"They never did give a higher price to the producer than he could get from the regular dealer, and when you consider what the farmer has lost in shares that he paid for in cash or produce and which are now almost worthless he has always received less.

"This Poultry Pool! A year or two ago they drummed up several cars of dressed poultry for the Montreal market. Going to cut out a middleman, meaning me. They shipped the stuff down there and the jobbers gave them what they liked for it. Your pool directors didn't know enough of the game to arrange for cold storage plants in case of a price slump. That one little slip cost pool and non-pool producers thousands of dollars because the smash in prices was reflected immediately all over the country. The goods did not bring what the pool had advanced as initial payment and that was considerably less than we were offering. How many refunded what the pool billed them for as over-payment? Not many, you can bet! but you've been making up the refund ever since on your other deliveries.

"You can't get information (like this) from pool heads. They keep all their mistakes to themselves and cover them up with hush-hush on the plea that the opposition would benefit if the true facts were known. Remember when the Wheat Pool withdrew their European selling agents? They gave it out that it was because of the opposition of the millers over there against dealing with strangers and outsiders. That they preferred to buy their wheat from firms their ancestors had dealt with.

"Well, whatever the real truth was that yarn was a lie anyhow! If I saw where I could buy wheat or anything else an edge cheaper than I had been getting it for that's where you'd find me. I wouldn't care a hoot if my new wheat-jobber was a Hottentot and a wife-beater, if he sold me good stuff at a lower price than my own blood-brother he'd get my trade. And you can't tell me those old country millers are any more sentimental about old times' sake than I am if they can save a farthing."

The co-operative spirit has suffered a very decided let-down the last couple of years no matter what our pool leaders may say about it. Those of us who are not openly and shamelessly licking our wounds as we emerge from the struggle to market our own product are busily whistling to keep up our courage and to save as much face as possible.

If all our pools, especially the Wheat Pool, are doomed, I shall be deeply sorry. The Canadian West has labored so long and so hard in the pursuit of the co-operative ideal. For my own part, now, I don't greatly care what is the final outcome of that great, really wonderful movement but for the sake of the high souls who fathered our pools, who labored and dreamed and labored again to make them a success I hope their work is not wholly in vain. If the pools go I shall not mourn them so much as I shall the ideals and the heart's blood that are woven into the fabric of our marketing organizations. I wish them well for the future but when it comes to giving something more substantial than moral support I shall in the days to come sorrowfully but none the less firmly refuse. I just can't afford the luxury.

"Wind in the Woods"

By Lilian Griffiths

One tall tree said to another
"Oh, why is the wind so wild?
Amidst such bluster and bother
I quake like a frighted child."

"'Tis the witch from the West in full scorning"
The poplar replied as it swayed,
"She'll wear herself out before morning
And whine for a change to be made."

LEGAL INFORMATION

This department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all of the Dominion. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

British Columbia.

(Q)—Can a woman living apart from her husband (not divorced) use her husband's name for business only, and at the same time use her former dead husband's name for all social and private correspondence? Would use of a dead man's name have any effect on a woman using that name, be a deterrent to her drawing superannuation from her present husband's pension at his death, he being a civil servant?—Subcriber to N.H.M.

(A)—A person may adopt any name he desires and can change his name as often as he likes. We cannot see that there is any objection to a woman using her first husband's name or her second husband's name as she may desire. After her husband's death she might have more difficulty satisfying the authorities as to her identity if she was usually known by another name than that of the present husband.

* * *

Orillia, Ont.

(Q)—For years I have been paying taxes on lots as described, Nos. 33/34, Ward 3, Blk. 10, D.G.S. St. James 28/9, Plan 1502 Sackville St., Municipality of St. James, and I would appreciate your opinion on the value of this property, and whether or not you think it is worth paying any more taxes for.—D.H.M.

(A)—In our opinion these lots have no value at the present time. If these lots cannot be sold for more than enough to pay the taxes in the meantime we think you might as well let the taxes accumulate.

* * *

Winnipeg, Man.

(Q)—A advanced a sum of money for church affairs, which has never been taken up. B and C endorsed a note for this money, which was also endorsed by A. After some years C died and some months later A also died. The executors of A's estate now put in a claim against C's estate. C's estate had been advertised and practically closed when this claim was put in.

Please let us know what claim A's heirs would have against the beneficiaries of C's estate. B is the only one of the three now living.—A.J.

(A)—The first few lines of your question seem contradictory. If A advanced the money it would not be necessary for him to sign a note for the same money. For this reason we presume that the deal was not exactly as you have stated, but rather that A, B and C borrowed money from a bank or other lender, the money being turned over to the church. Under these circumstances if all three parties knew that the note had not been paid when it matured, if they were drawers, they and their estates will still be liable. The amount for which B and C will be liable to A's estate will depend upon the agreement between the parties at the time the money was borrowed. In the absence of evidence of any special agreement naturally it would be inferred that each would be liable for one-third of the whole amount. Then if A's estate is obliged to pay the note it will be entitled to a contribution of one-third each from B and C's estate. There might possibly be a technical defence by B and C's estate if they did not sign the note as makers but only as endorsers.

It would probably also be open to B and C's estate to make a claim against the trustees of the church for repayment of this debt.

* * *

Rochester, Alta.

(Q)—Four years ago, finding it impossible to live with my husband, we had a separation. For my allowance he was to pay me a certain amount out of the proceeds of the farm which we were living on at the time. In 1929 and 1930 I was to receive interest only, after that $1,000 principal and interest. My husband paid me the interest the first two years, since then has not paid me anything. I only have a caveat filed against the farm. My husband owes over $2,000.00 on this farm. What should I do to collect my separation allowance? My husband has since sold this farm.—A Subscriber.

(A)—Your rights will depend largely upon the terms of the separation agreement. If the agreement is in such a form that it charges the land with payment of the amount which your husband agreed to pay you, and your husband makes default in these payments, then the agreement can be enforced like any other security, probably by action through the courts. The form of action will depend upon the form of the agreement.

If the payments were made a charge upon the land and you filed a caveat in respect thereof, then any subsequent purchasers from your husband will have notice of the agreement and will be bound by the terms thereof, and cannot obtain any rights through your husband which would have the effect of defeating your claim. You should be able to take the appropriate proceedings to foreclose or sell. The subsequent purchaser will be affected in this way, that his interest in the property may be lost to him unless he protects same by making the payments to you. It is possible that your rights may be somewhat curtailed at present by the Debt Adjustment legislation.

* * *

Winnipeg, Man.

(Q)—I am an adopted child. Was it right for me to assume the name of my adopted parents, if not, what procedure must I take to change my name, and what would it cost?—D.E.H.

(A)—It is quite proper for you to assume the name of your adopting parents. You may assume any name which you desire at any time. The formality for doing this is to make out a formal declaration of the name that you propose to adopt and you then file this in the office of the Court of King's Bench at Winnipeg and publish a notice in the "Manitoba Gazette." You had probably better consult a solicitor if you desire to make any change in your name.

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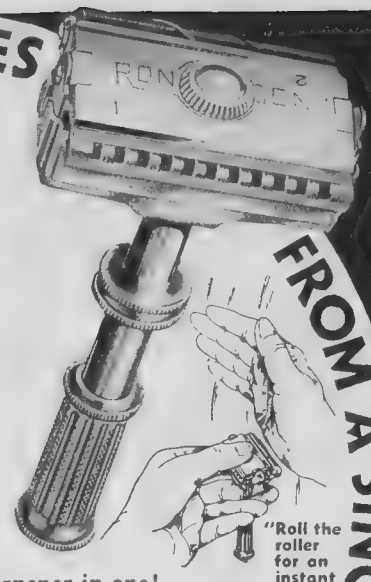
Can. & other Pats. pdg. Pat'd in U. S. A.



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—shaves and sharpens—razor and sharpener in one!
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Both on hand together—cigarette and light in a flash! Ronson Tuxedo Lytacase combines a handsome cigarette case with the World's Greatest Lighter. Each in smart metal gift case. For yourself, for Him, for Her. Write for catalog and name of nearest dealer.

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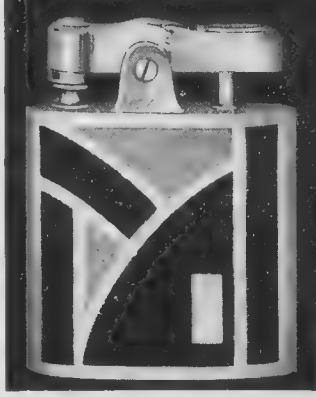

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enables you to obtain the greatest possible amount of permanent protection for your family for the least money. Lift all worry from your shoulders and theirs. Mail the coupon now.

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HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

Winter Time Brings Along . . . . . .

parties, club activities and the planning of an economical but a chic wardrobe for same. The National Home Monthly patterns will make it possible for you to make all the pretty dresses or intimate garments you crave in the latest and most becoming styles with the least possible material. The Winter Catalogue of designs, which caters to a wide diversity of taste, is now ready and will be mailed to you postage prepaid upon the receipt of 25c sent to

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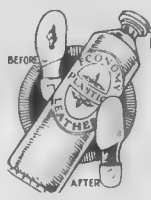

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THE PREMIER INVESTMENT

BEFORE the end of this year, or early in 1933, the Dominion Government is expected to ask the people of Canada for money to carry on the government of the country. Quite possibly this new Dominion of Canada loan will have been announced before these words appear in print. Dominion loans have always been popular with Canadians, even in times of depression. With the country now emerging into better times, there is no doubt the loan presently to be offered will meet a ready acceptance. Many people, especially those of moderate means, who can ill afford to lose their savings, taught by the cruel lessons of adversity, have come to the conclusion that government and high-grade municipal bonds are about the only really safe media for the investment of their funds, and of all government bonds those issued by the Dominion of Canada are, of course, the most sought after.

There are several reasons why the government finds it necessary to float a loan at this particular time. In the first place a bond issue of $35,000,000 falls due on November 1, and will have to be paid off. Then there is the loss being incurred by the Canadian National Railways, for which the government has to put up the cash. This is not likely to require less than $35,000,000 nor more than $70,000,000. It all depends on how much the railway can take in before the end of the fiscal year on March 31 next, and also on how effectively the management can cut expenditures further. In addition, expenditures will have to be made for relief work this winter. Last spring it was thought the Dominion would need about $20,000,000 for this purpose, but with a good crop in the West and with business generally showing signs of improvement, it is hoped to get along with much less than this—probably less than half.

Another determinant of the amount that has to be borrowed is the fact that revenues are running about $1,500,000 a month less than Finance Minister Rhodes estimated when he made up his budget last spring. The deficiency will have to be borrowed.

TWO characteristics, safety and marketability, make Dominion Government bonds stand out above all other investments. The assets of this whole big country are pledged for their payment and the taxing power on ten million excellent people, noted for their industry and integrity, stands behind them. One has only to compare the character of the Canadian people with those of some of the Southern European or South American peoples to realize what an asset this is. It seems to be a not unusual occurrence for the bonds of such nations to go into default, as some of our investors in foreign bonds know to their cost. No Dominion of Canada bond has ever failed to pay both principal and interest on the due date. So while our national debt may seem large—it is in the neighborhood of two and a half billion dollars—it is not beyond the capacity of our people, with a country singularly endowed with rich natural resources, to pay.

Marketability of a bond is important to investors who may wish to realize quickly. In fact large numbers of investors invest a substantial portion of their funds in Dominion Government bonds because they know they can sell them quickly. There are millions of them outstanding, every one knows their worth and an active market prevails in them at all times. Indeed, they are almost as good as cash; for the promise to pay of the Dominion is back of every one of them just as it is on every Dominion Government bill or note which passes daily as currency. An owner of a Dominion Government bond can take it to any bond firm or bank and get cash for it within twenty-four hours, if not sooner.

Of course, government bonds fluctuate in value with the market, but their fluctuations are very narrow as compared with other types of securities. If one is forced to sell them one may have to take a little less or may be able to get a little more than one paid for them, but there is always a market. In the past two or three years the price of many industrial bonds has fallen to a mere fraction of their stated face value; indeed the market for a lot of them has entirely disappeared—dealers will make no bid for them whatever. A dependable and ready market is one of the most valuable attributes of the bonds of our government.

The price of bonds has been steadily rising and as times improve this tendency will be more in evidence. Investors who bought government bonds six or eight months ago not only have received a good interest return on their purchases but can now sell out if they want to at a profit of from five to eight points. One of the best profits has been realized by those who bought provincial bonds, especially those of the Province of Ontario, within the past year.

Interest return on Dominion Government bonds now ranges slightly better than 4½ per cent. This may not seem high to those who give ear to gold-brick schemes, but it should be compared with bank interest of 3 per cent on savings accounts; for a government bond, because of its ready marketability, is almost as liquid as a bank account. Every investor should have a substantial holding of these, Canada's premier investment, and should take advantage of the forthcoming loan to increase his holdings.

COMPANIONS

By Verna Loveday Harden

I never walk the autumn ways alone,
For one who also loves them follows me,
And all the day, upon the flaming hills,
I have the music of his company.

He sometimes runs ahead, more fleet of foot
Than I, and more impatient to attain
The next high hill, and there he waits and sings
Till I come up, and hear his voice again.

And sometimes, when I miss him for awhile,
I come upon him tossing in a tree:
The leaves are loosed by his capricious hand
And flutter down before me silently.

I never walk the autumn ways alone:
The wind is my companion all day long.
And when I lay me down for weariness
I hear him at my window with his song.

New Ink Makes Any Pen

Start Quickly

START EVERY TIME
Due to a secret solvent that cleans pen; ends clogging.

"No more scratching or shaking to make pen write!"

Parker Quink—the quick-drying, pen-cleaning ink—is chemistry's new miracle. Contains a secret solvent which dissolves the sediment left in your pen by other inks. This ends pen-clogging—makes any pen a self-cleaner. And Quink dries on paper 31% faster than other inks—yet DOES NOT DRY IN YOUR PEN!

We developed Quink to guard our guaranteed Parker Duofold Pens from being charged with poor service, due to inks that clog and gum. The first bottle cost The Parker Fountain Pen Company $68,000.

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If you want to try before you buy, send your address for 20,000 word bottle, FREE, to The Parker Fountain Pen Company, Ltd., Dept. W, Toronto, Ont.

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On sale everywhere at same prices as old-type, pen-clogging inks.

10 Seconds to Relief from Coughing

GIVE 10¢ QUICK RELIEF

A Luden's dissolving on your tongue . . . cooling Menthol Action soothing your irritated throat . . . 10 seconds to relief and grateful comfort.

That's the simple Luden story. For freedom from throat annoyance, just keep a package handy.

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350 Inspector Street, Montreal

YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Lady Detectives

THIS heading perhaps seems out of place in this column but as we have remarked before we receive a considerable number of inquiries from young ladies and as this particular inquiry is somewhat out of the ordinary we are reproducing our answer for the benefit of others who might be interested. "I do not know of any special training available for lady detectives. Male detectives are usually ex-police officers. Lady detectives probably first serve as clerical assistants, or stenographers in public police offices, or in the offices of private detectives. The salary would probably be from $100.00 a month up. The qualifications desirable are:

1.—First-class intelligence.

2.—Dramatic ability and perfect self-possession.

3.—Wide knowledge of social conventions and of affairs in general (presupposing very good education).

4.—In some cases, linguistic ability.

5.—Rapid shorthand.

Women are sometimes employed as girls' protective officers, as probation officers and as parole officers. The only books of which I have knowledge on this topic are, "The Policewoman," by Mrs. Mary E. Hamilton, published by Frederick A Stokes Co., New York, and "Women Police," by C. Owings, published by the Grafton Press, New York.

Self-Education

A.N., British Columbia: As you are so situated that you cannot personally attend a training institution and yet wish to study business subjects at home you are recommended to consider the possibilities of Pitman's Commercial Self-Educator. It offers instruction in all of the subjects that you mention and in a number of others as well and is specially written to help students in circumstances similar to yours. It contains a complete course in shorthand, a course in penmanship, a course in typewriting, a course in French and in three other foreign languages, a course in commercial law, articles on private secretarial work, a course in salesmanship, a course in English composition, a course in commercial history, a course in commercial geography, a course in journalism, articles on memory training, a course in economics, and courses in about ten other subjects.

The editor-in-chief is Dr. R. W. Holland, a barrister, and he has been assisted by upwards of forty specialists in commercial education.

The editor remarks that it is unnecessary to speak of the wisdom of continuing one's studies after leaving school, but the would-be student often finds that after a strenuous day of work the inclination to leave the fireside is absent. For such and for those who are far removed from the centres of learning, it is hoped that this work will supply a want.

You can get information as to the best method of securing these volumes by writing to the Society of Secretaries, 255 Machray Avenue, Winnipeg.

Work and Wages

C.H., High River: You are, I think, making a mistake in rejecting the study of an occupation for which you have some liking because you do not think the ultimate financial rewards are sufficiently great. If this occupation attracts you above all others, then by all means study it and let the finances take care of themselves. The following remarks by John Ruskin will perhaps bear out my views. "All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So all healthily-minded people like making money—ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it; but the main object of their life is not money; it is something better than money. A good soldier, for instance, mainly wishes to do his fighting well. He is glad of his pay—very properly so, and justly grumbles when you keep him ten years without it—still, his main notion of life is to win battles, not to be paid for winning them. So of clergymen. They like pew-rents, and baptismal fees, of course; but yet, if they are brave and well educated, the pew-rent is not the sole object of their lives, and the baptismal fee is not the sole purpose of the baptism; the clergyman's object is essentially to baptize and preach, not to be paid for preaching. So of doctors. They like fees, no doubt—ought to like them; yet if they are brave and well educated, the entire object of their lives is not fees. They, on the whole, desire to cure the sick; and—if they are good doctors, and the choice were fairly put to them—would rather cure their patient, and lose their fee, than kill him and get it. And so with all other brave and rightly trained men, their work is first, their fee second—very important always, but still second. But in every nation, as I said, there are a vast class who are ill-educated, cowardly, and more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly the fee is first, and the work second, as with brave people the work is first and the fee second. And this is no small distinction. It is the whole distinction in a man; distinction between life and death in him, between heaven and hell for him. You cannot serve two masters—you must serve one or the other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God."

Evidences of an Education

E.S., Quebec: You will have little difficulty in selecting definitions of education for the purposes of the debate in which you are to have a part, as the public institutions in your city will furnish numerous references suitable for your purposes. Perhaps, however, the following quotations from an address by President Butler, of Columbia University, will be of some additional help.

"First among the evidences of an education I name correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue.

"As a second evidence of an education I name those refined and gentle manners which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and of action.

"As a third evidence of education I name the power and habit of reflection.

"As a fourth evidence of an education I name the power of growth. A human mind continuing to grow and to develop throughout a long life is a splendid and impressive sight.

"And as a fifth evidence of an education I name efficiency, the power to do."

Investment

"EVERY action is a wise or unwise investment for future dividends. The past is gone; what we call the present moment goes over to the past even while we are saying the word, leaving only the future in which to work and enjoy. Whatever we do is done for an effect in that future, be it near or far, a minute or a year. Consider well, then, the effect you are trying to produce."—Waldo Pondray Warren.

Your Pipe is Your Friend

Treat it like one

COMPANION of leisure hours . . . sharing your fondest dreams . . . bringing you solace in adversity, contentment when your spirit is troubled. . . .

Your pipe is a true and trusted friend. Treat it like one.

Fill the bowl with tobacco that is worthy of it . . . OGDEN'S CUT PLUG . . . mellow, slow burning, so cool. Settle back in your favourite armchair, smoke it through to the last shred and enjoy at your ease its clean, nutty flavour—its glorious fragrance. Then you will know what a friend your pipe can **really** be.

OGDEN'S CUT PLUG, packed in half-pound vacuum tins, reaches you as fresh as when it left the blending table. Not a trace of bite . . . the most economical pipe tobacco you can buy.

OGDEN'S
CUT PLUG

If you "roll your own, use ***Ogden's fine cut*** *and Chantecler cigarette papers.*

Better Cookery

By GERTRUDE DUTTON

When the Purse is Thin

THROUGHOUT our land there are hundreds of conscientious mothers who are exceedingly worried about whether or not their children are being properly nourished in these times of stress. Extremely small sums of money must feed and clothe, provide shelter, light, warmth, education for countless families. Under-nourished children are one of the greatest problems arising from this period of depression. Lack of necessary food elements now will cause injuries to their health which will probably last throughout their lives. So much has been said in recent years, about the necessity of orange juice, fresh green vegetables, etc., that many mothers are consumed with worry because no stretching of the family budget will cover these expenses. We must plan menus which will be adequate, yet will cost no more than we can afford. We consider the day' requirements rather than each meal by itself. A list of these requirements will aid in the planning.

Each child should have daily:

1. One quart of milk each day, at least until he is two years of age, longer if possible, and at least a pint for older children.
2. Potato, preferably baked or cooked in its jacket, mashed for the smaller children.
3. Vegetables—From infancy to five years, canned tomato juice, carrots and greens. Older children may have in addition, turnips, cabbage, parsnips, onions, or any others available.
4. An egg or egg-yolk at least four times a week, every day if possible.
5. After five years, meat or fish, cheese dishes, soups made from dried peas and beans.
6. Bread, butter.
7. Cereals, macaroni, rice, simple desserts.
8. Fruits if possible, dried stewed, canned, stewed or baked apple, oranges, etc.
9. Cod liver oil.
10. Plenty of pure drinking water.

Each adult should have daily:

1. If possible, one pint of milk.
2. Two large servings of vegetable such as cabbage, carrots, turnips, parsnips, onions, greens.
3. Potatoes at least once a day.
4. At least one serving of foods such as fish, meat, cheese, eggs, or dried peas or beans.
5. If possible, at least one serving of such foods as canned tomato, raw cabbage, orange juice, bananas, etc.
6. Whenever possible a dried fruit stewed, or a canned or a fresh fruit.
7. Cereal foods such as bread, cereals, macaroni, rice, and simple desserts.
8. Plenty of good drinking water.

Milk deserves first consideration. One quart a day for the smaller children, a pint a day for everyone else. Some of this will be used in combination with other foods, such as desserts, soups, white sauces, with cereals. Often it may be found that evaporated milk diluted with water is less expensive and more easily obtained than fresh milk. Or powdered milk may sometimes be more satisfactory. Whatever form is chosen, an adequate daily supply of milk is essential to good health. Sour milk, to be used in baking, is just as good, from the point of food value, as sweet milk. Skimmed milk, too, is a most excellent food, lacking only the butter fat. Milk is the foundation upon which inexpensive meals are built.

The protein foods for growth and body repair, are the most expensive of our foods, but are essential. Milk will provide a considerable proportion of it, making less meat necessary. Eggs, cheese, dried peas and beans, fish, and the cheaper cuts of meat, will provide the rest. The whole cereal grains, used in bread, and breakfast foods, occasionally, will also furnish some protein and minerals. The meat and fish may be very frequently combined with the less expensive macaroni, rice, vegetables, etc., into most delicious, nourishing and low-cost meals. The stronger-flavored meats and cheese may be "extended" very materially by the cheaper, bland foods.

FROM the standpoint of food values, fruits and vegetables are identical, which is most fortunate, as those of us who cannot afford to buy fruits, can have vegetables. It is particularly important that vegetables are properly cooked, when we are so dependent upon them for "protective" foods. Generally speaking, they should be cooked in a very small amount of water, for the shortest possible time to develop flavor and make them tender. The water of course, should be used, in sauce, gravy, soup, etc. In the above lists, we have omitted such delicious vegetables as peas, string beans, celery, etc., solely on account of their cost. If they are possible in the food budget, so much the better. So much attention has been given to gardening during the past summer, that very many families should have an abundant store of canned and stored vegetables, such as carrots, and other root vegetables. Potatoes are one of our cheapest foods and at the same time are among the most valuable, as they are so rich in vitamines and minerals. Being only about 18½ per cent starch, they are not nearly so fattening as some people believe. In order to secure the full amount of food value from them, they should be cooked in their jackets. If wished, they may be peeled, then mashed, riced, or prepared in any other way, before being sent to the table.

Necessary food elements may be obtained from low cost meals and with the expenditure of a little care and time the same may be made very appetizing. Under-nourished children are one of the greatest problems in these days of depleted pocket books.

Especially when they are rather scarce and expensive. Twice a day is not too often to serve them; the methods of preparation are so many, that it will be easy to avoid monotony. We have thought so much about the value of orange juice, that we have come to feel it is an essential, raw cabbage is richer in every one of the eight most essential minerals, than is orange juice, and equally rich as a source of the three vitamines with which we are most familiar. And cabbage is cheap and very available. For some strange reason, in spite of its very crisp nature it is more readily digested raw than cooked. Of course we cannot give it to the smaller children. Canned tomatoes are almost as good as either of the others, and are easily obtained. Dried fruits are delicious when carefully prepared, and are an excellent substitute for the fresh fruits.

The major proportion of our foods, in amounts, is formed of the cereal products, including bread, and fortunately they are the least expensive foods, and are to be had in such variety, that there is no need for monotony.

Low-cost meals take considerable time, to plan, prepare and cook, but with so many people, especially the boys and girls who are through school and are unable to secure positions, out of work, there should be no lack of help with the home-making tasks. Any child who grows vegetables, picks fruits, helps to can them, helps to cook them, cannot but be interested in these hard-time meals. Even small children, three or four years old, would enjoy helping to wash vegetables, shell peas from the garden when in season, and many other little duties, which will accomplish several things, not the least being an interest in simple foods which are good for them, but are not always easy to induce them to eat. In the final analysis, the mother's attitude towards inexpensive meals determines their success or failure. They will be very acceptable if she treats them cheerfully, and as an adventure, in living.

For special protection against deficiency diseases, we emphasize the use of eggs, of which at least four should be eaten each week by each member of the family, either in a main dish, or in desserts; some food rich in Vitamine C, such as canned tomato, raw carrots, raw cabbage, potatoes, every day, with the addition of bananas, green leafy vegetables, raw apples, grapefruit, lemons, orange juice, raw peaches, young raw green peas, pineapple, fresh or canned, when they can be afforded; and cod-liver oil for the prevention of rickets in small children. One to two teaspoons a day is sufficient for most of them. In addition it is a safe-guard against colds and other infections. If cheaper shortenings are used in place of butter, carrots, egg yolks and green vegetables must propide the Vitamine A.

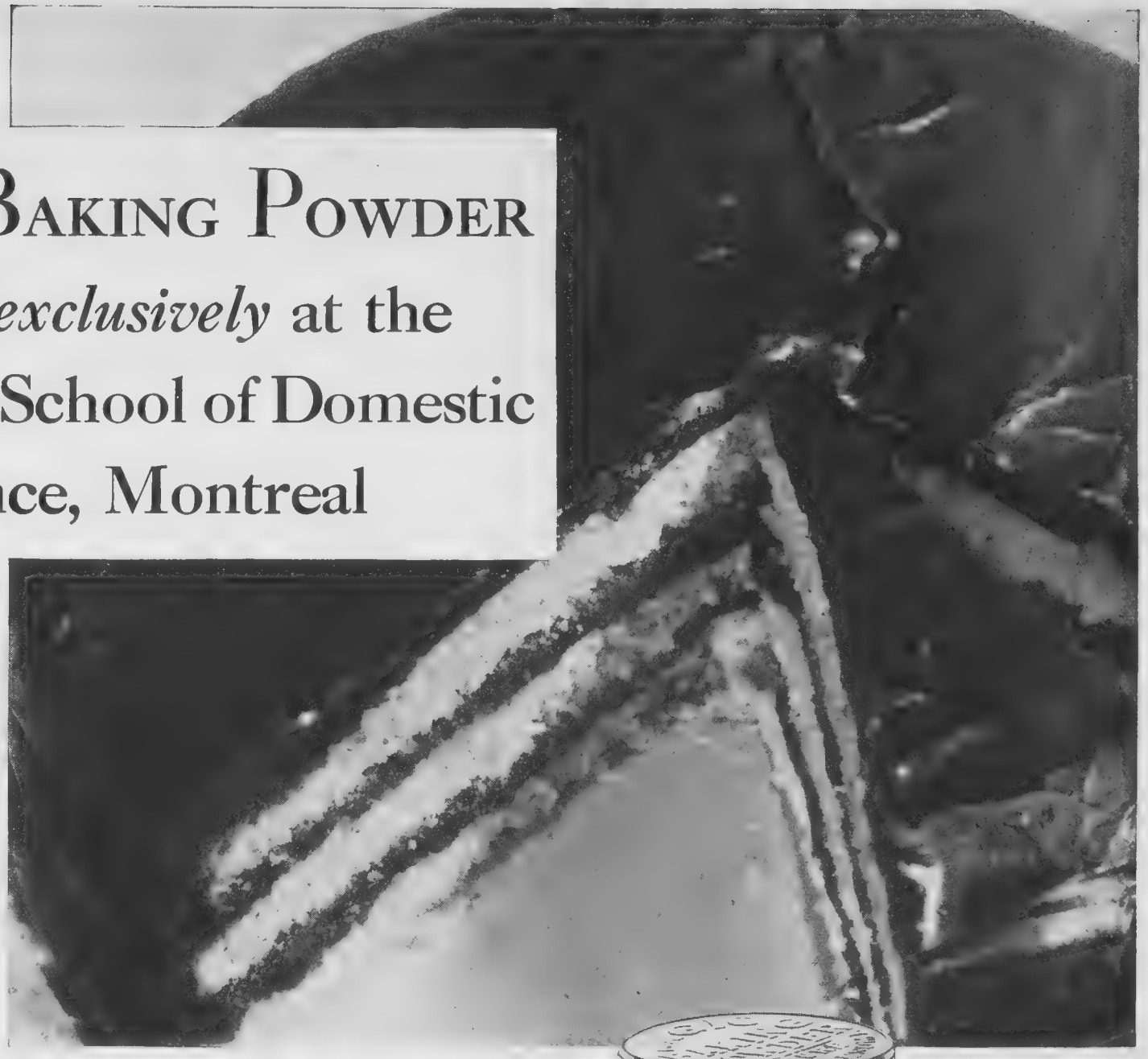
"One-dish" meals will offer splendid opportunities for furnishing delicious foods at very low cost. Bread, whole-wheat, or some other dark variety occasionally, milk for the children, and a simple dessert or salad, will give a well-balanced, entirely satisfactory meal.

I

Scalloped potatoes and eggs Brown bread sandwiches
Milk for the children
Stewed dried fruit

[Continued on page 58]

Why MAGIC BAKING POWDER is used *exclusively* at the Provincial School of Domestic Science, Montreal



"You get the same satisfactory results every time you use it," says Mme. R. Lacroix

"WE teach our students only the *surest* methods," says Mme. R. Lacroix, Assistant Director of the Provincial School of Domestic Science, Montreal.

"It is vitally important that every baking demonstration be faultless.

"For my part, I always use and recommend Magic Baking Powder because it is absolutely dependable. Its high leavening power is always uniform. You get the same perfect results *every time* you use it."

• • •

This high praise from an outstanding cookery authority confirms the judgment of dietitians and teachers in cooking schools and public institutions throughout the Dominion. The majority of them use and recommend Magic Baking Powder *exclusively*, because it gives consistently better baking results, and because it is free from all harmful ingredients.

That's why, too, Magic is the outstanding choice of Canadian housewives . . . why it outsells all other baking powders combined.

Remember—substitutes are never as good. When you bake at home, use Magic—and know to a certainty your cakes will be velvety . . . light . . . tender . . . always delicious perfection!

Mme. Lacroix makes her delicious Chocolate Layer Cake with Magic Baking Powder

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"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is our guarantee that MAGIC BAKING POWDER is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

Made in Canada

When you bake at home, take advantage of the dozens of suggestions for attractive baked dishes contained in the new MAGIC COOK BOOK. Mail the coupon and a copy will be sent *FREE*.

Mme. Lacroix's recipe for CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup milk
2½ cups pastry flour (or 2 cups and 3 tablespoons of bread flour)
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon salt

Cream butter; add sugar, a little at a time, beating until light; add beaten yolks and flavoring; add flour, sifted with salt and baking powder alternately with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in 3 greased layer cake pans in moderate oven at 375° F. about 20 minutes.

Chocolate Icing and Filling:

½ tablespoon butter
3 tablespoons milk
3 oz. unsweetened chocolate
3½ cups confectioner's sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Heat butter, milk and chocolate in top of double boiler; add sugar slowly, beating continually; add flavoring and beat until creamy; if necessary add more milk and spread thickly between layers and on top and sides of cake.

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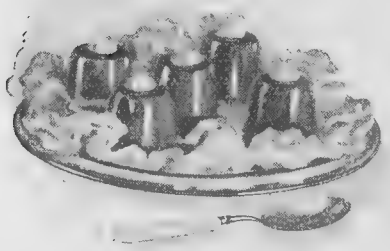
Make plain food *taste better*



Of course, we all like to be fancy cooks, especially when we're having company, but unfortunately day by day and meal by meal we have to be plain cooks and keep our families happy with plain foods—and that takes skill and imagination.

As one plain cook to another, do you really appreciate how helpful Knox Sparkling Gelatine can be? It is a food that has hundreds of different uses in making plain foods taste better and go farther.

For example, have you ever taken a few tomatoes and made them into a delicious Knox Salad, as simply and economically as this:

TOMATO JELLY SALAD

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
2 cups canned or fresh tomatoes
1 tablespoonful onion juice
Stalk celery
1 tablespoonful mild vinegar or lemon juice
Few grains salt
Few grains cayenne or pepper
½ bay leaf, if desired

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except onion juice and vinegar, and let boil ten minutes. Add soaked gelatine and stir until dissolved; then add vinegar and onion juice (extracted by grating onion). Strain. Turn into wet molds and chill. Any kitchen cup or bowl will serve as a mold. Remove from molds to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise or cooked dressing, or the jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats. The juice of fresh tomatoes makes a delightful salad.

You see, Knox is the real gelatine—it isn't colored and flavored to be used only as a dessert—it is pure, plain gelatine, a food with a daily use—a food that will help you serve better meals and save kitchen dollars. Why not order a package from your grocer? There is enough gelatine inside for four meals and recipes telling you how to use it. And, if you have not already received the Knox books, send in the coupon below—it will bring you ideas, hundreds of recipes and hints, for all kinds of salads, desserts, main dishes, menus, diets (even for reducing).

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Name----------

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II
Dried bean or pea soup
Crisp toasted bread
Sliced bananas with custard sauce

III
Cottage pie
Cabbage and apple salad
Bran muffins

IV
Irish stew
Gelatine dessert with custard

V
Spanish macaroni Raw cabbage slaw
Bread and butter
Stewed fruit Cookies

VI
Creamed salt pork
Baked potatoes Mashed turnips
Johnny cake Syrup

VII
Corn chowder Crackers Toast
Cabbage and apple salad
Oatmeal cookies, or bran muffins

VIII
Baked beans Boiled potatoes
Toasted brown bread
Rice pudding

IX
Spanish rice
Cabbage and grated raw carrot salad
Jellied prunes with custard sauce

X
Beef stew with vegetables and dumplings Boiled potatoes
Dried fruit shortcake

XI
Baked hash Canned tomatoes
Raisin bread pudding

XII
Liver Creamed potatoes
Ginger bread Apple sauce

Vegetable Soup

Carrot 1 c.
Turnip 1 c.
Onions 2
Celery 1 c.
Potato 4 c.
Water 3 qts.
Fresh dripping ¾ c.
Parsley 2 tb.
Rice 3 tb.
Salt and pepper

Wash and pare the carrot and turnip and cut in small strips or dice. Chop the onion and celery, and cut the potatoes in small cubes. Cook the onion, celery, carrot, turnip, in the melted fat, stirring to prevent burning, for about 10 minutes, put in the soup pot, add the water, potatoes, rice and cook for an hour. Add the seasonings and serve at once. The vegetables are measured after cutting. Any other available vegetables may be added.

Split Pea Soup

Dried Split peas or beans 2 c.
Cold water 6 c.
Ham or corned beef stock 4 c.
Hot milk 2c.
Onions, small 2
Fat 4 tb.
Flour 4 tb.
Salt and pepper to taste

Pick over the peas or beans and soak over night. Drain and cook till very soft with the water, meat stock, and onion, chopped. About three hours will be required. Rub through a sieve and thicken with the flour and fat rubbed together. Add the hot milk and seasonings.

Lima Bean Soup

Dried Lima beans 1¾ c.
Chopped onion ¼ c.
Parsley, a few sprigs
Chopped carrot ½ c.
Cold water 7 c.
Fat 7 tb.
Flour 4 tb.
Milk 5 c.
Salt and pepper
Celery salt to taste

Soak the beans over-night, drain, add the water, carrot onion, parsley, a little celery if possible, and cook slowly three or four hours. Rub through a sieve. Make a white sauce of the milk, flour and fat and cook a few minutes. Add the seasonings and combine the mixtures, bring to the boiling point and serve very hot.

Bean Stew

Kidney or other dried beans 2 c.
Tomatoes, canned 1 qt.
Chopped celery 1 c.
Onion, chopped ½ c.
Water 1 qt.
Fat ¼ c.
Diced potatoes 1 qt.
Salt and pepper to taste

Soak the beans overnight, and drain. Cut the celery in ½ inch pieces or use celery salt. Simmer for 5 hours or longer, the beans, tomatoes, celery, onion and water. ¾ hours before serving, add the potatoes and seasonings.

Spanish Macaroni

Macaroni or spaghetti 2 c.
Canned tomato 1 qt.
Chopped onion 1 c.
Fat ¼ c.
Flour 4 tb.
Salt and pepper to taste
Chopped cooked meat or Hamburg steak

Cook the macaroni and drain. Bring the tomato to the boiling point. Strain if wished. Brown the onion in the fat, add the flour and the hot tomato. Cook till smooth. If raw Hamburg steak is used, brown it in the pan. Combine the meat, sauce and macaroni, and serve hot, well seasoned.

Creamed Salt Pork

Fat salt pork ¼ lb.
Milk 3 c.
Flour 5 tb.
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut the pork in half inch cubes, and fry till a golden brown, add the flour and the hot milk and seasonings, and cook in the double boiler for a few minutes.

Mexican Ragout

Cold diced meat 4 c. or more
Canned tomato 3 c.
Soup stock 1 c.
Fat ½ c.
Flour ½ c.
Celery salt ½ t.
Chopped onion ¼ c.
Salt, pepper and paprika
Worcestershire or other sauce 1t.
Green pepper if available ¼ c.

Cook the chopped onion and green pepper in the fat. Add the flour, stock and tomato to make a sauce, add the meat and heat thoroughly, and season. Serve hot.

Casserole of Rice and Meat

Raw rice 2 c.
Finely chopped cold meat 3 c. or more
Egg 1
Stock or water
Chopped onion 1 tb.
Poultry seasonings to taste
Salt and pepper
Celery salt ½ t.
Bread or cracker crumbs ¼ c.

Cook the rice in boiling salted water, and line the bottom and sides of a greased mold with it. Season the meat, add the egg and bread crumbs, and enough stock or water to moisten it so it will pack easily in the rice-lined mold. Cover with rice and steam three-quarters of an hour. Turn on a hot platter, and serve with hot tomato sauce.

Meat Cakes

Finely chopped cooked meat 2 c.
Soft stale crumbs 1 c.
Minced onion 3 tb.
Poultry seasonings 2 t.
Drippings 3 tb.
Seasoning to taste
Water or stock to moisten

Cook the onion in the dripping. Mix all together, moisten till the cakes may be easily shaped. An egg or two may be added if wished. Brown in pork or bacon fat, in the frying pan. For a meat loaf, pack the mixture in a well-greased bread pan, and bake an hour in a moderate oven. Turn out on a batter to serve, with gravy or tomato sauce.

Veal Cottage Pie

Cover a veal shank with boiling water, add a sliced onion, a little parsley and celery if possible, a carrot, and salt and pepper. Cook slowly till tender, remove the meat, and pick from the bone, cutting in servings, and put it in a bake dish. Strain and thicken the gravy, adding a little milk if necessary. Pour over the meat, cover with mashed potato and bake till the potato is browned.

743 RECIPES

60 recipes for cakes
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33 recipes for puddings
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40 for lunch and supper dishes
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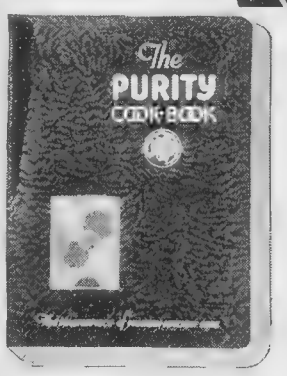

GREASE PROOF COVER

OPENS FLAT

HERE is a splendid new cook book—complete and easily understood—published for the Canadian housewife by the millers of Purity Flour. Vastly more than a cook book, it is a complete course in home cookery. Several years have been spent in gathering and testing the recipes and in editing the Purity Cook Book. Look at this partial list of contents—

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Bread, Biscuits, etc.
Soups, Fish
Vegetables, Meats
Poultry, Game
Salads, Salad Dressing
Gelatine, Jelly Desserts
Frozen Desserts, Ices
Cake Frostings, Fillings
Cookies and Small Cakes
Puddings, Pastry
Apple Dishes, Sandwiches
Cereals, Invalid Dishes
Beverages, Pleasant Drinks
Luncheon, Supper Dishes
Muffins, Waffles, Griddle Cakes
Candies, Cake Making
Preserving, Canning, Pickles

The book is a veritable gold-mine of information, both for the beginner and the experienced cook. It contains an almost endless number of new and valuable ideas about food and how to prepare it. The new step-by-step "method" given with each recipe is especially clear and easily followed. If you want to be praised for your cooking, don't fail to get the new Purity Cook Book.

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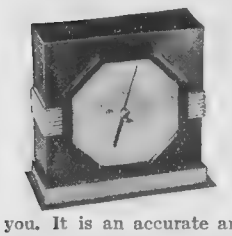

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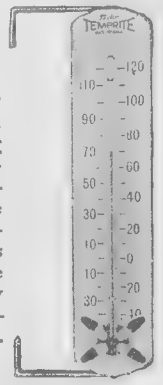

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Little Fingers Make Big Meals

By Barbara B. Brooks

BECAUSE the kitchen is the scene of so much activity, children find it the most fascinating room in the house. If anything special is going on there they are sure to be under foot. Their presence is not always a great help to the cook and there are times when they should be coaxed away to more suitable attractions out of doors or in the playroom. However, no child should be deprived of the joy of seeing the magic which produces his supper from an array of green leaves, meat, fruit, flour, milk and the like.

It is needless to say that the mother who cooks with her children as an audience has no easy task, and she must look to her methods. In a year or two daughter, and son as well, will no longer be content to stand by and watch, but will want to do things for themselves. And they will do things just as mother does. The little girl who is a "born cook" and the envy of all her friends and their mothers has watched her own mother dozens of times and follows the same orderly routine.

Cooking will never be drudgery or a bore for this child. Every step will be a great adventure. Her first opportunity to prepare an entire dinner will mark a red letter day. A menu such as the following would be very suitable for such important occasion.

Ham Scalloped with Potatoes
Buttered Beets
Shredded Lettuce Salad, French Dressing
Whole Wheat Bread Butter
Corn Flake Charlotte
Whipped Cream

Method of preparing dinner: Do the marketing in the morning. Wash lettuce and place in the refrigerator in a covered container or waxed paper. Canned beets may be used. If fresh beets are used, cook them in the morning and heat again for dinner. If they are cooked at dinner time, be sure to start them before fixing the ham and potatoes as it will take from 30 to 60 minutes to cook them, depending upon the size. The apple sauce to be used in the corn flake charlotte can also be cooked ahead of time.

It is well to allow one hour for baking the scalloped ham and potatoes and to preheat the oven.

Ham Scalloped With Potatoes

1 slice of ham (one inch thick)
6 medium sized raw potatoes
Flour 1/3 c.
Butter 2 tbsps.
Salt ½ tsp.
Pepper
Enough milk to cover potatoes (about 3 cups)

Peel and cut potatoes into thin slices. Place ham in bottom of a casserole. Cover with a half inch of sliced potatoes. Add salt and pepper to flour (not too much salt as the ham may be quite salty). Sprinkle some of the flour mixture over the potatoes and dot lightly with part of the butter. Add another half inch layer of sliced potatoes, sprinkle again with flour mixture and dot with butter. Repeat this until all the potatoes are used. Put the rest of the flour mixture and butter over the top. Fill the casserole with milk until the potatoes are covered. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) until the potatoes are done (about 50 to 60) minutes.

With the ham and potato dish in the oven, there will be a few minutes for setting the table. The salad could be prepared and the plates placed in

[Continued on page 60]

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Oven-baking preserves the nourishing quality of beans, too—and beans that are properly baked have all the food value of meat and potatoes.

Heinz Oven-Baked Beans will give delightful "balance" to your luncheon and dinner menus—and if economy is a consideration, you'll find Heinz Baked Beans a real bargain in nourishment. B45

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Boston Style *with pork*
Red Kidney Beans *with pork*

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Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants or pull down your system with starvation diets. For within reason most folks may eat what they like if they will keep their stomach free from souring acids that hinder or paralyze the work of digestion.

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LITTLE FINGERS MAKE BIG MEALS

Continued from page 59

the refrigerator if there is room for them. After the potatoes and ham have been cooking 15 or 20 minutes, start the corn flake charlotte.

CORN FLAKE CHARLOTTE

Corn Flakes 2½ c.
Apple sauce sweetened 2 c.
Rind of ½ lemon or Juice of ½ orange or lemon
Butter 2 tbsps.

Butter a pudding dish and pour in a layer of corn flake crumbs. Cover with apple sauce to which the fruit juice or lemon rind has been added. Sprinkle the top with a layer of corn flakes. Dot with butter. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.

"OR IS IT 'SELFERTIA?'"

Continued from page 13

THE complaint about Co-op management reminds us that co-operation is democracy. The member is the boss. When our critic says: "You farmers select your leaders" he tells the whole story; at the same time (aiming his criticism at white-collar guys who "didn't know enough" except to "pass the buck to the annual meeting") he rings a bull's-eye on the member who, noisily certain of the rotten incompetence of his hired hands, should have fired them—but didn't.

"Their honest appearance" extends to a clean record for Co-ops. In all the deluge of swindles, convictions of brokers, jailing of promoters, embezzling of university trusts, de-senatizing of Beauharnois politicians—no Co-op official is convicted of dishonesty, even under the searching scrutiny of Royal Commissions.

"The Co-op official only risks his job"—yes, and 25 millions unemployed in the world and countless millions who anxiously pray that they may continue to earn enough to exist on, all know that to risk your job is to risk your all.

The selfists who choose to fight the Pools know the value of information (and mis-information) and use it cunningly. Our critic says: "When the Wheat Pools withdrew their European agents, they gave out" some ridiculous reason. In his own words "That yarn was a lie." Whatever it's source, it came from no Pool official. It was another one of "those rumors."

Compared with government-picked officials (or with such "wizards" as Insull, Kreuger, etc.) Co-op management doesn't show up so badly, after all. Perhaps 'tis because the affairs of a Co-op are under the scrutiny of the full membership.

Co-operation aims to replace the chaos, anxiety and profiteering of today with a system in which useful middlemen have a proper place. For all things are o.k. in their right place. Even sow thistles are nice, bright flowers—away over on the hillside. But when they over-run fields they are a pest. Thus, the golden promise of selfism has turned to weeds of unemployment, suffering and want—and must be stamped out.

To give power and permanence to their work, Wheat Poolers built upon their contract, man to man, to stick together. When prices fell, they released each other from that covenant. But it's a safe bet that when they rebuild their Pools, the contract will be the foundation.

[Continued on page 61]

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"Or is it 'Selfertia?'"

Continued from page 60

"Can a Seed Pool, operating two or three months a year, keep costs low?" Certainly not—but why operate alone? Why not work in with other Co-ops? Why not Co-op dairymen of each province unite in a central organization—and then link up with the Poultry Pool, Live Stock Co-op, Wool Pool? Why not Pool Elevators be the collection and shipping station for all these—and likewise the depot from which Consumer Co-ops sell coal, twine and all staple farm supplies?

Producer Co-ops in United States buy for their members a million dollars worth of commodities every day of the year. In the Old Land the Co-ops take production, transportation, distribution in their stride. These diverse activities reinforce each other. Has Selfertia stayed our hands from co-ordinating our isolated Co-ops?

Admitting that there be room for development—let's ask what the patient means by "hasn't worked" . . . and . . . "set-back."

The co-operative idea was given successful shape by a score of weavers in Rochdale, England. They were poor. A year and more it took them to save a capital of $140. That was 80 years ago. From their wee shop in Toad Lane, co-operation has spread in ever-widening circle until active Co-ops embracing 70 million members in 50 lands are drawn together in the International Co-operative Alliance—to promote co-operative business as a definite step to a Co-operative Commonwealth.

"And now," says our critic, speaking of Saskatchewan Co-operative Creameries, "The government is asked to take them over." Co-operators out there tell a different tale—of how, for 20 years, they fought to reform this so-called, into a true Co-op . . . and rid it of the government influence which tied a millstone of cold storage investment round its neck, flung it into the deep waters of mergers—and now hands its bedraggled body over to its enemies.

Rather than "cut out middlemen," in their Poultry Pool, producers co-operate with thousands of Western merchants to improve quality, methods and returns. The "few cars" handled run into 150 carloads of live, and 500 of dressed, poultry—(plus 20 million dozen eggs annually. (But then, what are "a few cars" between friends?). These are "drummed up" through an organization of 50,000 producers, grouped in 600 local associations which form four provincial Pools, under the Canadian Pool. Year after year, this Pool markets nearly three times as much of our exportable surplus poultry products as all other agencies combined. Co-operation works—when folks work at it!

While our granddads (rest their bones) were sagely wagging their whiskers over the racketeerings of Messrs. Bismarck, Napoleon, etc., in 1870, the farmers of Denmark were swept off world grain markets by a flood of cheap grain from U.S. and Argentina.

The crisis drove the Danes to co-operation. With no protective tariffs, no state subsidies—but with co-operation alone—the Danish farmers worked out their salvation. Harnessing co-operation to selling their products, they soon hitched it to buying their supplies—and led even England in co-operative progress.

Today, the Danish farmer buys at his Co-op store; borrows money from, and deposits savings in, his Co-op bank; gets fertilizer, fodder, seed from importing Co-ops; cement from a Co-op factory, electricity from a Co-op power plant; he delivers milk to a Co-op dairy, pigs to a Co-op slaughter-house, eggs to the Export Co-op. And co-operative business totals hundreds of millions annually.

Their co-operative structure is built, the Danes tell us, on broad intelligence, faith in fellow-workers, willing subordination to self-chosen authority, keen sense of moral obligation, loyalty and courage. On this foundation, an ignorant, suspicious, dependent peasantry have risen to full citizenship; and done more to solve the problems of unemployment and poverty, illness and old age for every citizen than any other people. This they have done with meagre, natural resources—and co-operation.

Yes, sir, it beats the Dutch what they have done! Or does it? For the tulip-growers in the land of dykes, having won their land from the sea in ages old, now use the team harness of co-operation to win a livelihood therefrom. Statistics record 3,179 Co-ops in Holland. And the records tell (coming closer home) that our neighbors, south of the line that isn't there, last year did 2,400 millions in co-operative business. "Hasn't worked" . . . "set-back?"

No need to drag in the depression—just try to keep it out! Who can escape it? Who can withdraw from it? Who can isolate himself from its effects?

The factors that shape the situation do not begin and end at our line fences. Facts far beyond our province, reach from remote lands to smite the families on our most secure homesteads. Thirty-one nations forsake the gold standard—and cavorting exchange hands the Australian farmer a handicap of 36 per cent (and the Dane 20 per cent) over us, when our products meet in Liverpool.

Is the cure to keep, each of us, our nose so close to our furrow, bench or counter that we can see only cash returns—and how hard it is to get our baby shoes?

Our heads and eyes were made movable—perchance, so that we might look not only down—but up and around. And, lo, we see that babes go barefoot, not because there are no shoes—but because there are too many. Mankind is suffering, not from shortage, but from surplus. Food was never in such store—yet hunger stalks in every land. Great is the need for commodities—yet 25 million ready workers (and countless priceless equipments) are idle.

The fact is—'tis selfism that hasn't worked. Neither can it!

Hysterical converts (who may quickly sour into abusive backsliders) may save their tears and lamentations. Their wishbone won't do what their backbone should. But, with or without them, co-operation will progress—by the honest work of men and women who aim to get a fair return in comfort and security for the labor of their heads and hands. The power of justice—the appeal of democracy—the inevitability of growth are on their side.

Going back to homestead days, we used to go to the lumber camps all winter to get a grubstake for the next summer. Old lumberjacks (doomed to pull on a cross-cut saw with some greenhorn) might admonish that unfortunate when he got too weary to keep up his end: "If you gotta ride the saw—for the lova Mike—don't drag your feet!"

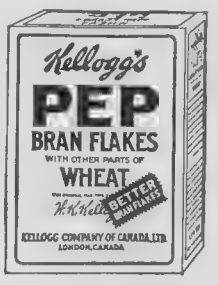
❶ Finer Flavor ✓
❷ Perfect Freshness ✓
❸ Full 10-Ounce Package ✓

IT WILL pay you to insist on *Kellogg's* PEP Bran Flakes. They have a more tempting taste—the famous flavor of *Pep*. The goodness of wholesome whole wheat. Nourishing. Energy giving. And with enough bran to be mildly laxative.

Kellogg's PEP is always crisper, *fresher*. Protected by the inside WAXTITE bag. Sealed top and bottom—a patented feature.

And *still* ten full ounces of these *better bran flakes* to every package! That's another *value* you get with Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes.

Buy PEP Bran Flakes from your grocer. Try them. Delicious with milk or cream. Add fruit or honey for variety. Popular with the whole family. Breakfast. Lunch. Supper. Or as a bite at bedtime. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada.



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For Emergencies —FINE! For Every Day Use —FAR BETTER!

Get Bovril not merely for emergencies but for every day use. Whenever a meal is wanted in a hurry, when someone feels tired or chilled, whenever a hot drink is required—serve Bovril.

In the preparation of soups, stews, meat pies—all made-over dishes—Bovril adds the nourishment and flavour that is the foundation of successful cooking.

"Every Day" BOVRIL "Helps the Weak"

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Address.....

GREAT BETWEEN SMOKES

Keeps the mouth cool and moist

5¢

Inexpensive Satisfying..

Ask for WRIGLEY'S

CM-36

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 44

as the Carthaginians in moments of danger tossed their babies to Bael.

When Clarke Helmer returned he was still a trifle white, and he had been away long enough to cut twelve poles. He brought back two which the officer said were just right.

The shutter when completed was a stout affair more than capable of sustaining the burden placed upon it, but the strength of the two men was taxed to the uttermost as they struggled silently through the heavy snow to the road. There, however, the traffic had already broken a slender trail, and there was always the chance that at any moment an Indian might come along with a load of cordwood for the village.

When they reached the ford which the natives used summer and winter in preference to the bridge at Calamity House, they looked back and with common consent put down their burden. A team of miserable cayuse were approaching at a walk. In answer to their hail the Siwash driver brought his rough-coated animals to a halt, but at this moment the wind lifted a corner of the handkerchief which the major had laid over the face of the dead man, and with a single terrified glance the Indian lashed his horses forward.

The burst of speed with which the miserable animals answered the whip was of limited duration. In less than a hundred yards Major Kettlewell had overtaken the sleigh and pulled himself over the wood to the driver's seat.

If the Indian had been alarmed at sight of the dead, he was panic-stricken at the appearance of the living.

"Get off!" commanded the officer, grasping the lines.

Without waiting for a second bidding the Siwash complied.

The new driver executed a masterly turn on the narrow road, drove back at a leisurely pace, and without a word commenced throwing off the wood. In a few minutes they were on their way to town, with the body of Peter McTaggart concealed in the deep box of the sleigh.

"This is most fortunate," said the major evenly. "Now we can take the body to the morgue and go and break the news to Mrs. McTaggart before the townspeople get wind of the tragedy."

"Michael, old man!" said the American uncomfortably as they approached Glenlogan, "would you mind breaking the news by yourself? I never know what to do when a woman cries unless she's young enough to be kissed."

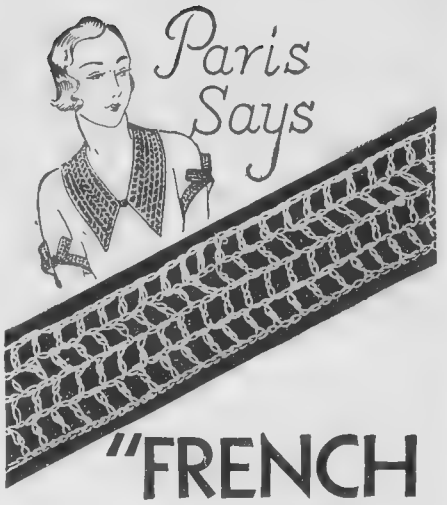
"I imagine," said the older man with the reticence of his race, "that Mrs. McTaggart will take it quietly. She must expect the worst by now. I wonder if you would look after the funeral arrangements for me?"

"For you?"

"For me," repeated the officer firmly. "It is possible that I may never bring the murderer of Peter McTaggart to justice, but as long as I live I must do what I can for his widow. No matter who fired the fatal shot, I brought the man to his death."

They jogged along in silence. Through the town where people stared at them curiously, craning their necks in a vain effort to see, on to the door of the tiny morgue. They carried the body inside, and leaving Clarke Helmer to telephone for the Coroner, the major walked resolutely over to his office to face the distracted widow of Peter McTaggart.

[To Be Continued Next Month]



"FRENCH NET"

Of French Net is the very newest beret, the smartest neckwear—you can't get along without it.

It's easy to make and J. & P. Coats' Mercer-Crochet is perfect for this work. It's evenly spun, smooth and lustrous, and comes in all the popular shades.

Our new leaflet, "French Net and Mesh Crochet" will be sent to you free on request. Address: Dept. H-11, The Canadian Spool Cotton Co., Montreal, P.Q.

Of course, you will need a Milward's steel crochet hook.

J. & P. Coats'
MERCER-CROCHET
is Made in Canada by 59
THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO.,
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Makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton

Clear drains this easy way

JUST sprinkle Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. Grease and dirt at once dissolve. Germs are killed . . . enamel unharmed . . . and you've saved a plumber's bill!

- Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET: **The Gillett's Lye Booklet tells you how to use this powerful cleanser and disinfectant for cleansing toilet bowls and for all heavy cleaning jobs. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.**

GILLETT'S LYE *EATS DIRT*

New Lines for Autumn

7654 7678 7677

7678—This stylish model features a new high neck, trimmed with a soft tie collar. The sleeve is cut wide and shaped below the elbow, and finished with a narrow band cuff. The two-piece skirt is cut with straight but comfortable lines. As pictured, light weight woollen was used to make this frock, with crepe for collar, belt and cuffs. Velvet with cloth or with silk crepe is also suggested.

Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 if made as in the large view, will require 3⅞ yards of 39-inch material, and ⅜-yard of contrasting material for collar, belt and band cuffs. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1⅝ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c. in silver or stamps.

7681—Slim straight lines and the raised waistline effect are featured in this model. A youthful collar outlines the V neck. The sleeve is a one-piece fitted model. Light weight woollen in wine red in a diagonal weave is here shown, with white wool crepe for the collar. In black crepe satin or flat crepe or in velvet, this style will be equally effective.

Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure Size 38 if made as in the large view will require 3¾ yards of material and ⅜-yard of contrasting material 35 inches wide. If made in monotone without contrast 4-1/6 yards will be required. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1⅞ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c. in silver or stamps.

The National Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

7681 7649

7654—Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38, if made as in the large view, requires 4⅛ yards of 39-inch material. With long sleeves and without bolero it requires 4 yards. Without the bolero and with sleeves 3-2/3 yards. Price 25c.

7649—This is a very popular model, suitable for checked or plaid mixtures, tweed, camels hair and similar cloakings. It has a most comfortable sleeve and ample pockets. The fronts and collar are turned to form revers—above the closing

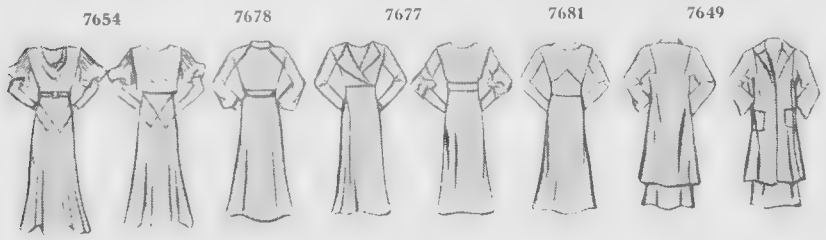
Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3¼ yards of 54-inch material. To interline front facings and collar with coarse linen or canvas will require ⅝-yard 27 inches wide. To line the coat will require 4 yards 35 inches wide.

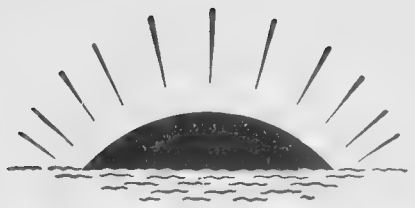
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c. in silver or stamps.

7677—Printed crepe is here combined with plain crepe satin. Velvet with woollen for contrast or woollen with velvet is also suggested. The new broadcloths are very appropriate for this model. It features the skirt placed high on the waist, which is trimmed with wide revers, and has surplice lines. An insert slightly flared makes a graceful division in the straight lines of the skirt. A new and interesting sleeve treatment is shown. A shaped puff is arranged on the fitted sleeve portion. This puff may be omitted. A wide belt trims the back of the dress.

Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3¾ yards of printed or other material, and ⅞-yard of plain or contrasting material 39 inches wide, if made as in the large view. If made without contrast, it will require 4¼ yards. If made without the puff and without contrast 4⅛ yards will be required. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 1¾ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 25c. in silver or stamps.





Do you consider VALUE or PRICE when you buy a Home Dye?

Price means the difference between 10c and 15c over the counter.

Value means whether the dyed result is successful in giving longer life to a worth-while garment or drapery fabric.

SUNSET Soap DYES

FOR FAST DYEING

always give VALUE. And Sunset's cost is very insignificant compared with the satisfaction you feel in saving the cost of a new dress or household furnishing.

"IT'S THRIFTY AND WISE-TO USE SUNSET SOAP DYES"

To do good home-dyeing you need a dependable home-dye. And Sunset is just that—dependable, uniform, clean and easy to use. You can use it to dye wool, silk, cotton, linen or mixed goods all in one dyebath. It does not stain the hands or spoil utensils.

Pink	Yellow	Black
Old Rose	Orange	Gray
Scarlet	Light Brown	Taupe
Cardinal	Dark Brown	Heliotrope
Wine	Light Blue	Purple
Sand	Bright Blue	Light Green
Khaki	Old Blue	Dark Green
	Navy Blue	

The finest dyes that money can buy go into the making of Sunset. The soap is necessary in a household dye. It is the only way you can soften and open up the fibre to allow that deep penetration and even distribution of colour impossible to obtain without the soap.

Ask your dealer to show you the Sunset Colour Card. If he does not stock Sunset, write us for colours wanted, price 15c per cake.

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FRENCH CHIC FOR THE SCHOOL AGE

7661. This model provides for the back being finished in regulation camisole style, or with deep V opening. It is cut with the new straight lines, but additional fullness is supplied by an inserted section in the front. Fitted at hips and waist the slip is fastened at the left underarm seam. Crepe de chine, satin, silk or batiste is suggested for this model.

Designed in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 3⅛ yards of 35-inch material. To finish with edging as in the large view will require 1¼ yard for the upper edge and 2¼ yards for the lower edge. The shoulder straps of ribbon require 1 yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

7669. This is an excellent style of Bloomers, and one that will prove comfortable and practical. It will develop well in batiste, crepe, or crepe de chine. It is made with a gusset at the intersection of the leg portions, which supplies additional width, and provides re-inforcement. The leg bands may be omitted. The yoke facing forms also a casing (over the back of the bloomers) for an elastic band to hold the fullness.

Designed in 6 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 1¼ yard of 35-inch material. Also 1¼ yard of elastic for leg portions if made without leg bands, and ⅝ yard of elastic for back of bloomers.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

7643. Tweed, mixtures, chinchilla and other coatings in vogue are suitable for this design. It is semi-fitted, the fronts are turned back to form revers that meet a coat collar in notches.

Designed in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 will require 1½ yard of 54-inch material. If lined, the lining will require 1½ yard of 35-inch material. To interline facings, belt and flaps will require ½ yard of canvas or linen

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

7668. A simple blouse waist with tie-yoke is joined to a two-piece flare skirt. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff, as in the large view or in short length with an upturned cuff as in the small front view. The bolero may be omitted. This is a good style for contrasts or for remodeling. The waist could be made of crepe and skirt and bolero of velvet.

Designed in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 2⅝ yards of 35-inch material if made as in the large view. If made without bolero and with short sleeves as in the small view 1¾ yard will be required. The bolero alone will require ⅝ yard of 35-inch material. It will also require ⅝ yard of lining.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

7667. Wool crepe or velvet is suggested for this pleasing model. It comprises a bloused waist with shaped yoke portion on the front, and a high round neck line. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, with a band cuff, as in the large view or short as in the small view. The two-piece skirt is cut with slight flare.

Designed in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 2⅛ yards of 35-inch material if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves 1⅞ yard will be required. To finish the neck edge with bias binding will require ¾ yard 1½ inch wide. The bow of ribbon requires ⅔ yard.

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WHEN SENDING FOR PATTERNS DO NOT OMIT TO STATE THE SIZE REQUIRED
THE NATIONAL HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Blonde Beauty

The sheen and fineness of spun gold glorifies fair hair washed with Evan Williams "Camomile" Shampoo.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE
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Evan Williams HENNA SHAMPOO

Easier to make
Nicer to drink
"CAMP" COFFEE

GREY HAIR SHADEINE

is safe and simple to use. One liquid, nothing injurious; Permanent and washable; 40 years' reputation; sold in all natural tints; state colour.

See Medical Certificate enclosed.

Trial bottle 25c. *Other sizes* 50c., $1.00, $1.50. Sold by T. Eaton Co., Montreal and Toronto. G. Tamblyn Ltd., Toronto, Parke & Parke Ltd., Hamilton and all Druggists. *Wholesale Stockholders:* McEwen Cameron Ltd., Montreal, Lymans Ltd., Montreal, Drug Trading Co. Ltd., Toronto and National Drug & Chemical Co. Ltd

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In a few weeks the Woman's Institute can teach you all the secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing that make the expert dressmaker so successful. Prove to yourself how easily you can learn by this sensationally simple method—send for full information, free!

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Send me—free—full information about course of instruction marked below:

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Children's Cosy Corner

BY BOBBY BURKE

All Things Beautiful

All things bright and beautiful
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful—
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings—
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden—
He made them, every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

(Sent in by Millie Larsen, Marysville, B.C.)

The Moon

The moon has a face like a clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way
And flowers and children close their eyes,
Till up in the morning the sun shall rise.

(Sent in by Joan McArthur of Pitt Meadows, B.C.)

Gold buttons this month go to two British Columbians, which is pretty nice for British Columbia, don't you think so?

OUR COMPETITIONS

Our Wonderful World

There were a great many stories came in for this very interesting competition, but quite a few Cosy Cornerites failed to exactly understand the idea we had in mind in planning this. All Nature is wonderful and almost every day brings fresh demonstrations of her wonder to people who have seeing eyes and hearing ears, but your editor was anxious to have the stories of such marvels as hot springs, ice rivers, oil wells, and such marvels that are peculiar to different parts of this great Dominion of ours. Before we tell you who came near enough to this idea to win a prize or honorable mention, we must comment on a few of the competitions from the outside. First of all comes a booklet from Anastasia Wolffe of Smuts, Sask., who made a cover in the shape of a globe, and wrote her ideas on circular sheets very neatly. Then came Colin James of Vancouver, with a booklet illustrated with snapshots, and the McLean sisters, Helen and Marguerite, of Calgary, whose books were illustrated with pencil sketches, clippings, and pressed flowers and leaves. We're going to send each of these competitors a gold button. The prize goes to a boy whose book is not nearly so cleverly or interestingly planned, but the "Wonders" he enumerates are wonders indeed; Teddy O'Grady of 329-19th Ave. W., Calgary, wins either a camera or a picture, whichever he prefers. Honorable mention goes to Delia Blanche Grenier, Hesketh, Alta. (who wins a gold button), and to Margaret Howell of Lambeth, Ont., who is only nine; and to Willis Tilden also of Lambeth, who is just eight.

"Keen" Tricks

Well we predicted this would be popular with the boys, and it was, and what fun you will have trying some of these at winter parties.

Unfortunately some of the tricks have such involved and complicated explanations that it will not be much use trying to print them for you, but we will give you the simplest ones, and hope that you can use them with good effect.

The prize goes to Colin James, of 1610 East 10th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., for a simple and entertaining trick, described as follows:—"Take a nice red apple and a hat, and place the apple under the hat on a small table. Then say, 'You saw me put the apple under the hat, now I am going to eat that apple without touching the hat at all. First, however, before I perform this trick, would anyone care to make sure the apple is under the hat?' Someone will be sure to come forward and lift the hat to see if the apple is there, and presto, pick up the apple and eat it!"

A gold button goes to Keith Stillwell of 2150 Retallic St., Regina, Sask., for the following arithmetical trick; it is called "The Mysterious 1089." Take any number of three digits, reverse it and subtract the results from the first number. Reverse the result of the subtraction and add it to the result of the subtraction. If the "result of the subtraction" is only two digits, add a nought before them before reversing it. After all this is done the result is always 1089. For example—the number may be

845 reverse it
548 subtract
297
792 reverse above figure and add
1089

(Bobby Burke seems to see a way that this will not work out. If the last figure is larger than the first, how about it then Keith?)

A gold button to Tina Groese of Winkler, Man., whose trick is "How to Make a Person Rise from a Chair:"

Seat a person on a chair, and tell him that you can make him get off that chair before you walk around it three times. He will naturally say you can't do it. Walk slowly around the chair, making mysterious passes and mumbling anything that suggests enchantment. Then, calmly announce that you will walk around it the third time, next day. Of course he can't sit there all day—so you've won!

Someone, name unknown, sends in from Saskatchewan (somewhere), three tricks, The Divination Banana, The Fako Discs, and the Drumhead Tubes, but there is no name attached, so unfortunately we can't even give honorable mention, but do let us have your name and we will see you get a gold button.

A Letter or Two

Some of the letters received during the summer months, got tucked away in odd corners, but we must acknowledge them. One is from Myrtle Emma Marple, Big Intervale P.O., N.E. Margaree, N.S., Canada. Emma tells us that she is a very lonely girl as they have not many neighbors, and she would like very much to hear from members of the Cosy Corner in other parts of Canada. She is thirteen, and I know she would love to get your letters.

Mildred Barney of Connell Creek, Sask., sends us a poem. It is her first summer in the country and she likes it. Mildred has seen deer near her home, and followed tracks of the bear. She loved the summer wild flowers, and altogether seems to have a real love of the country.

The French Picture

There are two kinds of policeman in France. The "gendarme" is a military policeman and is responsible for maintaining law and order in all the country districts, while the "agent" directs traffic and sees that people keep the peace in the cities. The gendarme wears a pale blue uniform, while the agent usually dresses in navy blue, unless the weather is hot. In summer, however, he wears white trousers as shown in the pictures. Instead of a truncheon the French policeman carries a sword. His cap is the same shape as the French officer's cap and it is called a kepi. This picture gives a good idea of the narrow paved streets of old French towns, and it also shows what a complicated business road-repairing is under such circumstances.

The Policeman

DEMEYER

MAKE-UP SUGGESTIONS
in harmony with
YOUR NEW CLOTHES

Never before was make-up so important; it enables you to wear the new costume colors with confidence. Elizabeth Arden gives you these valuable make-up rules to follow:

First of all, your face must be perfectly clean. Never apply new make-up over old. Remove all powder and grime with Cleansing Cream, and then freshen the skin with Skin Tonic.

FIRST...THE FOUNDATION • If your skin is dry you must use Ultra Amoretta. An oily skin is benefitted by Lille Lotion. For the average skin...Amoretta Cream or Crème De France (diluted with Skin Tonic or Lille Lotion).

THEN THE ROUGE • Cream Rouge is the most universally popular of tints. If you are very fair, use Light Amoretta or Light Rosetta. Medium Amoretta suits the average skin. Darker shades are American Beauty, Dark Amoretta and Dark Rosetta. Blend the color smoothly.

PUFF...PUFF...PUFF • Powder from your neck upwards...smoothly, lightly. Finally, go over the cheeks with a gentle downward stroke. With eleven subtle shades in exquisite Poudre d'Illusion and seven shades in the popular Flower Powder, there is a perfect tone for every skin.

NOW...YOUR EYES • Your brows and lashes must be carefully brushed. Just a suggestion of Eyelash Grower will make them silky and lustrous. Eye-Shado will bring out the color and depth of your eyes. The new Venetian Eyelash Cosmetique will make your lashes dark and lovely.

FINALLY...YOUR LIPS • Be sure your lip paste tones in with your rouge, and that both rouge and lipstick complement your costume colors. Miss Arden's Lipstick Ensemble makes it possible to give your lips just the right accent, since each of the six lipsticks has been definitely created to harmonize with certain colors.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere at these prices:

Venetian Cleansing Cream, $1, $2, $3, $6 • Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic, 85c, $2, $3.75, $9 • Ultra Amoretta, $1, $2. Lille Lotion, $1.50, $2.50 • Venetian Rouge Amoretta, $2.50. Refills, $1.50 • Amoretta Cream, $1, $2 or Crème de France, $1.25 for tube; $2.50 for jar • Poudre d'Illusion, $3 • Venetian Flower Powder, $1.75 • Venetian Eyelash Grower, $2. Venetian Eye-Shado, $1.50 • Venetian Eyelash Cosmetique. Box with brush, $1.25 • Lipsticks...set of six, $7.50; each, $1.50.

Write for Elizabeth Arden's "Quest of the Beautiful" for instruction on skin care and make-up

ELIZABETH ARDEN
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Your *old* sweeper
is out of date!

Takes But Little Parking Space
This Bissell goes under and around furniture like a small car in traffic.

For $5.75 and up you can get every one of these 3 tremendous advantages of the new Bissell

THE new Bissell is an any-surface sweeper. Its "Hi-Lo" Brush gets more dirt—in one-fourth less time. Sweeps bare floors, linoleums, as well as heaviest rugs and carpets. *No more bearing down on handle;* just easy, one-hand movement is all that is required.

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Regardless of what other cleaning equipment you own, you need a *modern* Bissell, too. "Hi-Lo" (ball-bearing) Bissells start at $5.75 (only 25 cents higher in West). Ask your furniture, hardware or department store to show you. Look for "Hi-Lo" on the sweeper case. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada, Limited. Factory: Niagara Falls, Ontario.

The New BISSELL SWEEPER *with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control*

Sitting in with The PHILOSOPHER

Einstein

HE HAS a wonderful mind. His discoveries have revolutionized science, for those who know enough of science to understand him. To ordinary individuals he speaks in a simpler language. Two of his notions if adopted might revolutionize thought and practice in the social and religious realm. The first thought is that it is quite possible for any nation without endangering its safety to disarm completely. The second is that intuition teaches as truly and as profoundly as reason. It is scarcely fair to express the views in this short form, but the ideas are there in the rough. How would it do for Canada to make an experiment? We are pretty nearly without armaments now and our expenditure though great is apparently useless. Perhaps a complete disarmament would not put us in greater danger. Einstein, however, had in mind one of the heavily-armed nations. What would happen tomorrow if Britain took that stand? Let no one jump at a conclusion too quickly. As to the second point isn't it a consoling one to men and women of ordinary ability? Is there not truth which comes to everybody, even a dyed-in-the-wool rationalist, by revelation or by what one might term inspiration? There is a sudden flash or illumination, which is not the culmination of an act of reasoning, but the outcome of a communion in thought and feeling that transcends ordinary experience. It explains perhaps the visions of prophets, the dreams of the poets, and even the great musical composers. It is possible only to those who can lose themselves, as Arthur's knights lost themselves in pursuit of the Holy Grail. After all it is no harm to posit the existence of an Infinite which can give a meaning to the Finite, and which is capable at times of revealing to earnest seeking minds something of the ultimate truth, beauty and goodness, that are possible. It is very natural that to Einstein, who in mathematics thinks in four dimensions and who possibly dreams of thinking in n dimensions, that in his philosophy he should also get beyond the facts of sense-experience and their derivatives and seek explanations in a First Cause or Universal, who employs a language not of words or symbols of any kind, but who rather makes himself known in visions and dreams. But, of course, there is opportunity for quackery here. It is hardly fair to hold the Infinite responsible for some of the dreams which men have had.

The Lords of Creation

WE DO not know enough about man in the early stages of his existence, nor of his experiences with what he calls the lower orders of creation, to write a detailed account of his struggles, his defeats and his victories. He has this to his credit, however, that he has made air, earth, fire and water contribute to his needs and comfort, and that in a special way he has levied a tribute upon animal life. For centuries no doubt there was combat between the instinct-driven dwellers of the wild and the curious bipeds who could use missiles and invent defences or means of escape. Then some genius arose who conceived the idea of domestication. The sloth, the goat and the cow were used to give milk; the hen provided eggs; the llama, the camel, the horse, the turkey, the bee, each in its own way paid its levy, often receiving in return a care and comfort unknown to its kindred in the wild state. When the domesticated creatures became too numerous or too troublesome further invention was necessary. The collie dog became man's first assistant. More than that he became a faithful friend. Caves, as common dwelling-places for all, gave way to tents or homes for mankind, and to stables or other dwellings for the dependent creatures. The process of domestication might have gone much further if man's inventive genius had not taken another turn. He created the machine—the great labor-saving device, and then because of his attainments in science learned to produce artificially much of the food, clothing and shelter necessary to existence. The automobile has taken the place of the horse; rayon has taken the place of silk, and substitutes, though not as acceptable, are offered for milk and butter. The next step will be to use animals still further to save human labor and to increase human comfort. Always there will be need of kindness to offset the temptation to use force and cruelty, but any one who can succeed even in a small way in bringing into friendly co-operation with man the lower orders of life, animal or vegetable, will deserve the thanks of the race. It may indeed be that what are now regarded as most untractable and useless may turn out to be of highest value. The Philosopher was informed by one of his friends that he had tamed a family of skunks and they were real pets. Next time he should try porcupines or rattlesnakes, which suggests that there is wise limit to experimentation. In the vegetable field the man will be blessed who can turn to full use the sow-thistle, the wild mustard and the dandelion.

The Ability to Stay Young

IN ONE of the letters in regard to the recent article on this page entitled "An Old Man Too Soon," which have come to The Philosopher occurs the remark: "We ought never to lose our youth." That remark has real truth in it. In all natural and necessary labors, as in the work of a farm, in digging, in splitting wood, in drawing water, or in rowing, or in other outdoor work, a man always appears young. When he is doing anything of that kind which asks all his strength, so that he is working up to it,, and not down on it, he is still a boy, especially if he has kept something of the enthusiasm, the idealism of youth. That is what makes life worth living. The larger achievements, whether in the outer affairs of life or in one's inner life, which is more important, depend on breadth of vision and the ability to stay young. The great man, whether the world gives him its accidental celebrity or not, is the combination of thinker and doer, one who lives in the present, not unmindful of the past, but working for the future. This is to live richly and to grow younger with the years

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THE NATIONAL HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

The subscription price of The National Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR $2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS $1.50 A YEAR

The Problem of the Month

AS you make up your list of friends and relatives whom you wish to remember on Christmas day, and as you wonder, "What *shall* I give?" . . . . .

. . . . . Don't you often wish there was some gift . . . something a little different . . . which would be a source of year round delight for the whole family? Some gift which would in a magic way keep alive throughout the whole year the remembrance of you and your thoughtfulness, and yet at the same time cost very little money? If you knew of such a gift, are there not many friends to whom you would gladly send it?

There is such a gift . . . a subscription to *The National Home Monthly* (the new name of The Western Home Monthly.) Simple, isn't it? And easy to give! Inexpensive, too! Yet what gift could bring more lasting joy? For a copy of *The National Home Monthly* will come to each friend, not once but *twelve* times during the year, bringing with it each month delightful entertainment and real helpfulness.

Special Christmas Rates . . . Christmas 1932

(Good anywhere in Canada, the British Isles and United States)

One Subscription	(With Gift Card)	$1.00
Three Subscriptions	(With Gift Cards)	2.00
Six Subscriptions	(With Gift Cards)	4.00
Ten Subscriptions	(With Gift Cards)	6.00

Search the stores from roof to bargain basement—you will find no Christmas Gift that costs so little, yet brings your friends so much genuine pleasure. Yes, by all means, give subscriptions to THE NATIONAL HOME MONTHLY—the Magazine which holds pride of place in nearly 200,000 Canadian homes!

A Beautiful Gift Card, Too!

We forward also, a handsome presentation card, bearing your name as donor, which will be received in the Christmas morning mail. This card, which shows in full colors "The Watering Trough," by Charles W. Simpson, R.C.A., is an excellent companion picture to "On the Road to Ste. Anne de Beaupre" which was so much admired last year.

Just Mail the Coupon

Simply transfer the names from your shopping list to this convenient coupon; use a separate order sheet if you need more space, and enclose it with coupon.

Christmas Order Form

The National Home Monthly
Stovel Building, Winnipeg

Enclosed find $. . . . . in payment for The National Home Monthly to be sent for one year to the following:

Name	Name . . . . .
Address	Address . . . . .
. . . . .	. . . . .
Name	Name . . . . .
Address	Address . . . . .
. . . . .	. . . . .
Name	Name . . . . .
Address	Address . . . . .
. . . . .	. . . . .

Also please send gift cards bearing my name . . . . . .

WHAT *the* WORLD *is* SAYING

"Excuse me, Frisby, but what's the total value of the coins you're jingling in your pocket?"

Quick! Watson!! The Powder Puff!!!

Some women feel positively nude if they display a shiny nose.—Washington Herald.

We've Found That Too

Nowadays people not only refuse to give credit where credit is due, but they won't give credit where cash is due either.—Minnedosa Tribune.

Not To Mention Their Ups and Downs

The best false teeth have their ins and outs.—Washington Herald.

Instead of Merely More Expensive?

The ideal wife is one who grows dearer all the time.—Washington Herald.

Some Divorce Proceedings May Be in Order

It begins to look as if the people are no longer able to support the Government in the same style it has been accustomed to.—Florida Times-Union.

Better "Eschoo" It All The Same

There's this about hay fever cures. It isn't a fever and isn't caused by hay and they don't cure it.—Brandon Sun.

Another Demerit Mark For Reno?

Now that Rudy Vallee has got his domestic troubles over he can settle down to some steady crooning.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Mrs. Malaprop's Youngest Daughter

The girl who didn't take up the study of music because she couldn't consecrate.—Winnipeg Free Press.

But The Latter Has The Bigger Thrill

You can commit suicide by inhaling gas or stepping on it.—Brandon Sun.

It Has To Be Rediscovered Quite Frequently

On the subject of the great sister forces of religion and science, Dr. Robert A. Millikan, the famous scientist, points out that the best discovery after all is the plain Golden Rule.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Let's Park Here. The View is Wonderful

An eastern magistrate announces that no man can drive a car properly while kissing a girl. And all girls agree that no man can kiss a girl properly while driving a car.—Edmonton Journal.

We Can—We Own A Radio

Einstein can't decide whether the universe is static or dynamic.—Thomaston Times.

Or Heading For Lambton Old Home Week

An automobile killed a wolf on the Sault Ste Marie highway the other day. It is believed to have been one of the stragglers homeward bound from Wolf week.—Hamilton Spectator.

Safety First Is An Old Slogan

An item from Paris relates that the latest feminine fad is to use safety pins instead of buttons—an indication of the return to normalcy.—Moose Jaw Times.

We Lost Four Dollars On Them, Too

We gather from an article on the thoroughbred horse that it took two thousand years of selective breeding to produce the also-rans we backed last week.—Punch.

Found You In My Storking, My Dear!

The height of modernity is the Mother stork who was asked by the Baby stork where it came from.—Winnipeg Free Press.

The Bulls And Bears May Get It Yet

Relatives of a St. Louis man who left $86,000 as a trust fund for decrepit canines are fighting the will. And quite right, too. This is no time to allow that much money to go to the dogs.—Edmonton Journal.

Curate: "I'm afraid I must give it up."
Enthusiast: "What, give up golf?"
Curate: "No the ministry."

And Leaped To Fame While Doing It

Atlas did well, for a weight-lifter of his day and age, which was before Mussolini kept a nation of 42 million in line with his chin.—Detroit News.

In This Stock And Bond-age

It takes three generations or one good guess in the stock market to make a gentleman.—Atlanta Constitution.

Why Formerly?

A writer reminds us that it was formerly the practice of surgeons to bleed their patients for the slightest ailment.—The Humorist (London).

We'd See Another Doctor

"What would you do if your doctor told you that you had but six months to live?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Fashion And Business Note

The return of the bustle is predicted. And it's just possible a revival of this old fashion may be seen in business circles even before the ladies take it up seriously.—Edmonton Bulletin.

And Forget To Put It Back

Maybe they do steal this popular music from old classics, but they take out all the music.—Brandon Sun.

Merged or Submerged?

Men who imagine a merger decreases the overhead must be bachelors.—Brandon Sun.

Maybe It's A Job For The Retailer

Politics is the tin can tied to the tail of civilization.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Has Ye Editor Ever Tried It?

Vacations, taken properly, may be without salary, but still with pay.—Christian Science Monitor.

Further Support For The Baconian Theory?

A university in Illinois announces live hogs will be accepted in payment of tuition fees. It is understood they will be used to root for the football team.—Edmonton Journal.

It May Have Been A Telephone Slug

Business is improving, yesterday a Chicago merchant turned down a quarter merely because it looked phony.—Montgomery Advertiser.

Or When They Misuse The Irons?

Two many golfers use the woods even when using the irons.—Atlanta Constitution.

She Didn't The First Time

After shooting her husband a Chicago woman sobbed at his grave "I'm going to miss him."—Weston Leader.

How About Sending Out Some Free Samples?

One of the northern banks is trying to teach the people what money is.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

It Would Be Bad Enough Without The L

A novelist declares that women always romance about their age. Some men are forced to tell a bald lie.—Calgary Daily Herald.

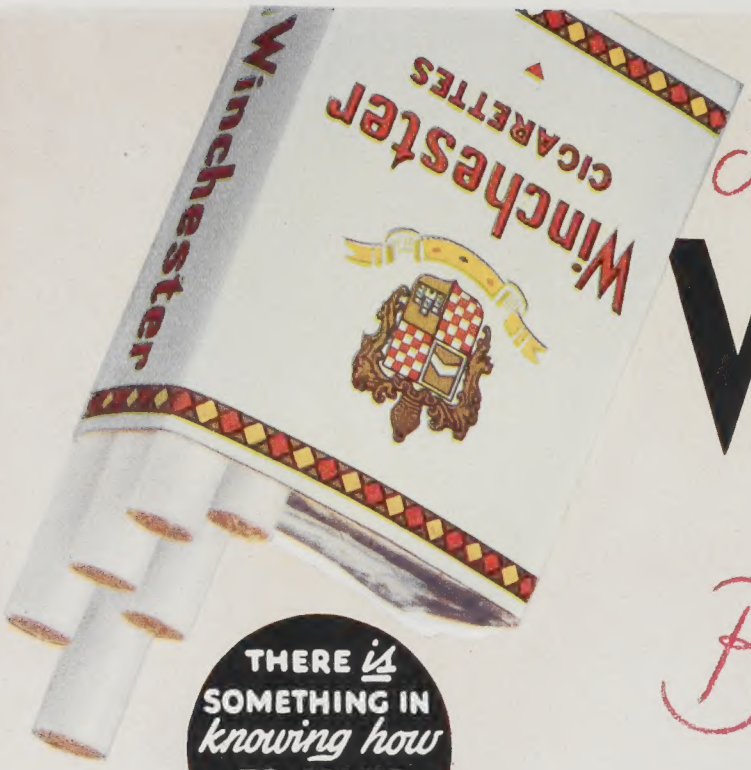
We'll Put It Back on Saturday, Sure

Most of the banks are safe now, except baby's —Publishers Syndicate.

Wise Advice From the Orient

If you would like to be satisfied with your lot in life, build a service station on it.—China Digest.

"I've come off without my purse, Bluntedge, and, Od's blood, a man going abroad without his purse feels no more than half dressed."



THERE *is* SOMETHING IN *knowing how* TO MAKE CIGARETTES

d'un Mélange Parfait

Winchester
CIGARETTES

Blended Right!

DEBONAIR . . .

The dashing younger set and their more sophisticated elders both prefer the fragrant aroma and distinctive flavour of Winchester Cigarettes . . . for to smoke Winchesters is an unmistakable sign of refinement.

Science shows why Old Dutch Cleanser costs less to use

. . . because it goes further, cleans quicker doesn't scratch, cleans more things and brings Healthful Cleanliness

OLD DUTCH LOOKS LIKE THIS highly magnified under the microscope. The particles are flaky and flat-shaped; cover more surface, contact it completely; remove dirt with a smooth, clean sweep *and do not scratch*... as illustrated by this diagram.

GRIT LOOKS LIKE THIS highly magnified under the microscope. Old Dutch contains no grit; avoid cleaners that do... the chunky, sharp-pointed particles scratch the surface leaving hiding places for dirt... as illustrated by this diagram.

The experience of hundreds of thousands of women is borne out by careful scientific tests of Old Dutch, proving conclusively that it is the most economical, safest and most efficient cleanser to use.

There's nothing else like Old Dutch Cleanser. Why? The microscope makes it clear. Notice that the particles of Old Dutch Cleanser are flaky and flat-shaped; that they lie flat on the surface and come in full contact with it whereas grit merely scratches the surface with sharp, hard points. That's why Old Dutch covers more surface, why it is more economical and efficient. It contains no harsh grit or crude abrasives, no caustic or acids, and is therefore safe. It possesses a natural detergent energy that quickly removes both visible and invisible impurities, and therefore brings healthful cleanliness.

Old Dutch is ideal for every cleansing purpose—kitchen utensils and refrigerators, porcelain and enamel, linoleum and painted woodwork, silverware, china and glass. It's your greatest aid in preserving the health of your family, the spotless beauty of your home, the softness of lovely hands. For these reasons, women all over the country tell us that *Old Dutch is the only cleanser they need in their homes.*

The Largest Selling Cleanser in the World

Old Dutch doesn't scratch. Convince yourself with this simple test. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the porcelain drainboard of your sink; place a smooth coin on it and rub gently. You'll neither feel nor hear the scratching of harsh, gritty particles. That's why Old Dutch is safe for all your cleaning.

MADE IN CANADA